PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGA[illegible] FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1973 ONE DOLLAR

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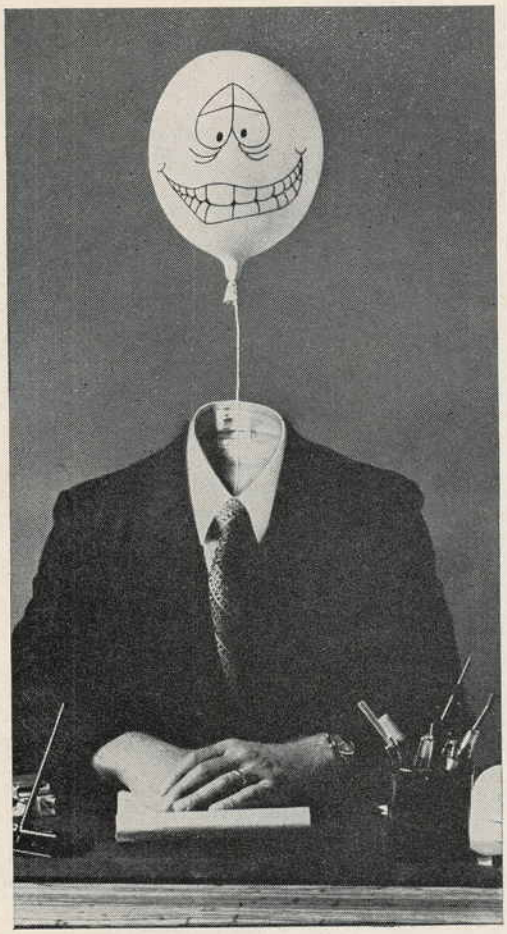

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / OCTOBER 1973

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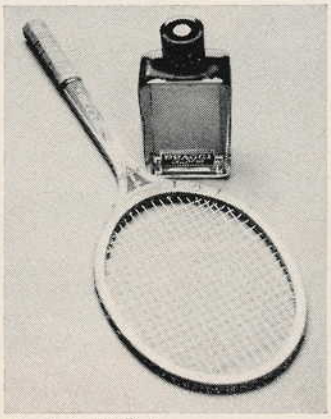

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HOUSECALL

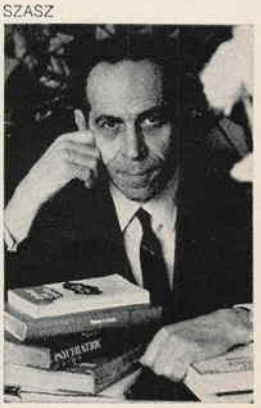
Last month we celebrated *Penthouse's* fourth American anniversary—with among other features a fresh look at our runner-up **Pet of the Year.** The *Penthouse* polity flocked to their mailboxes in such unprecedented numbers that we were bound—and delighted—to honor their second choice. This month, without further ado, we present the Pet of Pets, Miss **Patricia 'Cherokee' Barrett**—the seventh Pet thus ennobled, the third to enlist the fealty of her American adorers, and the second to hold sway over her swains in both our U.S. and U.K. dominions. And to the victor, tradition tells us, go the spoils, which in Cherokee's case amount to some $30,000 in gifts and cash, making the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year the richest of beauty's laurels. *Vive la reine!* On the other hand, tradition also tells us that the just reward for military desertion is the firing squad. Today, the thousands who dodged or deserted the armed services rather than participate in the Southeast Asian debacle present a painful challenge to American morality. The smoldering issue of amnesty, much debated, much evaded, and seldom explained, is finally brought into focus in *Vietnam Amnesty* by Colonel **William R. Corson,** USMC (Ret.). A combat veteran of three wars, Corson is a former lecturer at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and a Ph.D. in economics whose 1968 best-seller *The Betrayal* was a devastating report on our corruption, mismanagement, and self-deception in Vietnam. Here he clarifies the moral and legal problems of our post-Vietnam responsibilities. The dilemma is that a total, unconditional amnesty would leave the stigma of served time on those who went to jail in peaceful protest—a legitimate act of democratic dissent since the days of Henry David Thoreau—and a presidential pardon would condemn by implication those who fought and died for their belief in America's commitment to South Vietnam. Rather than submit all these men to such oversimplified standards of guilt or innocence, Corson argues that President Nixon should establish an impartial board to review each case individually—as Harry Truman did, efficiently and successfully, after World War II. Another question of amnesty arises in this month's lead fiction, which is the work of **Ray Bradbury,** the prolific eminence esteemed by many colleagues and critics "the world's greatest living science fiction writer." Bradbury brings to *Penthouse* a track record of over three hundred books, stories, and articles (the first was published in 1941), three plays produced in New York and California, the script for John Huston's film of *Moby Dick*—Bradbury's own *Fahrenheit 451* was filmed by François Truffaut—and more literary honors than you can shake a stick at. Bradbury's latest book, published by Bantam, is *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit and Other Plays.* For his premier appearance in *Penthouse,* Bradbury has fêted us with *Have I Got A Chocolate Bar For You,* whose opulent deuteragonist seeks a kind of amnesty himself: remission from sin, as it happens. This poor fellow does not bear the cross of Lust that bedeviled our ancestors so much, but is accursed with Gluttony, and to a degree which surpasseth all Weight Watchers' understanding. But miracles can be made, if one will just believe, and the credibility of Bradbury's fantasy is the meaningful miracle of a great artist at the height of his powers. Dr. **Thomas Szasz,** professor at the State University of New York at Syracuse, also demands amnesty—for the "psychological minorities" oppressed by middle-class definitions of madness and sanity. "Mental hospitals," Szasz believes, "are the POW camps of our undeclared and unarticulated civil wars." In this month's *Interview* with *Penthouse's* Richard Ballad, Szasz, the most influential member of the group of psychiatric critics that includes R. D. Laing and the late Paul Goodman, explains why American therapists are running an Inquisition against homosexuals, drug addicts, and anyone else whose behavior doesn't conform to the standards of the so-called therapeutic establishment. Indeed, Szasz's courageous criticism has inspired many people to reject long-held misconceptions about the nature of human psychology and to seek alternatives in experience and self-expression. Apropos of self-expression, we're happy to report that *Penthouse's* average paid circulation soared from 1,458,430 in the first half of 1972 to 3,123,072 in the first six months of 1973—an increase of 114.1 percent—a rewarding outcome of the collaboration between our hardworking staff and the world's most discriminating readers: a rare and wonderful thing in the world of publishing, to be sure. Speaking of collaboration, it takes two to make a massage, but only a dedicated *corps d'élite* can make a million-dollar massage parlor industry. **Frank Fortunato** should know: for a year he was half-owner of one such spa—"My partner supplied the money," he recalls, "I supplied the mind of a deviate"—and contributed to *Screw* and wrote marriage manuals. In *Rubdub: The Massage is the Message* he honors the unsung maidens whose efforts have transformed the sweaty profession into a favorite American pastime hitherto unknown outside the bawdy saunas and seraglios of foreign shores. Their success, Fortunato explains, resides in the unusual "extras" often omitted from the published bill of fare. **Philip Cioffari** here publishes his story *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll,* a poignant tale of modern music and young love revisited in the Bronx, N.Y. The Bronx gave Cioffari to the world thirty-two years ago, and today he's teaching English at Patterson Community College and completing a novel. *Penthouse* also welcomes to its pages **Robert Jay Misch,** the nationally syndicated gourmet columnist. The latest of Misch's popular *Quick Guide* to dining series, the *Quick Guide to Spirits,* is published this month by Doubleday. In *The Proof is in the Bottle* Misch illuminates the often perplexing nuances of alcoholic proof and some of the fancies, follies, and downright vulgar notions appertaining thereunto. Mme. **Xaviera Hollander** is back with her tried and true advice for people who love love. Elsewhere, **Henry Morgan** brings his unflinching scrutiny to bear upon biblical ribaldry, and arrives at some conclusions that will send both godless and churchly rolling in their respective aisles. Altogether an auspicious opening to another exciting issue and another, doubtless, eventful year.

BRADBURY

CIOFFARI

HOLLANDER

SZASZ



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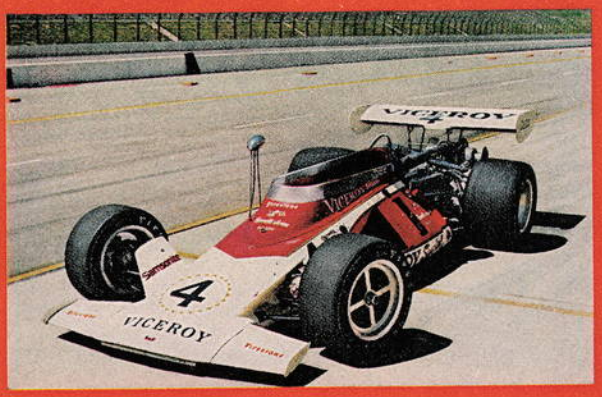

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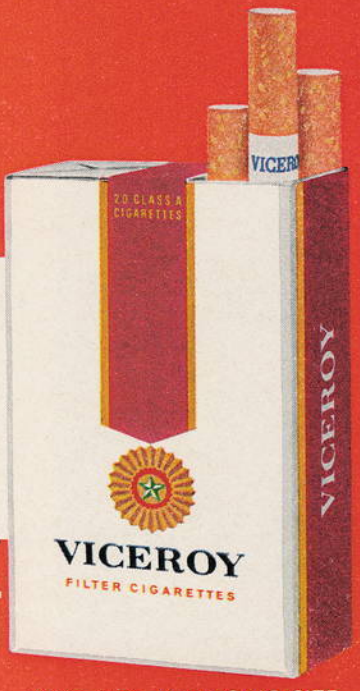

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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editor & publisher

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Apathy is contagious, but who cares?

Craig Karpel's article *Apathy Now!* (May) must be right, I guess. I didn't even bother to read the article. Apathy now? Who cares!—*Felipe Cervantes, San Diego, Calif.*

I used to pick up a *Penthouse* now and then when I could stumble upon one. I was maybe fifteen. Your magazine was not as interesting as *Playboy*. And your girls were not as appealing to me. When did you give your magazine a revamping? I just got your last issue. Most fellows go for the girls first. I try to hit the new knowledge and other readable stuff. Save the best for last I guess, 'cause then I look at the girls again and again if they're tough in my eyes.

But I was moved to write by reading *Apathy Now!* "Is that what happened to me?" I asked myself. I'm living in the Florida country sun, licking my wounds from last November. I don't work. I live from day to day. I'm happy now. Apathetic maybe. I'm not dead at least. The article was good, Craig. I'll want to show it to others who haven't read it. A question though, please. Why, just when a normal dude could understand what you were saying, would you throw in a puzzler like, "In their dilettantish passion for things redolent of patchouli"? Not many people I know would get that, and the rest would never look it up in a dictionary. I had to. Now I have three more words I can use in a normal conversation with a writer. If that was your purpose, then okay.

I'm gonna read about G.C. Scott now. You've done some good for me, *Penthouse*. It will be interesting to see where you go next.—*R.T. Dent, Narcoossee, Fla.*

Look for our sister publication, **Viva,** *on newsstands in mid-September.—Editor*

"Genital strategy"

My Theory of Genital Strategy (June) by Jerome Doolittle must certainly rate as the most entertaining article on Vietnam I've ever read. Mr. Doolittle may have even given us an unintended joke when he writes that "heavy U.S. aid to South Vietnam began in 1950, during the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration."

The first American military advisers were sent over in 1950, but Harry Truman was President from mid-1945 until January 20, 1953.—*Henry R. Korman, Longview, Wash.*

We stand corrected.—Editor

Jerome Doolittle's *My Theory of Genital Strategy* points out one more aspect of the human side of the Vietnam conflict. But I feel that it also holds a basic principle that applies to life in general.

Human beings seem to be more apt to follow their irrational drives than those governed by intellect. Doolittle's article illustrates that some people will not only remain in a rotten situation willingly, if there is something to be gained, but they will actually work against being removed from such conditions. These people are often unaware of any gain and would deny their subtle (or not so subtle) efforts to insure continued access to it. Their motives may be entirely subconscious. Your local headshrinker will confirm this.

Doolittle's theory cannot be proven within the bounds of "accepted" political and historical thinking and it may be scoffed at by many of the men anonymously described in the text. It is this very fact that proves the theory's validity. People always seem to shun what they cannot morally accept, even if it hints at the truth.

My congratulations to Mr. Doolittle. His basic premise is correct, if not his entire concept. —*Steve Gerson, Fairfax, Va.*

Honi soit qui mal y pense

After hearing so much about how much more natural your photography is than *Playboy's*, just out of curiosity I've been taking in your magazine regularly.

It's true!!! Your pictorials are so natural that the girls don't even look clean—their bodies are slightly sweaty and they appear to be covered with a thin layer of scum. They are reminiscent of all the cheap bar flies I've ever seen, loads of ratted straw hair, makeup jobs and fat galore. These girls go beyond voluptuous right into vulgar. I can almost smell them from the pages.

There is a medium somewhere between *Playboy's* sterility and *Penthouse's* crassness. I really don't care to find it, because I prefer real people to photos, unless I take them myself, and chauvinism is not my bag.

I'm withholding my name because my wife has appeared in your mag and I'm afraid she'll sit on my face.

By the way, May's centerfold should have had the caption, "I wonder if the old Indian trick of a fish under every plant would work with my roses?"—*(name withheld), Hemet, Calif.* PS Xaviera Hollander—*you* stay dirty. We can't afford to have our last bit of clean water irrevocably polluted. PPS Go to hell, Reagan!

If your wife really appeared in **Penthouse,** *why would disclosing your name trigger in her the desire to "sit on your face"? Is this the way she normally punishes you, or is it some kind of a death wish on your part? Perhaps, as our resident psychologist might have said, the placing of your wife's ass on your face may be a symbolic invitation for you to meet your maker.—Editor*

In regard to the letter Edward F. Kensinger wrote (June) concerning us "miserable souls" who read *Penthouse*, I just want to let you know, Edward, how amazing I think it is for such a religious soul as yourself to be so concerned for us sinners as to go through all the trouble of reading and writing articles to *Penthouse*. If you don't like the magazine, don't waste your dollar.—*P.S. (name withheld), Anaheim, Calif.*

Signs of the times

In reply to your Mr. Jim Adams in the May *Penthouse Forum*.

I do not think you can blame the women's liberation movement for circulating the secret sex

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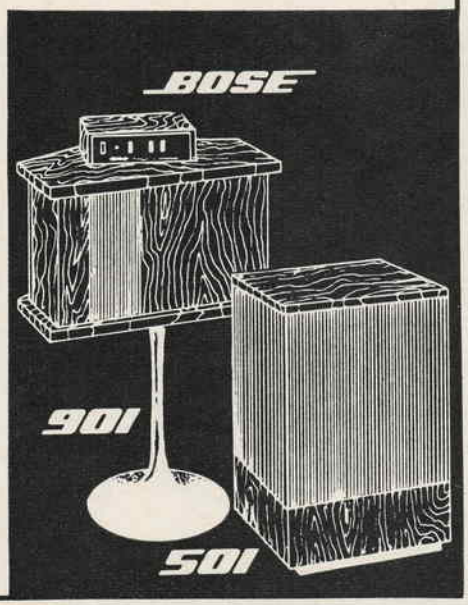

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The Mountain, Framingham, Mass.

signals. It is true, you can find these signals in ladies' rest rooms, but you will also no doubt find much more in the men's rooms. Those I have seen are written like this:

1 Wink = Let's ball.
2 Winks back = Okay!

It's true this can be used by either sex to initiate the action, but I'll bet the men started it. I'll bet they even wrote it in some of our rest rooms. It's true, the girls sometimes go in for graffiti, but not nearly as much as the men. We pass our ideas on to one another by word of mouth.

Here is another, and even more widely used, secret sex signal:

3 tugs on the right ear lobe = I'll ball you.
4 tugs on the right ear lobe = Will you ball me?
2 tugs on the right ear lobe = Okay!

Someone did start this one. I know, because I was in the group of girls who started it and it has caught on rapidly. Many college girls, airline stewardesses, models, actresses, and others use this sign. So our men friends won't feel badly, this can be initiated by either sex. So let's quit blaming everything on women's lib, because many of the things we started were good things. —*Jean Simmons, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Would he or wouldn't he?

Congratulations are in order, my good sirs. Yes indeed, I have really got to hand it to you fine people in responsible journalism-land. Your recent issues were by far your finest efforts in exposing the morals of society for the dusty old-fashioned guilt traps that they are. People around the world are finally beginning to wake up to the fact that sex and pleasure go hand in hand, and that pure animal lust is one of the normal human biological drives that exists in hard-hats as well as your next-door neighbor.

But I really must commend you for that vivid display of poisonous, dirty, filthy, vulgar, excellent, beautiful young lovelies that grace the pages of your fine mag. I have made a lifetime job of hunting out and rewarding sincerity wherever I find it. I can tell you that in these days —with the thought that this day may be our last because of the threat of World War III, pollution of the air we breathe and the water we drink, and the population boom that is going to engulf our planet before the year 2000—it is indeed a pleasure to glance through those pacifying pages of your nasty mag and forget all about Jesus Christ and his second coming and just live for today.

After all, God created sex for man's pleasure and if he didn't want us to indulge in adultery he wouldn't have given us sex organs, would he?—*L.F. (name withheld), San Francisco, Calif.*

How the CIA got hooked

I read your article in the June *Penthouse* about how the CIA got hooked on heroin with much interest, because I was over in Vietnam at the time those events took place. I think it was one of the best articles I have ever read pertaining to heroin.

I was hooked on heroin while I was there and everything the author said was very much true. There is a lot of heroin in Vietnam and Thailand (I spent a year in Thailand too). I was in Southeast Asia from 1967 to 1970, and in those years I saw a lot of people hooked on heroin, including the native people and quite a number of military personnel.

I am presently serving an eight-year sentence for smuggling heroin during my tour in Southeast Asia. A lot of people seem to think the CIA is all good, but it isn't, as you can see for yourself. I would appreciate it if you could tell me where I could get the book, *How the CIA Got Hooked On Heroin,* by Tom Buckley.—*(name withheld), El Reno, Okla.*

Mr. Buckley has not written a book on this subject. The book referred to in the article is Al McCoy's ***The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia,*** *$10.95, from Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd Street, New York.—Editor*

Southern lawman

In your May issue you ran a story on a Southern sheriff. I read it and failed to see just what made this certain sheriff worth writing about.

If you'd really like to print an article on a Southern sheriff that your readers would enjoy reading, I suggest you take a trip to McNairy County in southwestern Tennessee and look up a man named Bufford Pusser.

Now this man is truly unbelievable. I have never been in close contact with him, but Bufford Pusser is one of the few men that I would hate to go up against under any conditions at all. He has been shot numerous times, including one attempt on his life using paid professional killers. He has been cut so bad that any other man would have died from sheer fright. His wife was killed with a bullet meant for him. He has come up against six men in hand-to-hand fighting and come out the winner. The list goes on and on.

Bufford Pusser is quite a legend in our part of the world. I know many people that are hard and cold men, but you start talking about Bufford Pusser to them and they get the shakes just as bad as a dry wind.

I have some friends and relatives that would breathe easier if they knew this man was dead, but they respect him highly for being enough of a man to do his job the way it should be done. The reason I'm writing you is I would like to see a national magazine do a full feature on this fantastic man, now, before he passes away, because I believe that he should be immortalized while he's alive. There has been a movie done about his life, but I think his story should be told in print, so people can keep it at home for future generations. He is truly one of the last American men who can really be called a man.—*T.P. (name withheld), Nashville, Tenn.*

The mythic connection

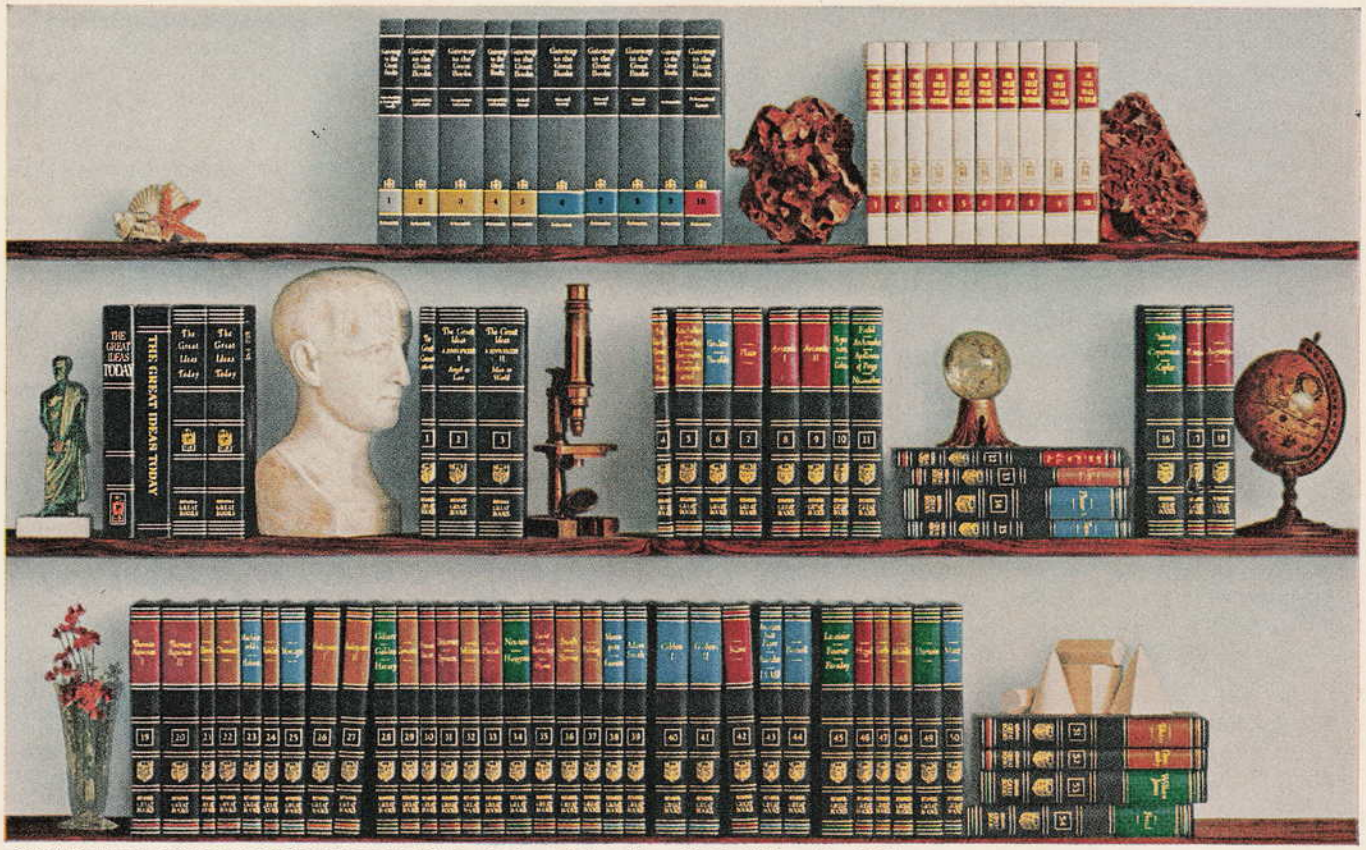
To my mind, the worst sort of eternal damnation would consist of the repetition of some pleasurable act until it degenerated into a Sisyphean chore. Upon this postulation, Robert Silverberg's *In the Group,* in your May issue, is a hell of a story.—*William I. Smith, Denver, Colo.*

Army gripe

I don't know how much good this letter is going to do, but I feel it is my duty to tell someone about all of the stupid and ridiculous waste of money the government is spending on the armed forces. I am assigned to a company of cooks for our men in arms. They (the Army) sent us (my class) through an extensive eight-week training program teaching us how to cook.

The course could be taught in less than two weeks if the Army would just get rid of all the Mickey Mouse things we have to do. For example: our first week here we were taught how to cook in small quantity. We would get up at 5:30 in the morning and wait, yes, just wait and kill time until 7:30, when our first class would begin. Our instructor would then teach us how to fry an egg Army-style in approximately ten minutes. Then we would take a break until the next class started, approximately forty minutes later.

For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



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This would go on like this all day until 4:30, when the day would be considered over. We would receive our mail and do a little physical training (and I do mean a little; hardly enough to do anyone any good at all).

This continued for the first two weeks; then the third week we went into training on field cooking—cooking outside for the troops. Ha! What a laugh. We cooked for half a day and then had the other half of a day to take a break. Of course, we had to stay in the area in case an inspecting officer came hunting for someone. We had to look busy. One Friday, at 2:00 P.M., we were through with everything: our cooking utensils and cooking equipment were spotless. The sergeant who was in charge of the class then called a formation and gave us instruction for raking leaves around the area. He gave us three rakes and twenty plastic sacks for sixty-five guys and told us to keep busy and not to get caught loafing around, or you would get put on extra detail.

Well, in my opinion, I would think the United States people pay good, hard-earned money to keep an Army and I think this should be brought to their attention. The money that is wasted in the Army could be used for something more useful like slums and incurable diseases.

I imagine you think I'm crazy. I think I am going crazy because of all of the bullshit I am doing in the Army and all of the money I see being wasted every day. It's no wonder the Army has so many lifers—what an easy way to make money. I wish there could be some way the people of America could see this waste and try to get something done about it.

Since I am a Private, the Army has labeled me as a nothing, just a number. Sir, I have never felt so completely useless in my whole life. I have accomplished absolutely nothing in the service and I imagine I'm not the only one in the service who feels this way.—*(name withheld), Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.*

Viva voices

My husband buys *Penthouse* monthly and loves it. I read it occasionally, but there is nothing of interest in it for me; it's definitely for the men.

I am a very open-minded woman who would enjoy seeing an attractive man nude, but there's no magazine like that for us. I am happy over the news about the new magazine that is supposed to be out mid-September. I really hope it will be of interest to the truly liberated woman!

Please keep me on your list. If you let me know the price of the magazine, I will send you a check for one year's subscription. Hoping to hear from you soon, as I know you are on the level.—*Rita McCurdy, Hoboken, N.J.*

A magazine for women? That's great! Although I realize that numerous magazines are "for women," I'd enjoy seeing one with something besides the ever-helping housecleaning hints, recipes, first aid, etc. Please put my name on your list of subscribers for *Viva*. I have enclosed $10.00. Thank you.—*Adele Ogas, Fort Grant, Ariz.*

I'm writing in regard to your up-and-coming publication, *Viva*. I have had numerous discussions with my wife concerning male magazines such as *Penthouse*. My wife, and, according to her, many other women, are very bitter because men seem to have a monopoly on viewing nudity of the opposite sex. They seem to feel sort of left out of things, and I agree.

Periodicals for women such as *Cosmopolitan* attempted to display male nudity, but only partially, and even then as part of an elaborate joke. The dear lady feels that *Viva* should be written

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for women using the same format as *Penthouse* but written "strictly" for women. She also feels, and I think you might give this some thought, that such a publication as she has in mind would make a fortune for the publishers.

Please take this into consideration when releasing *Viva* so that I can be left in peace when reading *Penthouse.—D.M. (name withheld), Larchmont, N.Y.*

Viva will surprise you with its sensuous pictorial features, its vital and controversial points of view, and its magnificent production. It will be on sale in mid-September.—Editor

Oooh, are we jealous!

In reference to your article *Peak Performance* (May), by Brian Boylan: your men sound very capable, but my man is so sensational that I must say a few words about him. In the past two and a half years he has shown me how simply perfect sex can be. I never have to worry about our session being cut short by premature ejaculation because he has such self-control, and even if he wants to enjoy several orgasms, it still doesn't present a delay. We have gone continually for three hours with him having six orgasms. We enjoy sex very regularly and it's completely normal for him to have three orgasms, at least.

As for me, words are inadequate to explain how completely fulfilled he makes me. My only desire is that every woman could experience the joys that come with a sexual superman such as mine.—*K.H. (name withheld), Augusta, Ga.*

Okay, but what does he do for laughs? —Editor

Tough Lima (Ohio)

I would like to congratulate you on your article about John Dillinger (June). It was very enlightening. As I am from one of the cities mentioned, I have heard many stories about the jailbreak and shooting of Lima's Sheriff Sarber. It was told to me by older persons in my family.

The Pierpont trial was described to me by relatives who sat on the jury. It is not very often anyone writes anything about Lima, Ohio. There are many gangster stories in this city's history that would make good reading.—*Larry Huber, Lima, Ohio.*

The highlight of your excellent June 1973 issue was the article on Dillinger. I hope we can look forward to more such highly entertaining and interesting articles by Mr. Nash about famous American criminals.

It is obvious that Mr. Nash is a thorough researcher; has he done any work on the Teapot Dome scandal of the Harding Administration? His in-depth factual approach would be interesting for your readers. I am looking forward to seeing Mr. Nash in your pages in the future.—*Myron Glazer, Chicago, Ill.*

Read Mr. Nash's **Bloodletters and Badmen,** *published in May by M. Evans and Company.—Editor*

Pet opinions

I used to be afraid to look at your magazine, even though I had a subscription. You see, I saw very beautiful girls in the most wonderful pose —nude. This tended to give me thoughts of being left out. Oh, you just don't know how I felt.

I could look at *Playboy* and not feel the same way. You see, I really have a deep love for women. Slowly I thought about just what was going on. God do I love to talk with people. Not just women but men too. People seem to enrich my life.

I'm writing about Paula Francis. When I first glanced at her in your June issue, I liked what

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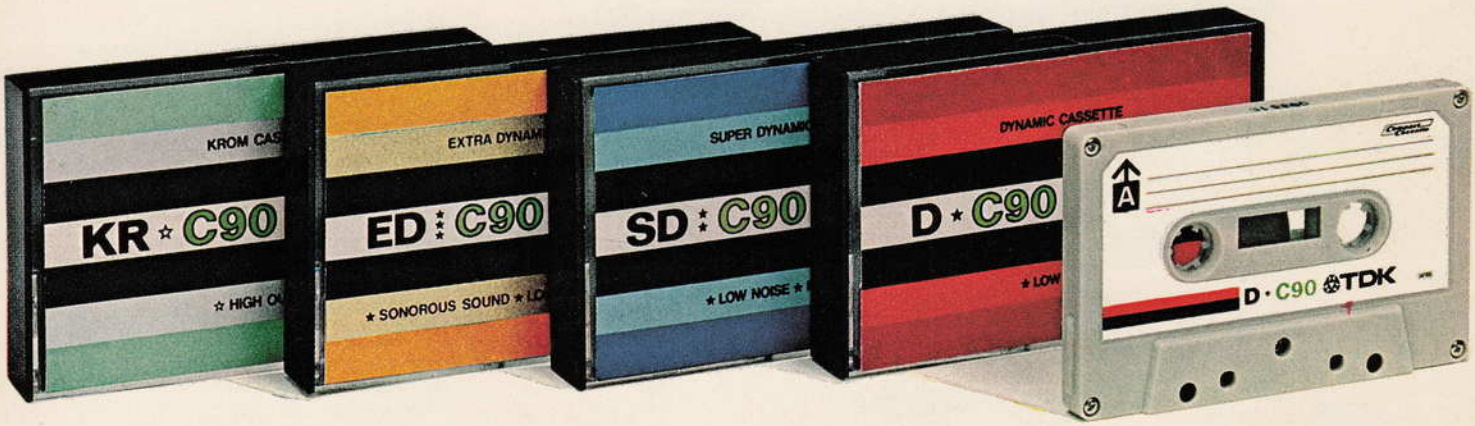

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I saw—a beautiful woman who believes in herself. Then I looked on; I came back after a few minutes and read the write-up on Paula. The life she led was, shall I say, wonderful. The more I gazed at the pictures the more I saw. Paula has a natural look to her. Soft lips, gentle fingers, a very delicate navel, and oh, what tantalizing breasts. Having her picture taken in these positions must have aroused her. The centerfold certainly showed off Paula's rounded nose and luscious mouth. By the way, her closed eyes accented the whole mood the picture gave. If the pictures you publish have good color reproduction, I would say that Paula has brown eyes.—*D.B. (name withheld), Pax River, Md.*

I don't know if this letter will get to you or not, because I am incarcerated at present. However, I feel well. I really like your magazine and feel I'm entitled to my opinion.

I read the June issue and enjoyed the comments about Miss Sather very much, for she is a lovely young lady. However, might I bring your attention to the April issue and the lovely, petite and sexy Leslie Leah Burrow. She is, in my opinion, the loveliest girl any magazine has photographed in the past eighteen months—the amount of time I have served here. Guys here get the magazine and we all agree she is the queen of *Penthouse*. Sorry if we sound biased in our opinions. So Miss Burrow will get my vote for Pet of the Year. I like her especially because she has no hair on the cheeks of her buttocks. —*L.M. (name withheld), Pennsylvania State Correctional Institution, Huntingdon, Pa.*

We are students at Auburn, a conservative Southern university, where the cock-to-cunt ratio is much too high. Therefore, as one might well imagine, we have little opportunity to relieve our ardent sexual desires. We enjoy *Penthouse* and were particularly impressed with the picture of Lynn Partington in the June issue. It would tickle our fancies (and other things too!) to have more explicit shots. Also, we would delight in some titillating pictorial essays of beautiful black and Oriental women. One thing though: we definitely would NOT like to see pictures of amputees and dried-up grandmother types as some of your more perverted readers have suggested. We have seen far too many photos of this genre in coverage of the Vietnam war, and find no sexual excitement in them at all. And if they want to see wizened, withered, wrinkled old women, we suggest they look at *National Geographic*.

You have far outdistanced *Playboy* and *Oui*. Finally, give our three votes for Pet of the Year to Helen Caunt, but tell Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett that she made it an awfully "hard" decision. SPREAD DAMN EAGLE!—*(names withheld), Auburn, Ala.*

Circumcision and other matters

Your description of initiation rites in the June *Sex-index* pointed out the superstition and barbarity surrounding these practices. In all cases, the mutilations are performed on young individuals who are given no choice in the matter. I wonder how many readers realized (as they read the paragraph and reacted with the appropriate disgust) that hundreds of male babies in North America are mutilated daily in hospitals across the continent. The smugly accepted ritual of infant circumcision is performed without anesthetic and, of course, without the victim's consent. We speak and write piously of children's rights, yet condone the violation of a child's fundamental right to keep his body in one piece. The individual male should be allowed to decide for himself whether he wants to be circumcised or not, but only after he has

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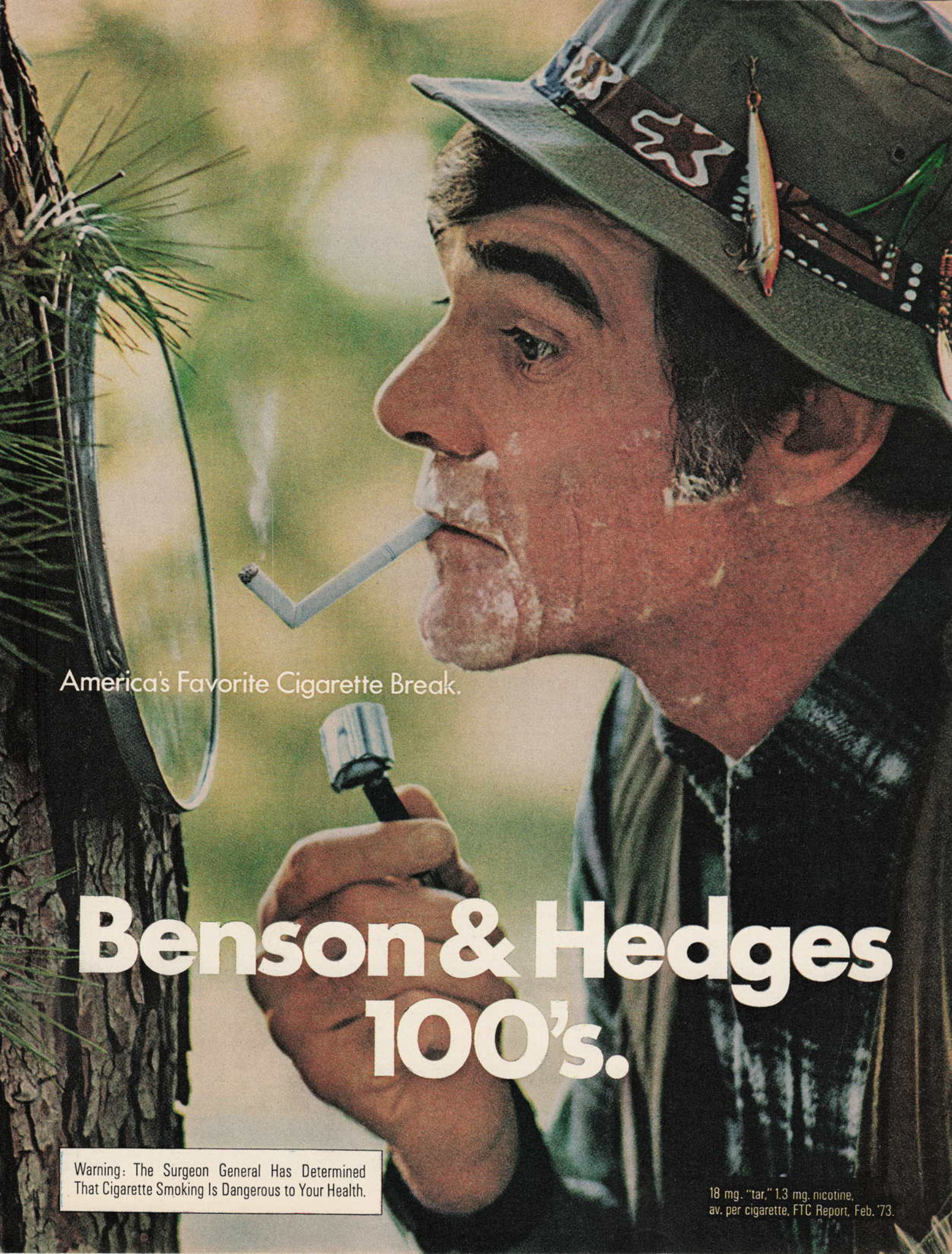
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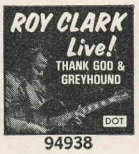

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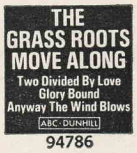

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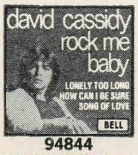

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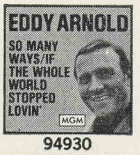

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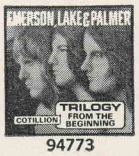

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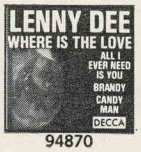

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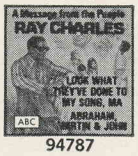

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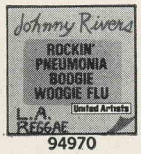

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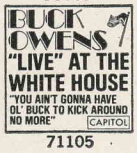

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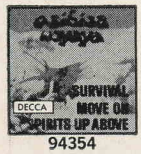

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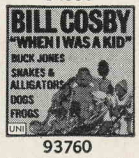

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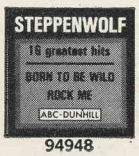

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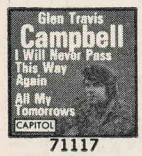

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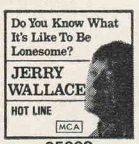

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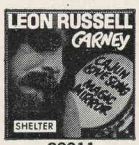

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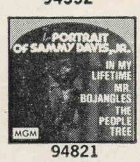

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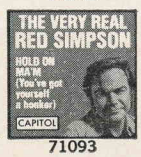

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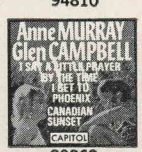

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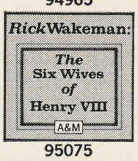

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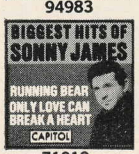

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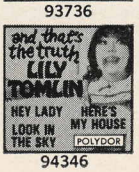

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had the experience of being uncircumcised.

The "medical" reasons which supposedly justify the wholesale mutilation of baby boys are being questioned more and more these days —even in the professional journals. One study has shown that cervical cancer in married women more likely results from a lack of genital hygiene than from the simple fact that the husband is uncircumcised. On the subject of male genital hygiene, one researcher has written: "If a child can be taught to wash his ears, he can just as easily be taught to wash under his foreskin."

Another researcher has found that, during the diaper stage, the foreskin protects the glans against the possibilities of inflammation and ulcer. On the darker side is the report from England which stated that between three and six babies die each year from complications arising out of circumcisions. One wonders if these operations were considered necessary from the medical viewpoint or were simply done to comply with parental instructions. In most baby-care books, the subject of circumcision is usually disposed of in a short paragraph, being accorded about the same importance one might attach to the cutting of toenails or the piercing of ears. The inference is that there is little or no difference in function or feeling between the circumcised and the uncircumcised penis. This lack of discussion about a very important aspect of circumcision is also evident in sex manuals.

From my position as one of the no-choice circumcised, it appears to me that circumcised and uncircumcised men must experience a *completely different* set of sensations during all genital activity. The head of a circumcised penis has a layer of dry skin ten times as thick which is directly exposed to the air and to underwear. During foreplay, the partner of an uncircumcised man can rub, squeeze or otherwise manipulate the naturally lubricated foreskin against the glans; the circumcised individual has only the dry comfort of his partner's hand. The difference between the two penes as regards the sensations experienced during intercourse must be considerable—to say the least.

Would any uncircumcised readers care to confirm or contest the above suppositions? Would any women readers care to tell us if they have experienced differences with circumcised and uncircumcised sex partners, and whether they prefer one state over the other? I would also be interested to know if there are any techniques available (surgical or other) for restoring the remnants of a foreskin to its original form.—*Charles Thomas, Lachine, Quebec.*

Our medical adviser agrees that the uncircumcised **glans penis** *is marginally more sensitive than the circumcised one, and yes, Mr. Thomas, there* **is** *a practical solution to the case of the missing foreskin. Restoration may be effected through the use of ordinary skin-grafting techniques. Dr. B. M. Leiberschloss performed the first successful foreskin transplant in Heidelberg on September 14, 1906. Leiberschloss, who is remembered equally for his massive contribution to the Alternating Current Theory in* **Neurology and the Schizophrenic** *(Boenwold-Fleischer), reasoned that the shallow bowl of webbed skin between the first and second toes (of either foot) bore substantial similarities to the texture, nerve density, and general elasticity of foreskin, and that by surgically joining the penis to the root of the big toe for a period of not less than two weeks, he could "transplant" a small but perfectly functional sleeve of foreskin-like flesh. The operation was considered a success medically, but the patient, who refused to give his name, never fully recovered. According to his own account, whenever he became sexually aroused he experienced an immediate and inexplicable stiffening of his big toe.—Editor*

Although I regard the *Sexindex*, as well as Xaviera Hollander's column, as one of the most informative features in your magazine, I think that one of your definitions should be updated.

In your June issue (which, by the way, was the best ever, skin-wise), the *Sexindex* identifies Jack the Ripper as a murderer of prostitutes in the East End of London during the late 1880's. This fact is irrefutable, but the implication remains that Jack the Ripper was a man with apparently no known motive for the killings.

Recent discoveries by a British historian offer some pretty convincing evidence toward clearing the matter up. It seems that the booming trade of prostitution during this period resulted in a high number of unwanted pregnancies among London whores, who then slipped over to the East End for on-the-sly abortions.

Since abortion was risky and far from sanitary, many prostitutes died on the operating table. It is here that the historian has found considerable evidence that the Ripper may have been a female abortionist who killed her patients in the operation and then disemboweled them to hide the reason for their deaths.

Maybe *Sexindex* should have labeled the culprit, "Jackie the Ripperess."—*Roy Schapp, Long Beach, Calif.*

This is an interesting theory, but it's decidedly un-English.—Editor

Free speech

I happen to be a doctor, seventy-two years young, who believes in allowing people to see and read anything they wish without any governmental or other restrictions. I certainly see nothing dirty or obscene in nude women or men, or in anything they wish to do in their own private homes. What's wrong with X-rated movies? No one forces a person to attend. If a puritan is against it, he just simply does not have to go see it, but he has no right to ask for laws preventing others over eighteen years old from attending.—*Dr. N. (name withheld), Santa Barbara, Calif.*

We couldn't agree more.—Editor

Penthouse frescoes

We have papered half a dining room with your nude ladies—a *Penthouse*-in-motion motif. If we had the camera and money, we could send you a picture of the pictures, but alas, such a stipend is not forthcoming. We would actually like to finish the remaining wall and a half but we have no more pictures! Unfortunately, you only come out once a month. You see our plight. Everyone marvels at the room, but leaves dissatisfied (even though we don't charge admission) because our remaining wall space is barren and sterile. Two penniless wretches are begging for aid from *Penthouse*. Either donate old issues or come out twice a week. Sir Guccione, save our ass!—*D.K. and P.B. (names withheld), San Diego, Calif.*

Good Morgan

I have been getting your magazine every month since it first came out, and I think it's fantastic. I especially enjoyed *Morgan's Dictionary* (May) and nearly pissed on myself laughing at it. By the way, how often do you clean out Henry's cage? Hang tough.—*Rocky O'Shaunessey, Beckley, W.Va.*

He jackknifes before he tailspins

I find that your *Forum* gets more interesting every month. In the June issue, I enjoyed the two

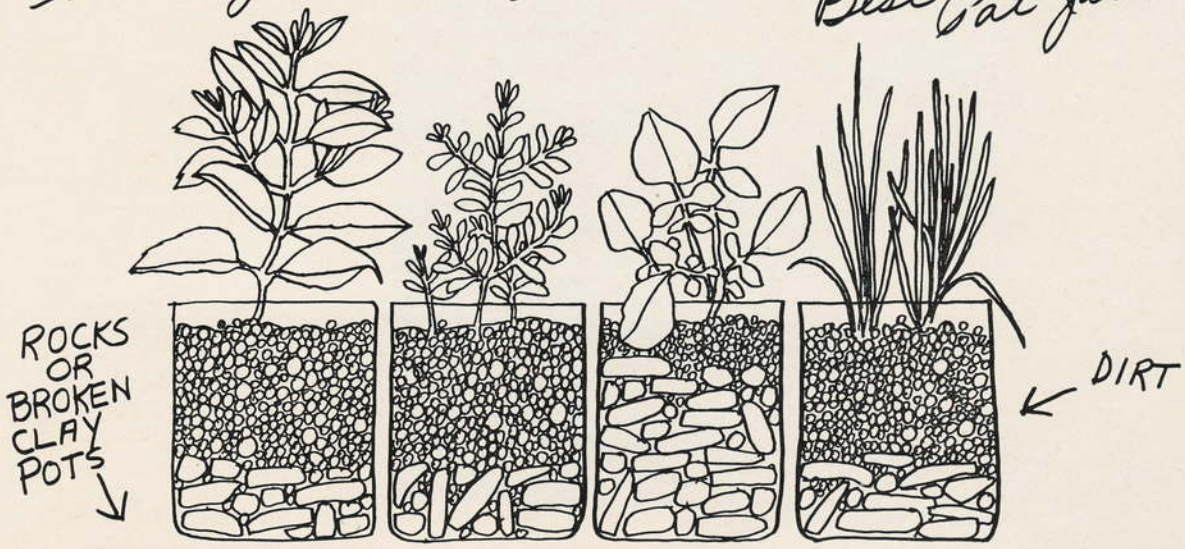
Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.

CUT HERE

After I saved my winter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next years supply of Planters ☺. It sure is wild tasting stuff (The Cuervo I mean.) Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.

Best Pat Jacobs



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readers' discussion of the word "fuck." Although both were wrong, you set them straight on the fact that the word is older than either of them suggest. I find the word a great turn-on in bed when the wife and I use it in regard to our relations. It really turns me on for her to use it when we are pumping away late at night.

The letter from one reader was interesting, about a ribbon tied at the neck of his penis in an attempt to get a bigger penis. This is true, I believe. A condom also makes an extended erection. I still use condoms after fifteen years and after all these years, my wife still says to me, "You've got a big hard-on tonight, honey." I'm only five and three quarter inches hard if I measure the upper side, but if I measure underneath the penis, I'd be seven inches. But I believe the upper-side measurement is correct.

That is sufficient for any woman—or almost any. My own spouse and I have, for a good many years, often screwed standing with me behind and her in a half-crouched posture over a chair. If she is really horny and in need of more penetration, I can really make the five-and-three-quarter-inch erection work to the equivalent of maybe seven inches, or even eight inches, particularly if I raise high into her vestibule.

I would like to see other readers' letters in regard to the standing "dog-fashion" posture, and am wondering if perhaps there are other men who have discovered the benefits of the high movements inside the vagina, combined with what I call a "jackknife" and a number of "tail-spins." It really gives me, as well as the spouse, a lot of added stimulation.—*C.L. (name withheld), Lexington, Ky.*

Sexy tunes

I am writing this not only to share the personal joy I feel in being able to once again experience the pleasure of a happy sex life, but to possibly be of some help to those who may have the same problem I once had.

For the past few months, due to business and other problems, I have been unable to experience an erection and my marriage was in danger. As time went on the problem became so complex that I was convinced that I had become totally inadequate. My wife and I tried everything from sex manuals to hard-core pornography, all to no avail. Then one day while working with a tuning fork, I accidentally dropped it in my lap and had a feeling of such sexual delight that I could hardly control myself.

Later that night, while my wife was sleeping, I used the tuning fork on myself and achieved such an erection that I woke my wife and she couldn't believe her eyes. We were able to have intercourse and achieve mutual orgasm for the first time in months.

Now, prior to intercourse, my wife takes the tuning fork and moves it along my penis until I reach an erection. This also excites my wife tremendously and we both enjoy intercourse more now than ever. Our marriage is back to normal and I find myself more able to cope with my business and other problems as well.—*(name withheld), Baltimore, Md.*

I was pleasantly surprised by N.Y.'s (June) revelation of sexual excitement with his saxophone. It seems to me that musical instruments have long been bypassed as physically sensuous.

I am a rock'n'roll guitarist who, because of constant performances, must practice every day. One day last August I was practicing my guitar in my small attic studio and my girl friend was sitting in. Because of the sweltering heat we both were down to the bare necessities in order to keep cool. I was wearing an old pair of cut-offs and my girl friend was wearing loose-fitting shorts with a mid-length blouse and no bra.

We both were enjoying the music even though we were dripping with sweat. But I began to enjoy it more when I began to use my wah-wah and fuzz-tone pedals. Through the sound distortions in the close room, I began to feel a tingling sensation in my balls. Every time I used the pedals I experienced the same wild sensation. My girl friend also was feeling similar sensations inside her vagina. The faster I used the pedals, the faster we felt the sensations. Before long, I had a tremendous erection and my girl friend was pawing desperately between her legs. Soon we were both naked and were thoroughly enjoying the new-found excitement of the wah-wah and fuzz tone pedals.

We ended the session with my girl friend mounting me while I continued to produce the tingling sensations from my guitar. We both climaxed at fantastic heights.

Even though we had experimented with many various sexual techniques, we found that nothing can beat the wah-wah and fuzz-tone technique. They are devices that no guitarist should be without.—*D.D. (name withheld), Lincoln Park, N.J.*

A head of their time

I thoroughly enjoyed the *Heterosexual Manifesto* by Richard Curtis in your July issue. I must congratulate him on his eloquent statement in favor of heterosexual freedom.

So, heteros of the world: thanks to brother Curtis, the time has now arrived for you to leave your closets and fight to obtain the basic freedoms that man has sought for so long, among them: freedom to fondle; freedom from want; and, for the ladies, a revised version of the "Peter Principle." The time has come to hold one or both of your heads high and proudly state, "I'm a hetero, and the future of the world is in my hands!"—*D.C. (name withheld), Chicago, Ill.*

Monopede mania

Being an amputee myself, I detected a note of sour grapes from one-legged Mrs. S.F. who, in her [June] letter pooh-poohs the erotic appeal that many men find in a female amputee. She scoffs, too, at a one-legged woman who might exploit her stump to attract a man. Yet she grudgingly admits that her own stump is an "ironic dividend" that gives her husband "something to play with." I hope that's not her only concession to his sexual needs.

Obviously, no one enjoys losing a leg. But if fate has so decreed, why shouldn't a one-legged woman capitalize on the sexual advantage her unwanted stump gives her? When I lost my right leg at eighteen, it was almost the end of the world for me. But now, ten years later and a happily married wife and mother, I realize I could be lots worse off than having only one leg.

My husband is still just as spellbound by the six-inch stump of my right thigh as when he first saw me reluctantly take off my artificial leg on our wedding night five years ago. But now that I am no longer ashamed of my stump, I suffer the discomfort of my artificial leg only a few hours each morning, when I can do my housework with both hands free. Otherwise, I get around very nicely on my one leg and my trusty crutch, with my stump just hanging free and comfy under my skirt where I can massage it as often as I like —and where my husband can ogle it and fondle it as often as he likes.

Mrs. S.F. forgets that men see us differently and thank God for that! While I'm dressing in the morning, I personally feel like a lopsided freak as I hop around on the one leg with my homely little stump wagging so pathetically from the

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other side of my panties. But my husband devours my one leg with his eyes, and savors the view of my bare stump with no less relish than when he admires my breasts flopping above as I hop to the bureau for my bra. My little remnant of a thigh makes me an incomplete woman, but to my husband it makes me a more erotic sex object than I could ever be otherwise. Figure that!

After looking green with envy at your lovely Pets with their two lovely legs in those inviting poses, I feel so ludicrous when I lie back on the bed with my one long leg and my puny stump spread for my husband. But he doesn't complain, bless him, and says he loves the feel of my stump rubbing against him in bed, especially when I stroke it rhythmically up and down.

Since my stump is a bundle of interrupted nerves, muscles and veins, it can be an irritating source of odd sensations brought on by weather, nervous tension, overexertion or pressure of my artificial leg. The only way I can relieve those sensations is to massage my stump. But no matter how well I do it myself, it always seems so much more soothing when my husband's fingers are rubbing my stump. Of course, the physical relief I experience when he rubs my stump is different from the erotic pleasure he gets from the act.

On a female amputee, a stump can also be bothersome just before her period, because of changes in body chemistry. That's when I especially welcome having my stump massaged vigorously by my husband. And since he realizes that I may be "closed for alterations" in a few days, I'm not too surprised to feel my panties being slipped down before my stump rubdown is over.

To be a one-legged woman and still be able to sexually arouse and satisfy the man I love is one of the greatest personal triumphs I'll ever enjoy. Every night that my husband caresses my stump with his fingers or asks to have it rubbed against him while we are embracing, I say a silent prayer of gratitude for having such a husband. *—(name and address withheld)*

The Indian cause

I wish to take this time to commend *Penthouse* and editor Richard Ballad on the interview of Vernon Bellecourt (July issue).

I was especially interested, since I'm married to a Cherokee girl. Although I'm a white man, I agree with the Indians. The Indians around here don't have that much to gripe about. But what about all the other places where the water isn't fit to drink, the houses are worse than barns, and people have no reason to live another day?

If it were our white ancestors who were intruded on, pushed off their land, lied to, looked down on, and finally robbed of their pride, there would be a lot of hippies raising a lot of hell today.

If it were 1800 again, I would be as proud of my little Squaw as I am today! Indians, be proud!!—*Jerry Jenkins, Salina, Okla.*

Having just read your July issue, I wish to commend you on your interview with Mr. Bellecourt. I'm not a lover of Indians, just a lover of humanity.

Bringing the truth to the people is just one step toward the revivification of the Indian people and all minorities. May we all be equal, and live in peace.—*Gere Zuelke, Baton Rouge, La.*

A-AH-AHH-CHOO!!

While reading the Forum section of your July issue, my attention was caught by the letter from S. B. concerning her sneezing fetish.

Although I don't share S. B.'s fetish, it brought to mind a peculiarity of my own I have always wondered about. Ever since I can remember, a rapid sexual arousal has always caused me to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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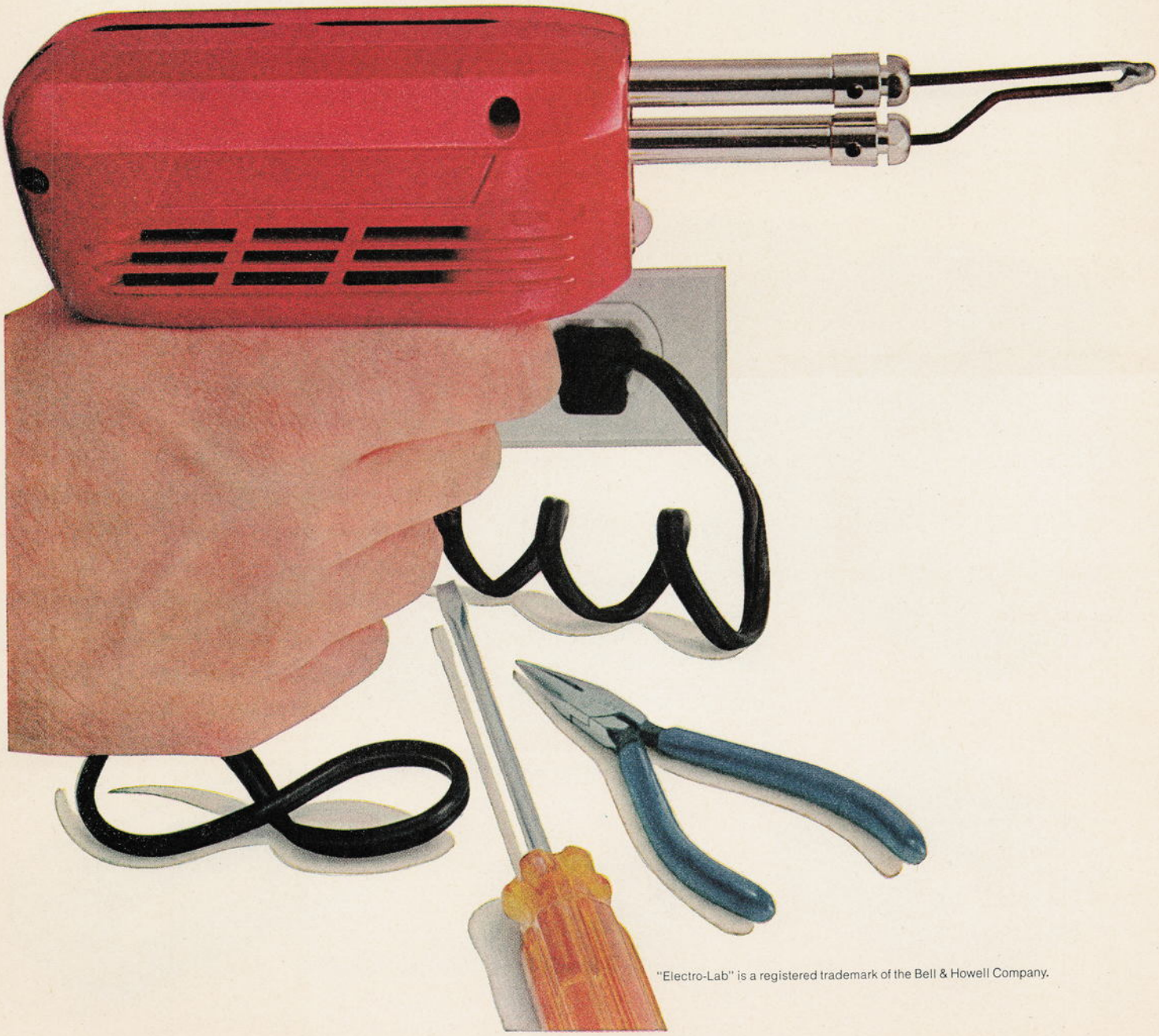

"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company.

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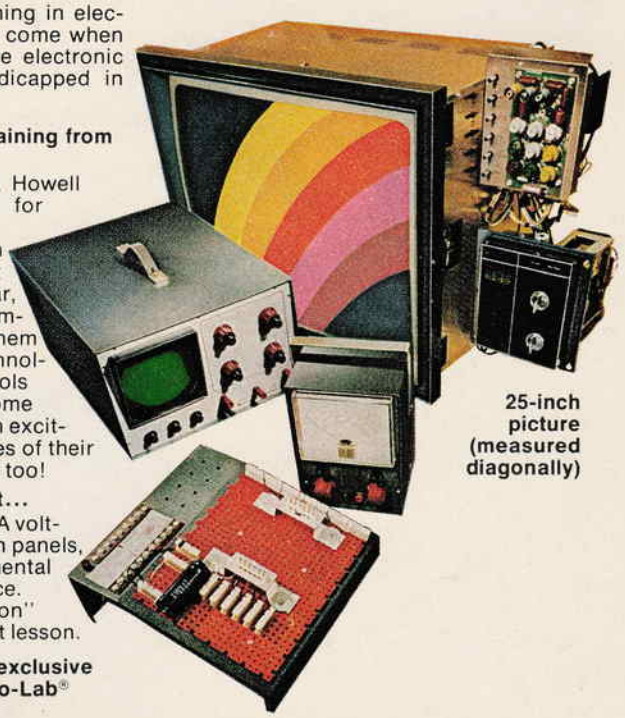

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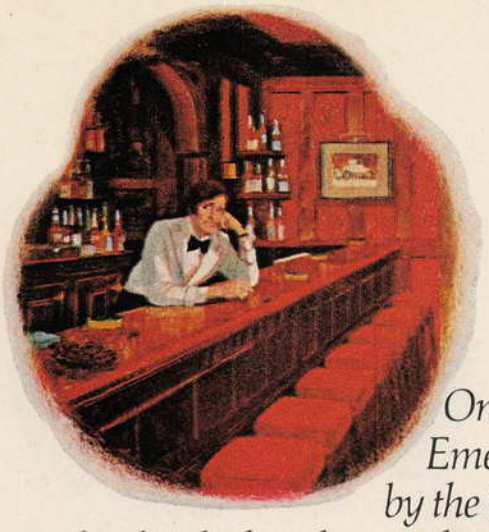

On October 28, 1972, Emerson Chipps stopped by the Candlelight Lounge and ordered a bourbon and soda.

Just as he has every Thursday evening since 1953. For 19 years the Candlelight Lounge served Emerson Chipps, Early Times.

On October 28, 1972, they did not.

Goodbye, Mr. Chipps.

Early Times. To know us is to love us.

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sneeze! This often occurs when I see an exceptionally attractive girl, or just recall a particularly erotic episode from the past.

Whether this has any link to my chronic hay fever, I don't know. I do know that it only occurs during my arousal stage, but I never start sneezing during intercourse.

I have theorized that perhaps it is caused by the rapid rise of blood pressure dilating the vessels inside my nose, but I wonder why I have never heard of anyone else with this peculiarity? Maybe others have it, but like me, don't talk about it much. At any rate, I wonder what would happen if I could get together with someone like S. B. and let nature take its course. It would be interesting.—*D.C. (name withheld), Knoxville, Tenn.*

The best and closest of friends

I'm writing this letter to you with my husband's knowledge. It's about an event that took place a little less than a year ago. My roommate from college asked my husband and me to spend a weekend at her new home in upstate New York. We arrived in time for drinks. To our surprise we found another couple, plus our host's sister and her girl friend—three men and five women in all. Dinner was early since the evening was warm and we all wanted to go into the pool as early as possible. By this time the drinks were putting everyone in a happy mood and there was a little horseplay. My roommate said she was going to take my husband on a tour of the house to show him the work her husband had done on a number of rooms; so that left me at the pool with two men and three other women. At the pool our host's sister said she and her girl friend didn't have their suits with them and the men said who needs suits? With that the girls took their things off and into the pool they went, followed by the men. The other wife and I stood there and then decided to join them—which was a lot of fun. Everyone was having a good time and we girls decided to give the men something special. Our host's sister and I made love at the side of the pool, which drove the men crazy and we were followed by the other two girls. By this time my husband and my roommate arrived from the tour of the house and I was surprised to see both of them nude. It seems they saw our actions from one of the windows and had a little lovemaking in the house, but when they arrived at the poolside my husband still had a hard-on. As the night went on, the air became cool so we all decided to go into the house and our host showed stag movies. I had never been so hot in my life and most of all when I saw my husband having intercourse with one of the other girls while I was having it with another man.

Since that time we have spent a number of weekends with this couple, alone or with their friends present, and each time it became better. Now all I have to say to my husband is let's go, and he's at the door. By the way, we don't bother to wear any underclothes now since it's a waste of time.—*(name and address withheld)*

Correction: The photographs of the Jaguar XJ-12 feature that appeared in the July **Penthouse** *were improperly credited. Photography was by William Oursler.*

Do you read the lively correspondence in Forum Magazine, the journal of human relations? Each controversial issue is packed with many pages of frankly fascinating readers' letters. Ask for Forum at your newsstand or see the subscription announcement in this issue (page 135).

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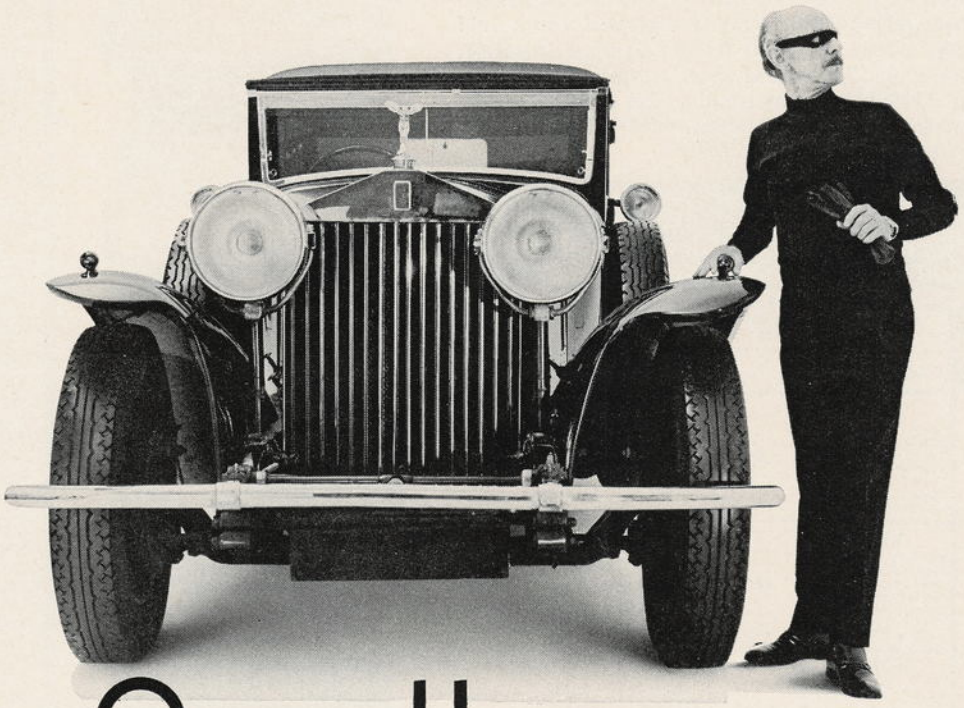

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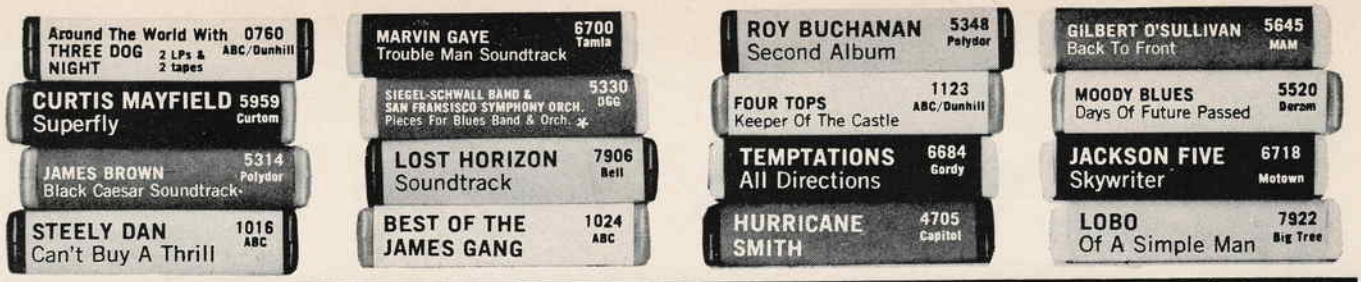
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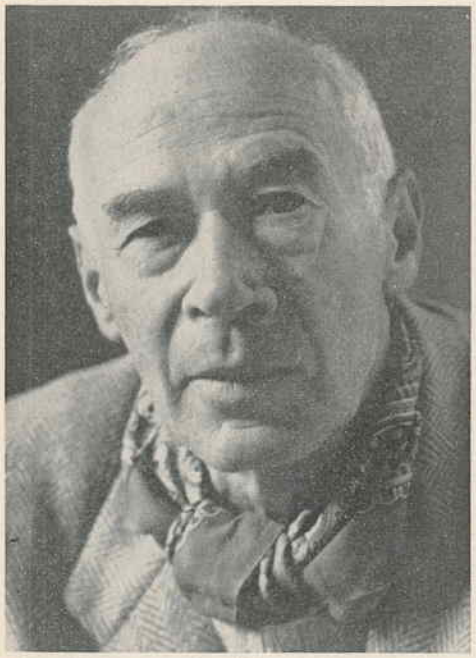
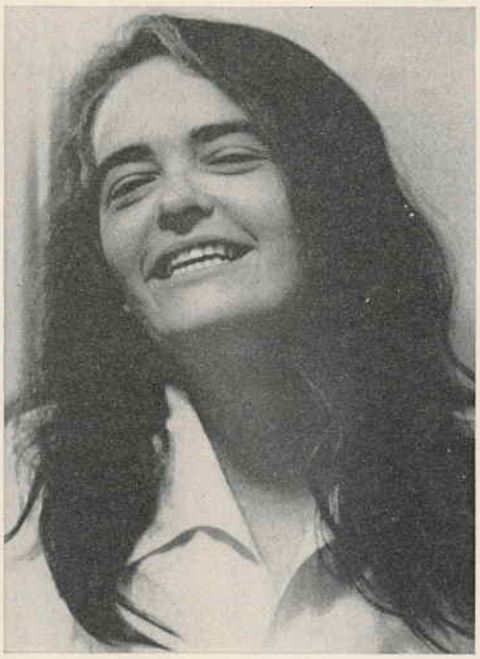
AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Miller, Henry (1891–): American writer, many of whose autobiographical novels were banned till recently because of their strong erotic and scatological content. Born in New York of middle-class German-American parents, he worked variously as ranchhand, assistant in his father's tailoring firm, messenger boy and manager for Western Union, before deciding in 1925 to concentrate on writing. Lived hand-to-mouth in Paris for many years, then returned to America when war broke out and settled on Big Sur. Married five times, currently to Japanese singer and pianist Hoki Tokuda. His fame rests mainly on his autobiographical novels: *Tropic of Cancer* (published in Paris in 1934 but banned in U.S. till 1961); *Black Spring* (Paris 1936; U.S. 1963); *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939; U.S. 1962); and the later *Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy—*Sexus* (1949; U.S. 1965), *Plexus* (1953), and *Nexus* (1960). Miller said in *My Life and Times* (1971), "I think of sex as a very natural thing, like birth or death. I don't think it has to be given special consideration as a subject"; but most readers (and censors) have been struck by the frequency and explicitness of the sex scenes in his novels. Women's Libbers complain that he degrades women to mere "cunts," e.g. in *Tropic of Capricorn:* "He took pleasure in degrading her. . . . 'Fish it out!' he'd say, opening his fly a little. 'Fish it out with your tongue!' . . . Once she got the taste of it in her mouth you could do anything with her. Sometimes he'd stand her on her hands and push her around the room that way, like a wheelbarrow. Or else he'd do it dog fashion, and while she groaned and squirmed he'd nonchalantly light a cigarette and blow the smoke between her legs. Once he played her a dirty trick doing it that way. He had worked her up to such a state that she was beside herself. Anyway, after he had almost polished the ass off her . . . he pulled out for a second, as though to cool his cock off . . . and shoved a big long carrot up her twat."





Henry Miller and Kate Millett: literary antagonists in the war of the sexes.

Millett, Kate: American Women's Liberationist writer. Born Minnesota; studied at the University of Minnesota and at Oxford; taught literature and philosophy. Married to Japanese sculptor Fumio Yoshimura (she also sculpts). In *Sexual Politics* (1971), she argues that: "However muted its present appearance may be, sexual dominion obtains nevertheless as perhaps the most pervasive ideology of our culture and provides its most fundamental concept of power," citing the works of D. H. Lawrence, Freud, Norman Mailer, and Henry Miller in evidence.

Milnes, Richard Monckton, 1st Baron Houghton (1809–85): British M.P., literary critic, and collector of pornography. His country seat at Fryston Hall, Yorkshire, was known as "Aphrodisiopolis" because of its vast collection of fine erotic books and illustrations. Some of these items were smuggled into the country by a Mr. Harris, the manager of the Covent Garden Opera, whose back was so curiously shaped that he could carry large books and even statuettes in its curve without attracting the notice of customs officers. Milnes was a close friend of Swinburne (*q.v.*), and it was he who introduced the poet to the works of de Sade, which formed the basis for their correspondence over many years. Disraeli described Milnes as "unfortunately short, with a face like a Herculaneum masque, or a countenance cut out of an orange." Nevertheless, at the age of forty-two, Milnes made a rather grand marriage to the sister of Lord Crewe. At the marriage feast Milnes's father disgraced himself by telling the bride, "Are you aware, in Protestant Germany, how easily you may be divorced? They don't require, as with us, anything serious—only some incompatibility and almost any will do." Milnes was one of the few M.P.'s who vigorously attacked the first Obscene Publications Act (1857), though he did not disclose his personal interest in the matter.

modesty: A sense of chaste decorum, largely determined by social conventions. In Judeo-Christian cultures it is strongly associated with clothing: Adam and Eve's first symptom of sin was the adoption of fig-leaf costume. But in other parts of the world, clothing is considered immodest—the indigenous South American Indians tore up the clothes given them by Jesuit missionaries because they were too embarrassed to wear them. Even in societies that equate modesty with clothing, there is no general agreement on which areas of the body should be hidden. A Muslim woman surprised in the nude might conceivably cover her face rather than her genitals, and as recently as 1945 an armed mob burst into the French officers' club in Damascus to protest the presence of unveiled women. The feet have often been outlawed: in 17th-century Spain and 19th-century China only a husband could ever see his wife's naked feet, and the Spanish painter Murillo was reprimanded by the Inquisition for showing the Madonna with bare toes—though she had been depicted with bare breasts in many Renaissance paintings. Breasts have always been a "sensitive area" as regards modesty. In James I's England, young unmarried girls exposed their breasts to the nipples as a sign of virginity, though even then there were complaints—Thomas Nashe wrote: "Their breasts they embusk up on high, and their round Roseate buds immodestly lay forth, to shew at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." Later, in 1749, Miss Chudleigh, a royal lady-in-waiting, appeared half-naked at a fancy-dress ball as "Iphigenia going to the sacrifice," provoking Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's acid comment that "the priests would have no difficulty in inspecting their victim's entrails." Bare nipples (and bare feet) reappeared briefly in the French Directoire period, and the "topless look" was attempted again in the mid-1960's, but a mayor of New York banned it with the comment, "There is nothing of artistic or cultural value in this sort of thing." Male genitals have always been a source of particular alarm and have always been covered in Western societies, but the 16th-century codpiece enlarged and emphasized the penis (often in erect stance) to a most "immodest" degree. The Victorians mercilessly mutilated classical nude statues and "touched in" Old Master paintings in the interests of modesty, and as recently as 1967 an Ohio housewife successfully campaigned against the importation of a French doll called "Petit Frère" because the lifelike baby-boy doll actually had baby genitals. Americans have always been particularly susceptible to the most stringent demands of modesty, and recently a

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY BETTMANN ARCHIVES INC.

hoax, "The League for Animal Decency," which advocated clothing for pets, attracted a wide following before being exposed.

monogamy: Permanent and exclusive union between one man and one woman, as opposed to polygamy (*q.v.*). It is probably the most prevalent human marital arrangement, and it is the only one allowed by law in Western cultures. However, many psychiatrists feel that monogamy is being replaced by "sequential polygamy"—that is, by a succession of monogamous liaisons terminated by divorce. Despite monogamy's obvious advantages as a context for child-rearing, more and more men and women resent its restrictions. Disraeli said that "all women should be married, and no men," but a recent American survey by Peter H. Rossi indicated that wives are much more likely to feel dissatisfied with marriage than their husbands. The strict monogamous ideal of fidelity "till death us do part" is now less often achieved. Even twenty years ago, Kinsey found that by the age of forty, 50 percent of all husbands and 25 percent of all wives had engaged in at least one act of extramarital coitus, and marriage counselors believe that the incidence of adultery is now much higher. As Dorothy Parker wrote: "Accursed from their birth they be / Who seek to find monogamy, / Pursuing it from bed to bed— / I think they would be better dead."

Norma Jean before stardom.

Monroe, Marilyn (1926–62): Film star who became the major sex symbol of the 1950's. Born illegitimate as Norma Jean Baker or Mortenson, she first attracted attention when she posed in the nude for a commercial calendar at the age of fifteen. It was her role in *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950), however, that really brought her fame and she wiggled and pouted her way to immense box-office success during the next eleven years. Her real skill as a comedienne was brilliantly exploited in *How to Marry a Millionaire* (1953), *The Prince and the Showgirl* (1957), and *Some Like it Hot* (1959). She specialized in sexy but essentially innocent roles, which seemed to express her own personality. Once she commented, "The trouble with the censor is that he worries if a girl has cleavage. He should worry if she hasn't any." Her relationship with her studio was always stormy, and on one occasion she infuriated them by announcing in public that she never

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

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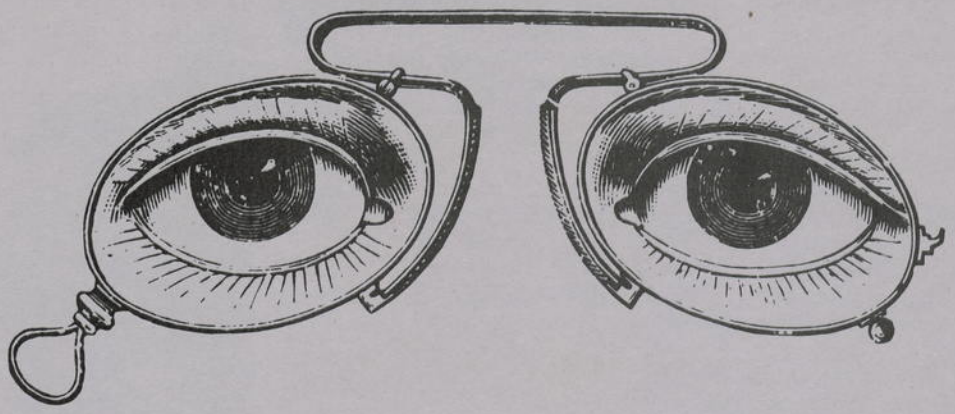


PLEASE TURN YOUR RADIO DOWN

If you've ever wondered how we in America came to be the best-informed public in the world, it might interest you to know that the credit belongs not to our politicians, but to our inventors.

Our story begins on March 10, 1876, when Alexander G. Bell made history's first phone call: "Mr Watson, come here; I want you." Apparently he was too lazy to walk over to his assistant's room at the other end of the loft at 5 Exeter Place in Boston. And that was the beginning of A.T.&T.

Thirty years later, Lee De Forest invented the electronic "valve" tube that made possible the transmission of sound—converted to electronic impluses—through the air over great distances. We now know this as radio.

Nothing much came of either invention, of course, until about ten years ago when the two were ingeniously combined by the late Joe Pyne in California. It was Pyne, working out of station KABC in Los Angeles, who perfected the radio program featuring telephone calls from people eager to share their folk wisdom with others.

This proved to be the great breakthrough America needed to achieve its cultural revolution. Until then, the telephone could reach only one or two people at a time. And radio, though it could reach millions, was strictly a one-way affair. Performers performed and the audience listened.

With the advent of the phone-in radio show, the age of participatory democracy in the media was at hand. For a change, the performers would do some listening while the listeners performed. The talk show would enable the average American to know what the average American was thinking or feeling on the great issues of the day.

No longer would the masses be manipulated by the media; they now had the means to manipulate each other.

And, indeed, it came to pass. The talk shows proliferated—Michael Jackson in Los Angeles, Wally Phillips in Chicago, Jerry Williams in Boston. In New York, Brad Crandall was the first, followed by Long John Nebel and Bob Grant. One New York station, WMCA, devotes almost its entire broadcast schedule to "access" radio call-in programs, dubbing itself "the station that listens to *you*!" Even the station manager, R. Peter Straus, has a show of his own called "Call Up the Boss."

But my own personal favorite is an after-midnight intellectual named Large Lou Blaster. Large, as he is affectionately called by his fans, interviews guests who have something important to say. Then, when he feels the time is right, Large opens the interview to phone calls from the audience. That's when it really gets interesting.

I'll never forget the night Large had on this character, Algernon van Dyke (some kind of professor), who had written a book called "The Implications of the Effects of Space Technology on International Relations"—or something like that. Boy, Large really zinged it to that smart-ass professor. He really put it to him right off:

"Okay, Dr. van Dyke. Let's have it straight. Why did you write the book?"

"Well, I thought the public had a right to know—"

"Come on, Doc. Never mind the crapola. I mean the *real* reason."

"Well, the fact is—"

"The fact is," Blaster interrupted, "you wrote it for *money*, right?"

"Well, I—"

"Of course you did. Nothing wrong with that. But you could have saved us a lot of time by admitting it."

"But I didn't—"

"I know. You didn't think my staff had done its homework on you and your book. Well, I guess we've got the picture now. Let's take some phone calls and see what the people have to say. [click] Hello out there! How are you?"

"I'm fine," said the voice on the phone. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," said Large. "What's on your mind?"

"I'd like to talk to Large Lou Blaster, please."

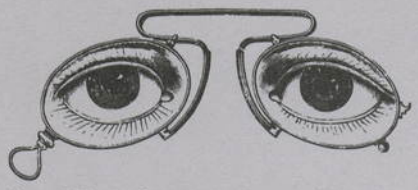
"This is Large Lou speaking."

"Oh, it is? Well for heaven's sake! You mean I'm on the air? Right now?"

"Yes, and would you please turn your radio down so you won't be confused by the feedback from the seven-second delay? I keep telling you people to turn down your radio, but you never remember."

"Oh. Wait a minute while I turn my radio down."

After a minute the caller returned to the



line. "Okay, I've turned my radio down."

"Thanks. Now, what's on your mind?"

"Well, Large Lou, I just want to tell you how much I and my wife, Peaches, enjoy your show. We both think you're just the greatest. We wouldn't miss your program for the world, and that's a fact."

"That's very nice of you. But don't you have a question?"

"Oh, yeah. Can I speak to that professor-fella?"

"Dr. van Dyke is on the line. Just go right ahead, please."

"Well, professor, I haven't read your book. But I have heard about it. I heard you talk about it yesterday afternoon on the Sam Sincere Show. Now there's one heck of a swell fella, that Sam! Always talking about those cute little dogs of his. You know, anybody who loves dogs the way he does has to be a nice guy. At least that's how I feel about it. And my wife, Peaches, feels the same way. Not that you're not a wonderful person too, Large Lou. We think you're—"

"Thanks very much," said Large. "But would you please get to your question for Dr. van Dyke?"

"Oh, sure. Well, like I said, professor, I haven't read your book. But I heard about it. And I understand it's pretty deep. But what I was wondering about was your own personal motivation in writing it. I mean, I'm always more interested in why people do things than what they do. I may be wrong, but I get the feeling that what you really had in mind was to sell a million copies and get rich. And my question is: Isn't that the real reason why you wrote it?"

"Listen, my friend," said Large, "let's get one thing straight. There's nothing wrong with writing a book to make money. To my way of thinking a guy would have to be nuts to write a book for any other reason. That's what our free enterprise system is all about."

"That's true," said Dr. van Dyke. "Though, on the other hand—"

"I'm sorry, Doc. But time is running short and I can't let you pull a filibuster on my show. There are people out there waiting to get through to talk to me, too. [click] Hello out there. How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine. But would you please turn your radio down?"—*Fred Darwin*

The phone-in radio show brought "the age of participatory democracy" to the media.

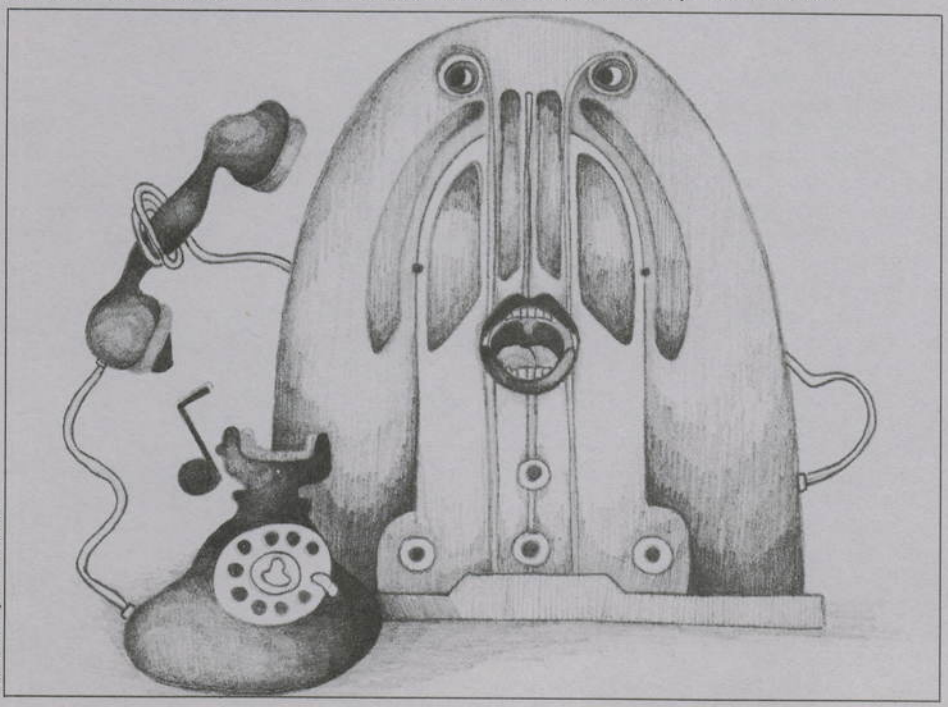


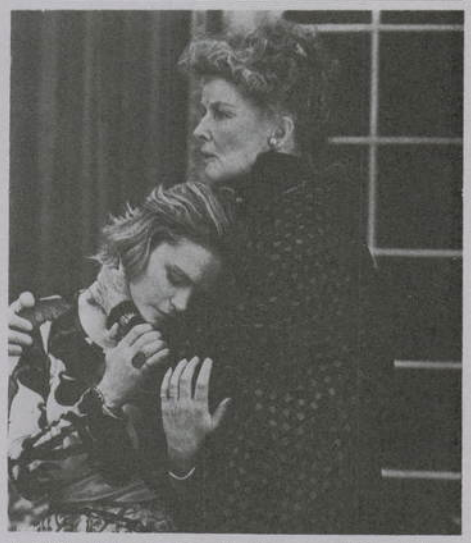
Illustration by Claire Victor

HAPPENINGS

ENCHANTED EVENINGS:
BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY

Most Americans never have the chance to see the one or two really great plays that are presented every season or so. How many people had the opportunity to go to Broadway for last year's revival of *Lost in the Stars*? How many could travel to London's West End for John Osborne's *Luther*?

The American Film Theater is attempting to remedy this. They have filmed eight famous contemporary productions, and these are being offered in a subscription plan through the American Express Company. Billed as *Eight Enchanted Evenings*, the films boast a roster of distinguished authors, actors, and directors. American Express hopes that patrons will spend $30 (or $24 for enchanted matinees) for the program. The films will be shown only to this paying audience. The first movie will begin its run in October in five hundred local theaters. The program will change each month.



A Delicate Balance: Hepburn and Remick.

The films include:

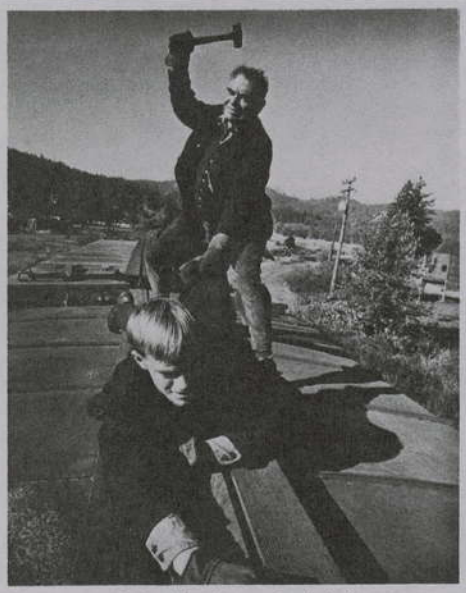
- *The Iceman Cometh,* by Eugene O'Neill, directed by John Frankenheimer; and starring Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, and Jeff Bridges.
- *Rhinoceros,* by Eugene Ionesco, directed by Tom O'Horgan; with Zero Mostel.
- *The Homecoming,* by Harold Pinter, directed by Peter Hall.
- *A Delicate Balance,* by Edward Albee, directed by Tony Richardson; with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick and Joseph Cotten.
- *Luther,* by John Osborne, directed by Guy Green; with Stacy Keach.
- *Butley,* by Simon Gray, directed by Harold Pinter; starring Alan Bates and Jessica Tandy.
- *Lost in the Stars,* the musical by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson.
- *Three Sisters,* by Anton Chekhov, directed by Laurence Olivier; starring Olivier and Alan Bates.

To the chagrin of many movie critics who get a kick out of champagne press parties and the possibly illusory power of making or breaking a film, the tickets will all be sold, the producers hope, long before the beginning of October, when all eight films will have their premieres. If there are some seats left by then, they will be sold at a premium that has not yet been announced. Subscriptions are also being offered in Canada and England.—*Ted Castle*

SHOWS

CELLULOID MACHISMO (1973)

From Humphrey Bogart in the Forties to James Dean and Marlon Brando in the Fifties and Jack Nicholson in the Seventies, the screen image of the American male has been that of a tough loner, cut off from society in general and women in particular. He is sometimes an outlaw and almost always a drifter: a man who for varying reasons is self-indulgently absorbed in bitterness, isolation, or rebellion.



Emperor of the North: territorial dispute.

The Western has probably contributed more to this image than any other genre of American film. In recent years the vogue has been to double the image, *two* tough loners instead of one, *twice* the alienation for the same admission price. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Wild Rovers,* and *Bad Company* are good examples of this new mirror look in cowboy movies. But the theme—that men's lives have no theme—and the character portrayal are as old as any Randolph Scott flick out of Hollywood's graveyard.

Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* gives us the latest additions to the outlaw hall of fame. Pat Garrett (James Coburn) is an outlaw turned sheriff and onetime friend of Billy the Kid (Kris Kristofferson); he is growing old and believes the only way to survive in his declining years is inside the law. Billy is a more obscure figure, his only motivation appears to be his desire to remain in New Mexico, where he has been living happily as outlaw-in-residence. Garrett must drive Billy out of the territory or kill him (Billy threatens the landlords in the booming post-frontier economy). The movie shows Garrett's pursuit of Billy and their final confrontation.

The film focuses on the brutal and often senseless killings played out in the name of such masculine clichés as courage, honor, and loyalty. It is impossible to keep an accurate tally, but there are probably some twenty-five or thirty slayings in the two-hour movie, not including a half-dozen chickens killed in slow motion. Peckinpah seems to have a fetish for blood and murder. Neither Garrett nor Billy feels any concern over the bloodbaths they cause. In fact, Peckinpah often glosses over the murders by juxtaposing them with something comic—Garrett kills several of Billy's friends while Alias (Bob Dylan) reads a list of canned vegetables.

The film marks Dylan's acting debut and he does surprisingly well as a quiet, sensitive drifter who wants to be where the action is. His eyes, sometimes playful and sometimes forlorn, express the recklessness and desperation of outlaw life. Singer Rita Coolidge also makes her acting debut, playing Billy's girl friend. Most importantly, the film establishes Kristofferson as one of Hollywood's newest superstars. If these three performers are a good example, we can anticipate more dramatic talent coming from the hit parade.

Kid Blue is the story of a different kind of outlaw, a Billy the Kid in reverse. Kid Blue (Dennis Hopper) is a gunman who tries to go straight. He turns his back on the nomadic life of the highwayman to grow roots in Dime Box, a booming, turn-of-the-century Texas factory town. He makes every attempt to embrace proper, law-abiding values. He gets a job in a barber shop, rents a room in a quiet boarding house, and appears well on his way to settling down.

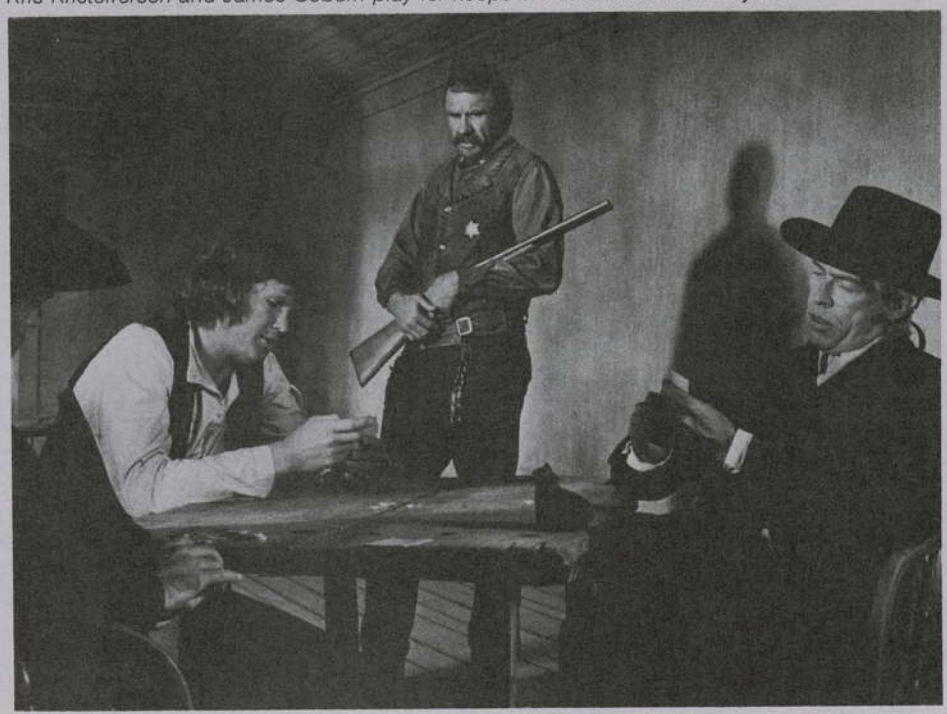
But apparently, once an outlaw, always an outlaw. Trouble follows him like a shadow. Sheriff Mean John Simpson (Ben Johnson) gets his rocks off by harassing Kid at every opportunity. Danger also accompanies Kid's awareness of the social injustices in the town, particularly the maltreatment of Indians and the exploitation of factory workers.

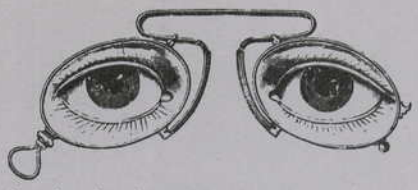
Kid goes to work in the factory where he experiences this exploitation firsthand. He comes to realize the deep-rooted hypocrisy of the straight life and the system. In a great final scene he teams up with some luckless Indians, robs the factory payroll, and makes his getaway in a homemade wooden airplane with the whole town chasing him.

Emperor of the North Pole is set in the far West during the bleak days of the Depression. Ernest Borgnine is "The Shack," a tough train conductor whose joy in life is to keep hoboes off his train. Lee Marvin, called "A Number 1," is a celebrity among hoboes; his one aim is to ride Shack's train to Portland. This is no small feat, for Shack means business: in the opening scene he knocks a hobo from his train with a steel mallet and watches the wheels slice the body in half. What do you do for an encore?

The film's concern is the male territorial imperative. Marvin, as the dispossessed outcast of society, is determined to get his free ride, his temporary territory; Borgnine, as a member of the Establishment, is equally de-

Kris Kristofferson and James Coburn play for keeps in ***Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid.***





termined to keep his turf clear of riffraff.

Although both Marvin and Borgnine tend to overact, they also convey the blind and often self-destructive instinct that drives men to fight for their concept of respect. If you like blood and gore, dig the final scene as Marvin and Borgnine go at each other with mallets, axes, and poles in a fight to the death.

John Milius's *Dillinger* is also set during the hard days of the Depression, but it is more accurate in recreating the period than *Emperor of the North Pole.* John Dillinger (Warren Oates) is the epitome of the rebel-hero. Obsessed with his "calling" as a bank robber, he views crime as his way out of Depression poverty to national prominence and fame. He boasts to his victims: "This is going to be the most important day of your life. You're being robbed by John Dillinger!"

Dillinger is portrayed as a tough but sympathetic criminal. He is far more appealing than Melvin Purvis (Ben Johnson), the FBI agent who kills him. Purvis is as insane about upholding the law as Dillinger is in breaking it. For Purvis, no amount of deceit or treachery is too great to bring a criminal in. Purvis is a killer, whereas Dillinger is only a thief. Dillinger is finally gunned down in cold blood by Purvis and some twenty or thirty G-men outside a movie theater. The film owes a lot to Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde,* but it's a truly fine and compelling gangster movie in its own right.

Superfly TNT gives us the black counterpart of the rebel-hero and it proves that, beneath the surface, all American men are buying the same image. This is the second in a series and begins where the first *Superfly* left off. Priest (Ron O'Neal), a former hustler from New York, flees to Rome with his ill-gotten gains but is restless and dissatisfied with his new life of luxury and leisure. He drives around Rome in his Lamborghini, samples Italian food and art, but feels the need for something more. In his search for meaning he agrees to deliver a shipment of arms to an African nation fighting colonial oppression. He manages to help, has a harrowing episode with the oppressor forces, and almost loses his life. After the first *Superfly,* practically everything about the second one is a disappointment.—*Philip Cioffari*

WORDS

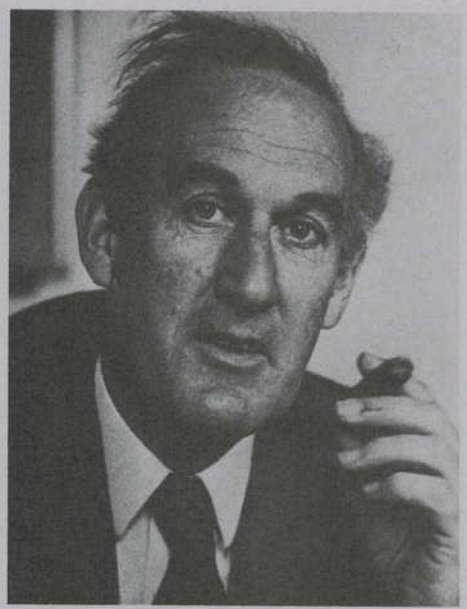
THE TYRANNY OF CONGLOMERATES

Remember when a business was identified by its product? People talked about steel mills, publishing houses, pump manufacturers, and widget-makers. The new-style big business swallows these old producers one after another and ends up with only one product: *money.*

A modern conglomerate-corporation can be identified only by a specious label. National General is my favorite, until somebody launches Universal General. If the corporation has the embarrassment of a product in its past, it can bury it under initials and assign its public relations staff to wipe the original significance from the public consciousness.

There are still those around who know that ITT once meant only International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. It now stands for hotels, dog food, secretarial schools, cosmetics, publishing—and scandal. If money is its only product, power is an inevitable by-product. And power, they say, corrupts. But the devil himself can't be corrupted. Harold Geneen, the gnomish accountant who made $11 billion for ITT in eleven years, is pure as a flame. His dedication to money is absolute and therefore incorruptible. It is only the moths, such as politicians, who get singed.

ITT maintains its own diplomatic relations using politicians in seventy nations and operating as a nation itself. Its national culture and foreign relations—especially with the U.S.—make a hell of a readable story in *The Sovereign State of ITT,* by journalist Anthony Sampson (Stein & Day, $10).



Anthony Sampson: ITT's Captain Ahab.

While the book contains no new screaming headlines, it makes whole the scandals that came out piecemeal in the press. The leading characters, such as lobbyist Dita Beard, come on as big as their bigger-than-life roles. The story gains excitement because Sampson is not muckraking, but questing for the "white whale" (as Sampson came to regard ITT), "a leviathan secretly circling the world, usually detectable only by the turbulence of the water, but suddenly showing one side of its huge strange shape."

He tells with zest how tough-talking, hard-drinking Dita, the only important female in the ITT hierarchy—she was the very antithesis of the uptight company style—exploded the biggest Washington scandal between Teapot Dome and Watergate. Her sensational memo, which she admitted writing and never effectively disclaimed, named President Nixon, Attorney General John Mitchell, ITT President Geneen, and others as links in a chain that connected a $400,000 proposed gift by ITT for the Republican National Convention to the settlement of an antitrust suit against ITT on terms proposed by ITT's own lawyers.

Sampson doesn't regard it as a simple trade-off. The trust suit involved billions, and he doesn't think even the Nixon Administration was so venal as to be bought for a mere $400,000. He shows that the gift offer was merely one tiny part of a massive and continuing lobbying effort that batters and butters everybody in Washington who might help the sovereign state of ITT. The CIA was a special target. It was offered a million dollars if it would assist ITT's own espionage system to fight an inimical regime in Chile.

The cloak-and-dagger cadre of ITT was not the invention of Geneen, but of Colonel Sosthenes Behn, who founded the company. Sampson bares for the first time the extent of Behn's dealings with the Nazis at the same time that he was advising the U.S. One of the original business buccaneers, Behn dealt with anybody and dealt flamboyantly, giving gourmet dinners and grand pronouncements. His style was the antithesis of Geneen's, who nibbles hamburgers and keeps a wall of lawyers and PR men between himself and the public as he pores over the accounting reports with which he controls his empire.

Geneen denies having any special flair; he even denies his personal necessity to the business, though Sampson says he rules as an absolute monarch.

Geneen insists that he uses nothing more sinister than logic—his rigorous controls merely establish "unshakable facts" from which anyone trained in the system could make the right decisions. The right decisions are those that maintain a favorable ratio of current earnings to price of the stock in order to attract capital for expansion. A "right decision" may be one to acquire a company, bleed it of assets hidden by conservative accounting, and then auction off the remains.

With a thousand "companies" operating in seventy nations, there are many ways for a master accountant to show, as Geneen has, a continually rising earnings rate even as parts of the empire falter. Some of these methods, Sampson suggests, may haunt the company in the future. One Wall Streeter re-

marked of ITT's performance, "It looks good, but it doesn't smell good."

There are 400,000 people working for ITT, most of them swallowed up with acquired companies. Geneen thinks ITT is good for people. By making acquired companies more efficient, it can "release people's full resources, can show them how to work rationally." It also shows them how to work scared.

"You have to be able to have your balls screwed off in public," said one victim of Geneen's famous divisional inquisitions. Another fainted as he arrived; a third went on a two-day bender afterward.

How do they stand it? "We're all paid just a bit more than we think we're worth," said one executive. All but Geneen. He figures he's easily worth the $812,000 he pays himself, the largest known salary in America. (Nixon makes $200,000, which is less than at least six ITT executives.)

ITT pays management well, because it exists solely on management. It is shockingly weak in product development because Geneen forbids the kind of emotional involvement with a product that motivates inventors and engineers, or the kind of heroically persistent faith that made a product like Xerox. "The tyranny of facts," says Sampson, "ruthlessly excludes the indulgence of hunches or gambles that can lend excitement to business." Consequently, the executives are heavy drinkers, have broken families, and stare with a "dazed bleary look that seems characteristic of ITT men."

Executive morale and incentive are problematic in any company. The care and feeding of the modern executive is examined in a thoughtful, friendly, and amusing fashion by Donald Cox, author of *Confessions of a Corporate Headhunter* (Trident, $6.95). Cox is a matchmaker who gets his kicks from wedding talented men to corporations that lust after them. He describes intimately the horrors of being swallowed by a conglomerate.

He had dealings with a firm that could be ITT and warned his executives away from it. "It was simply no place for the best people to work. It makes not a jot of difference how successful such companies are: they inevitably destroy the best people."

Cox has sophisticated advice for the rising young executive—advice that is not company bullshit. He is enthusiastic about American business, but he urges it to grow up and assume its social responsibilities.

He takes some one-line shots at some major American industries, and is right on target each time:

Automotive: "Oriented to an ultimate market and distributions system which is crude —car-hawkers—garage mechanics with abysmal service."

Electronics: "Fast-paced, technical and highly competitive, these people have to be good, and are."

Retailing: "Expects its managers to work seventy hours a week for coolie wages—what caliber of people do you think that would attract?"

Publishing: "Unbelievably sluggish, insular, outmoded, provincial (too tied to New York)."

Management consulting: "We tell clients what they already know in words they can't understand."

RECOMMENDED READING

Confessions of a Hope Fiend, by Timothy Leary (Bantam $1.95). What happened to Leary after he escaped from prison in California and threw himself on the none-too-tender mercies of Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria.

The Tower, by Martin Stern (McKay, $7.95). A probable best-seller about a fire in a Manhattan skyscraper during an inaugural reception attended by the international elite.

The Great American Novel, by Philip Roth (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $8.95). Roth has let himself go in a wild comic parody of all novels. It helps if you know baseball, but anyone who can read will laugh.

Going Down With Janis, by Peggy Caserta as told to Dan Knapp (Lyle Stuart, $7.95). The double entendre is intentional; this is both going down with and on Janis Joplin. It's macabre, but even for those who weren't fans, it recreates her hectic world.

The World of Apples, by John Cheever (Knopf, $5.95). Cheever's short stories were the rage when "the rage" was still the term. The astonishing thing is that he seems to be getting younger; this latest collection is his most exciting yet.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

QUAD MOVES IN

It is only right that The King should have the first No. 1 best-selling quadriphonic album in the world. After all, it was Elvis who created the first generation of rock 'n' roll consumers in the mid-Fifties. "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Hound Dog" made the experimental 45-rpm single a viable recording medium. Now he's done it again, this time with the four channels of sound that can be found on his double album *Aloha From Hawaii Via Satellite* (RCA VPSX-6089). If you are still stuck with Sixties' stereo electronics, you'll have to invest eventually in quadriphonic equipment to get that much more enjoyment from Elvis. *Aloha* is twice as powerful in quad as in stereo, and it should provide the incentive to accept quadriphonic sound as more than a novelty.

Currently there is a large selection of quad albums available that vary not only in their sound, but in how they code their quadriphonic material. We're confronted with SQ quad from Columbia; CD-4 quad from RCA, Warner, Elektra, and Atlantic; and RM quad from Japan. A number of quad amplifiers on the market allow you to decode any of these systems so the question for the listener is what is available on recordings to justify the investment in quadriphonic equipment. Most sorts of music are already available in quad, and the major companies are scheduling more of their successful artists for quadriphonic recordings. They're pushing it, by the way, so they can raise their album prices by a dollar or so, as they did when they switched from mono to stereo. The potential extra million dollars for every hit album has them working around the clock to remix 16-track master tapes into quad. Many companies are repressing successful stereo albums into quad, and some companies are changing over com-

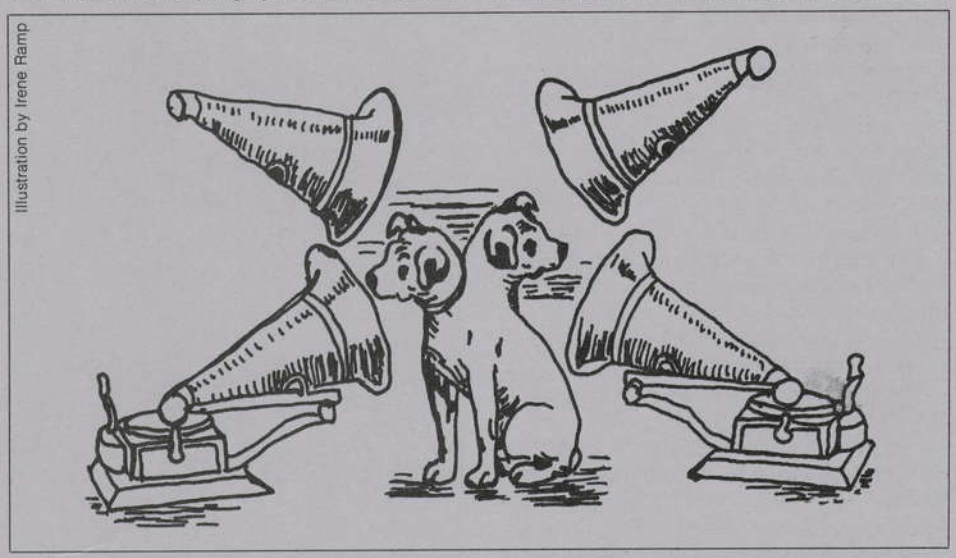


Illustration by Irene Ramp

pletely to quadriphonic recordings.

Among their initial "Quadradisc" releases, Elektra Records has *The Best of the Doors* (EQ-5035), *The Best of Bread* (EQ-5056), and *The Best of the New Seekers* (EQ-5051), in addition to albums by such less established artists as Mickey Newbury and Stardrive. The Doors' album is one of many quad albums that demonstrate the full effect of four-channel rock. Others are the J. Geils Band's *Bloodshot* (Atlantic QD-7260), Rick Wakeman's *Six Wives of Henry the Eighth* (A&M QA-4361), and the Allman Brothers' *Brothers and Sisters* (Capricorn CP-40111). When you hear these albums, you feel as if you've been plucked out of your seat and set down in the middle of the band, completely surrounded by amplifiers. Guitar riffs speed over your head, drum rolls swirl around you, and the onslaught of electronic pulses from all directions immerses you in sound.

Among the other exceptional rock albums now available in quad are the Moody Blues' first six LP's, which their producer, Tony Clarke, has remixed for release on Ampex. Intricate combinations of musical sounds have always been an important part of this group's approach to recording, and these quad versions of their albums dramatically explode the scope of their material. The albums also underscore an important factor in the rerelease of stereo disks in quad: the original producers should also produce the quad albums—the end product is usually much improved.

Unfortunately, in the hustle to get quad records out on the market, a number of quad albums have been mixed by studio engineers who have no idea what the music is all about. Therefore, you shouldn't judge quadriphonic sound by any one album.

Among the less-spectacular quad albums, but still highly enjoyable, are *The Best of Aretha Franklin* (Atlantic QD-8305), one of the first albums available only in quad; Bette Midler's *The Divine Miss M* (Atlantic QD-7238); James Taylor's *One Man Dog* (Warners BS-42660); Carly Simon's *No Secrets* (Elektra EQ-5049); Jose Feliciano's *Compartments* (RCA APD-10141); and a number of albums from Columbia artists such as Loggins and Messina, and Blood, Sweat, and Tears.

The more removed the music is from pure rock, the less enhancement quad is likely to provide. In albums of semihard rock, quad is used more for staging than anything else. A fullness is attained by the placement of the instruments, the main voice and background voices, and there is a sense of musical dynamics that is not possible with stereo.

This "concert hall realism" is especially evident in the classical, pop-classical and light music albums that have been released in quad. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops playing *The Greatest Hits of the Seventies* (RCA ARD-10035), or Frank Sinatra's *My Way* (Reprise FS-41029) have a new depth to them, but they will probably not convince you of quad's potential.—*Richard Robinson*

UTOPIA LIMITED

Todd Rundgren is an eternal innocent. He floats through the world of rock music, unconcerned about the forces arrayed against him. He began playing hard rock in the early Sixties. Nazz, his second professional band, came on strong with the adrenaline flash of the English pop stars. But the group broke up after three unsuccessful albums.

Todd Rundgren: Renaissance man of rock.

Four solo albums later, the massive success which everyone expected to sweep Todd to superstardom still hasn't arrived. This failure may be the result of his continually expanding boundaries and his reluctance to settle for just one facet of his art. However, he has established himself as an original and eccentric rock presence, the critics love him, and he has recorded a small but respectable number of AM hits. One, "I Saw the Light," was a monster hit.

Todd has also left his mark as an original songwriter and wizard producer. His songs have been recorded by many groups, including the Four Tops and the New Seekers, and he has produced the Band, Paul Butterfield, Jessie Winters, Fannie, Badfinger, and most recently, Grand Funk Railroad. Todd Rundgren is one of rock's few Renaissance men.

Last spring he released *A Wizard, A True Star*, the first album to revive the content of psychedelia without wallowing in Sixties forms. That content is embodied by his new band, Utopia, which went on the road for an abortive spring tour earlier this year.

At Long Island's C. W. Post College, Utopia opened with black lights, Day-glo guitars and makeup, and a panorama resembling the inside of a space capsule. The band's costumes added to the futuristic effect: Todd was wearing a sleeveless black body suit and clear plastic boots.

Todd's act is marked by searing musicianship. The emphasis is on pure sound—centered on his double-neck guitar and a complex interplay with two synthesizers. His performance was hardly what the audience expected. Not surprisingly, he was met with confusion, token applause, and halfhearted demands for the mandatory encore.

The audience perked up only when the material sounded familiar: a brief glimpse at an old album, or when the "cute" Todd of the past reappeared, singing Peter Pan's "Never-Never Land." Todd, in a later conversation, spoke of the need to prepare audiences for what he hopes to do. He explained that audiences, often tranquilized and expecting a programmed performance, "just don't understand what's going on unless the music is louder than the ringing in their ears."

Style and showmanship are not just props in his act, they are integral to Todd's presentation, a synthesis of English hard rock, psychedelia, and technology. Few musicians are allowed their freedom by an audience. Earlier this year, Todd told an interviewer that he knew he could milk songs like "I Saw the Light." That kind of success is not for him. Todd Rundgren must find and develop an audience willing to travel with him to his musical Utopia.—*Michael Gross*

SHORT TAKES

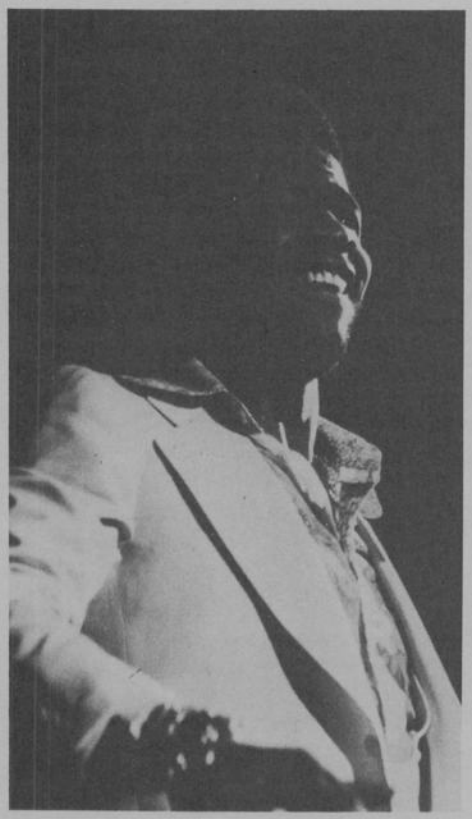
Paul Simon's eagerly anticipated second solo album, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* (Columbia KC 32280), is that very rare instance of a record exceeding expectations. The music of *Rhymin' Simon* is a brilliantly successful example of stylistic fusion—one in which an essentially all-American style is enriched with gospel and rhythm and blues. The album opens with the delightfully streamlined "Kodachrome," a celebration of imagination through the metaphor of color photography. In the succeeding nine cuts, the album unflaggingly realizes that imagination—melodically, instrumentally, and in Simon's off-the-cuff lyrics. Highlights are the bluesy "One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor," a mordant observation of the impersonality of city living; "American Tune," a majestically resigned prophecy of the decline of America; and three moving tributes to familial love—"Something So Right" (a soaring ballad to Paul's wife), "St. Judy's Comet" (a lullaby for his infant son), and "Loves Me Like a Rock" (a homage to his mother, with strong gospel backing by a group called the Dixie Hummingbirds). The quality of Simon's work has improved steadily during the past decade. During the heyday of Simon and Garfunkel, Simon produced many fine songs whose only major flaw was a tendency toward grandiose pathos. This has disappeared with Simon's development of a droll, adult humor, which bestows refreshing objectivity upon even the gloomiest of his meditations. The result is the most satisfying pop album since Dylan's *John Wesley Harding* or Joni Mitchell's *For the Roses*.

There Goes Rhymin' Simon: *exceeding all expectations with his second solo album.*

Nilsson: a singer's singer.

Paul McCartney: regressing into puerility on ***Red Rose Speedway.***

Unfortunately, Paul McCartney has been going in the opposite direction. His solo work continues to regress into puerility. The only halfway decent song on McCartney's new album (*Red Rose Speedway*—Paul McCartney and Wings—Apple SMAL-3409) is a syrupy, inconsequential little ballad, "My Love," which was a big hit on AM stations. McCartney's earlier solo albums, though somewhat disappointing because of their shallowness, at least had moments of whimsy and tenderness and a lot of pretty melodies; and his first album with his new band, Wings, generated some energy. *Red Rose Speedway* is bankrupt because McCartney doesn't even seem to care about mining his chief talent—writing tunes. Except for "My Love," the "songs" are merely undeveloped melodic fragments. And the lyrics are without excep-



Al Green (top left): he sticks to his formula, but is seldom boring. Steeleye Span (top right): a group that single-handedly is revitalizing the best of Britain's traditional music. The Spinners (bottom): one of the best black groups in America.

tion empty and repetitive. This disaster is all the more sad when we remember McCartney's substantial contribution—"Yesterday," "Eleanor Rigby," "She's Leaving Home," and others.

The durability of that pop standard tradition is much greater than many critics and other outspoken champions of punk-rock would have us believe. With all its dislocation, pop music is still handed down from generation to generation, though this is often obscured by the heat and hype of the moment. A major illustration of the longevity of classic pop music is Harry Nilsson's brilliant new album of standards, *A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night* (RCA APL1-0097), in which this singer's singer honors some timeless numbers—"For Me And My Gal," "It Had To Be You," "Always," "You Made Me Love You," "As Time Goes By"—with the full orchestral backing of veteran conductor-composer Gordon Jenkins. The album's eleven songs are arranged as a suite, with recurrent orchestral motifs giving the whole a unity that transcends nostalgia. Nilsson delivers each song straight, his magnificent voice embellishing phrases with a taste and musicianship unique among young contemporary singers. Jenkins's orchestrations are as sensuous as those he provided for Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, and Nat "King" Cole in the late Fifties. *A Little Touch* is most welcome; with a single stroke it brings the past into the present with expertise and reverence.

NEW AND RECOMMENDED

Ned Doheny/Ned Doheny (Asylum 5059). Smooth-flowing jazz-rock by a man who sings like a cooled-off Todd Rundgren.

Call Me/Al Green (Hi XSHL 32077). The title cut and "You Ought To Be With Me" were hit singles. "Have You Been Making Out OK?" is even better—an all-out soul-jerker. Green has hardly varied his formula since his beginning, but it seldom gets boring.

Raw Power/Iggy and the Stooges (Columbia KC 32111). The ultimate in visceral raunch, by the legendary Iggy.

Steve Ferguson/Steve Ferguson (Asylum SD 5060). Would you believe a black Randy Newman? Fine, often humorous, narrative songs by an expressive new talent.

Parcel of Rogues/Steeleye Span (Chrysalis 1046). A great second album by the group that single-handedly is revitalizing the best of Britain's traditional music.

Spinners/Spinners (Atlantic SD 7256). This is an excellent album, mostly ballads, by one of the best black groups in America. This new record includes the Spinners' smash singles "Could It Be I'm Falling In Love" and "I'll Be There."—*Stephen Holden*

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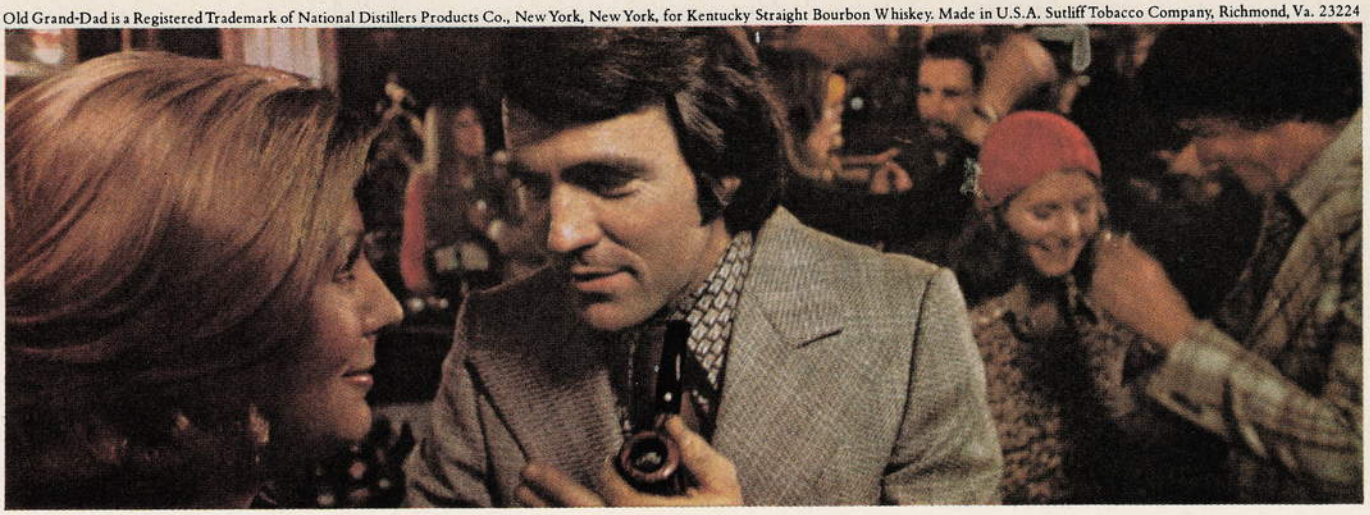

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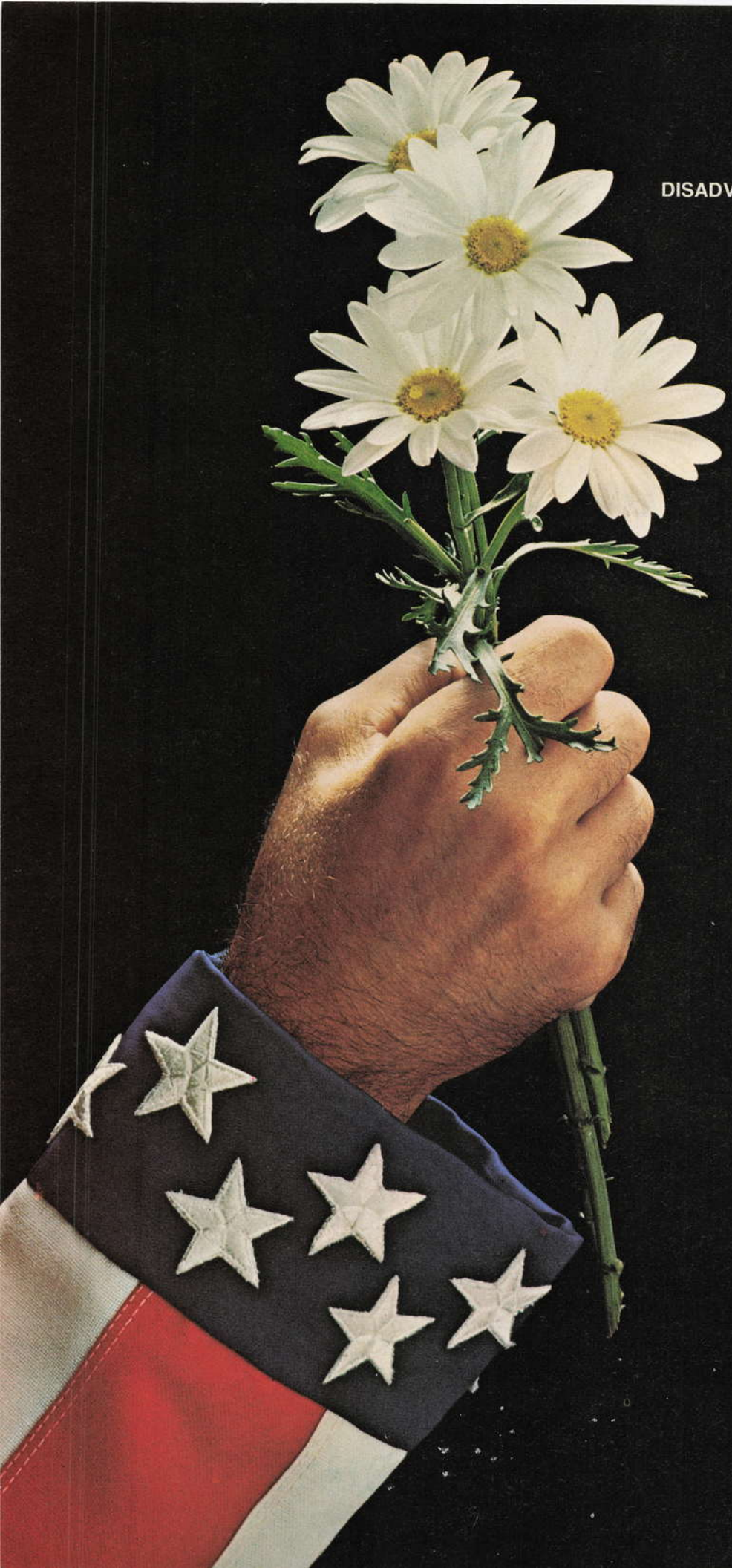

'BY DRAFTING THE POOR AND THE DISADVANTAGED, WE BEAR RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR SUBSEQUENT DESERTION. THEY, TOO, ARE OUR SONS, AND THEY REQUIRE UNDERSTANDING.'

By William R. Corson

While Washington was drafting young Americans to fight in Vietnam, it was also permitting thousands of South Vietnamese draft dodgers to live in the United States. The South Vietnamese youths managed this evasion of their responsibilities because they had the money to buy exit visas and either enroll as students in the U.S. or become tourists. They were outside South Vietnamese jurisdiction. Under Saigon law they were neither considered nor classified as draft dodgers but labeled "nonpersons" instead. They do not even exist in Saigon's draft records and when they return they will not need amnesty.

But no such strange and easy *Catch-22* solution appears available for Americans who either fled the draft or deserted the armed forces. And whether and how America should grant amnesty is a painful question that will have to be resolved soon, for the fortunes of thousands of young Americans are involved and the moral dilemma that amnesty creates in this country is likely to leave its mark on future generations.

Statistics give some indication of the problem's dimensions. As of June 1972 there were 292 men in prison convicted of violating Selective Service provisions; 5,656 were under indictment, including 4,600 listed as fugitives; 6,069 cases were being investigated by the FBI; and 2,513 were under internal Selective Service review before referral to the U.S. attorney.

Of the 4,600 fugitives (indicted men who failed to appear for arraignment), it is estimated that 2,800 are in Canada, 550 in other countries, while 1,250 are hiding in the U.S.

Between July, 1966, and July, 1971, the Pentagon classified 354,427 servicemen as deserters. During the same period, 324,168 of these were returned to the military. This indicates that over 30,000 deserters were still at large. According to Robert D. Heinl, Jr. of the North American Newspaper Alliance, "In 1970, the Army

VIETNAM AMNESTY: FORGIVENESS WITH HONOR

had 65,643 deserters, or roughly the equivalent of four infantry divisions. The desertion rate (52.3 soldiers per thousand) is well over twice the peak for Korea (22.5 per thousand)." Subsequent Pentagon figures show an even higher desertion rate in the Army in 1971—73.5 per thousand. The highest previous rate in this century was 63 per thousand in 1944.

Behind these statistics are stories of individual tragedy that defy any attempt to lump the deserters and evaders into a single category. Some men acted out of high moral principle in opposition to the war, others out of fear, physical cowardice, or alienation from the military system itself. Still, they violated the law and now, with the war at an end, their fate remains to be settled. The issue is likely to divide our nation further, unless we are clear about what really is at stake for both the lawbreakers and our society.

The problem is aggravated by confusion about what "amnesty" means and for whom it is being sought. The Greek *amnestia* meant forgetfulness, or oblivion; in modern usage it is the act by which a government overlooks a crime committed by a group of people. Amnesty does not release one from guilt, but only from the law's penalty. Amnesty has generally been granted to those guilty of political offenses—usually before trial or punishment has begun. A pardon, on the other hand, can be extended to any criminal and is usually granted after punishment has begun.

There are two broad categories of amnesties: *general amnesties,* which cover all classes of offenders, and *particular amnesties,* which are limited to special groups. Either can be *absolute* (without conditions) or *conditional.* Thus, we are really speaking about four kinds of amnesties: (1) general absolute, (2) general conditional, (3) particular absolute, and (4) particular conditional.

A precedent for general absolute amnesty was created by President Andrew

Photograph by Bob Bracco

Johnson. After two tries at lesser forgiveness, he granted all rebels of the Confederate States universal and unconditional amnesty on December 25, 1868. James Reston, Jr. has written in the *New Republic* that only universal amnesty (general absolute) will suffice to atone for our national guilt in Vietnam. After citing Andrew Johnson's action, Reston wrote, "If this country wishes to balance [its record in Vietnam] with positive acts, it must wipe the slate clean." Reston would grant draft resisters, draft evaders, and military deserters total absolution.

But Reston's solution is marred; it vindicates all who defied the draft law but ignores the circumstances of individual cases. Labeling the law a bad one and condemning the war as a horrendous mistake begs the real question of how a citizen's responsibility to the state should be decided. Reston's argument stands or falls on the notion that, by practicing their "premature morality," the resisters are somehow above the law. This is clearly not the case. Our nation operates under constitutional law and legally prescribed institutions: draft evaders and military deserters are lawbreakers and must now face the consequences.

There is also ample historical and legal precedent in our country for general conditional amnesty. During the Civil War, Lincoln extended pardons and amnesties to both Confederate rebels and deserters from the Union Army—but none was unconditional and none covered draft dodgers. In 1863, Lincoln offered pardons to Confederate soldiers if they took an oath of loyalty to the Union; he hoped to weaken the Confederate forces and ease the Union's manpower burdens by allowing the rebels to switch sides. In 1865, Lincoln offered full pardons to Union military deserters, provided they return to their units within sixty days to serve out a period of time equal to their original period of enlistment. Concurrently, the Congress set forfeiture of citizenship as punishment for desertion if the individual did not return to his unit within sixty days.

The Civil War produced twenty different instances of amnesty or pardon, the first in 1862 and the last as late as 1898, when the disability provision of Section 3 of the Fourteenth Amendment was repealed to fully restore the civil rights of those who had "engaged in insurrection or rebellion." By then tempers had cooled and the worst memories of the war had passed.

A policy of particular absolute amnesty has been used sparingly. In 1924, President Coolidge provided an amnesty that restored the rights of citizenship to more than one hundred deserters in World War I, but limited it to men who had deserted *after* the armistice of November 11, 1918. In 1933, President Roosevelt granted amnesty to 1,500 individuals who had completed their sentences after conviction of espionage and violations of the draft law during World War I. In 1946, President Truman established the President's Amnesty Board to examine the cases "of all persons convicted of violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940." The Board considered approximately 16,000 cases, granting full pardon in 1,523 of them.

A policy of general conditional amnesty—awarded as a consequence of some action by the recipient—has significant precedent in the actions of President Truman, who restored full rights of citizenship to several thousand former convicts who had volunteered and served in the armed forces for at least one year in either World War II or the Korean War.

Though these precedents were based partly on circumstance, they were determined more by the temper of the time and the gradual waxing and waning of the impulse to retribution against those who evaded their military obligations. Although there have been thirty-four separate incidents of amnesty in U.S. history, dating back to George Washington's 1795 pardon of participants in the Whiskey Rebellion, there has never been an unconditional amnesty for draft dodgers. No amnesty was granted after the Korean War for either draft evaders or deserters.

The response of politicians to Vietnam draft evaders and deserters has ranged from demands for absolutely no amnesty for anyone to support for a general unconditional amnesty for all. President Nixon, who has direct authority under the Constitution to grant amnesty, stated his position on January 31, 1973: "Amnesty means forgiveness. We cannot provide forgiveness for them. Those who served paid their price. Those who deserted must pay their price. The price is a criminal penalty for disobeying the laws of the United States." In 1971, Nixon answered "No" when asked if there would be amnesty for the young men who fled America to avoid the draft. At least three times in his reelection campaign he ruled out postwar amnesty. In Ohio, he told a family whose son had been killed in Vietnam, "Don't worry about that amnesty, never."

However, on January 2, 1972, responding to a question by Dan Rather of CBS, the President implied that he wasn't completely opposed to amnesty. Rather asked, "At some future time, might the door be opened?" Nixon replied, "We always, Mr. Rather, under our system, provide amnesty. You remember Abraham Lincoln in the last days of the Civil War—as a matter of fact, just before his death—decided to give amnesty to anyone who had deserted if he would come back and rejoin his unit and serve his period of time. Amnesty, of course, is always the prerogative of the Chief Executive. I, for one, would be very liberal with regard to amnesty, but not while there are Americans in Vietnam fighting to serve their country and defend their country, and not when POW's are held in North Vietnam. After that we will consider it, but it would have to be on the basis of their paying the price, of course, that anyone should pay for breaking the law."

Nixon seemed to be saying that he favored a conditional amnesty that would require draft evaders and deserters to serve their sentences before he would grant them some sort of "forgiveness." This would neither absolve them from guilt nor remove the possibility of punishment, but the President could restore some of the rights lost as a result of imprisonment. Such an amnesty represents a minimum advance on letting the draft evaders and deserters serve their time and then reenter American society as former convicts.

A more liberal approach was advanced by Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, who introduced a bill on December 14, 1971, that would provide "amnesty for draft resisters within this country and outside, on the condition that they undertake three years of service in the Armed Forces, or in the alternative, other Government service under regulations prescribed by the Attorney General and various other Federal agencies." But Taft's bill doesn't mention deserters from the armed forces. Legislation introduced in the House by Representative Edward Koch of New York calls for two years of federal service and provides amnesty to both draft evaders and deserters—conditional upon their receiving, retroactively, conscientious-objector status.

Representative Bella Abzug of New York proposed the most liberal legislative approach on March 29, 1972, in her War Resisters Exoneration Bill. She stated: "I feel that amnesty should extend not just to draft evaders but to deserters and antiwar demonstrators as well. Under my bill, amnesty would be granted automatically to anyone who refused or evaded induction under the draft laws, to anyone who absented himself from the armed forces, and to violators of associated statutes when such violation occurred or will occur during the war years." She added, however, that the violations must be "motivated substantially by opposition to the war."

These proposals suggest that any solution to the question of a Vietnam amnesty will have considerable political impact, for satisfying the supporters of one idea will enrage the supporters of other solutions. No compromise appears possible between President Nixon and Representative Abzug. The question implied by the Nixon and Abzug views is central to the amnesty issue. Senator Edward Kennedy asked: "How are we going to live in an orderly society if we are going to expect that [people] are going to take upon themselves the responsibility to violate a law and then the country is prepared to grant them amnesty?"

In reply, Robert Ransom, a lawyer with IBM whose son was killed in Vietnam, said: "I simply think we have to make an exception in this war. I think this has been an extraordinary and unique situation in destroying the confidence of an entire generation in what their country stands for. . . the only way to get that entire generation back. . .is to grant amnesty to those who did have the moral convictions to live by their consciences in spite of the law."

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The Pentagon, in support of President Nixon's position, and to a lesser degree those of Senator Taft and Congressman Koch, has argued that granting amnesty to deserters, whether general or particular, whether conditional or unconditional, would seriously impair the reliability of the armed forces and their ability to maintain effective discipline and leadership. Obviously there is some merit in the Pentagon's position, but it leaves unanswered the question of what to do with the thousands of deserters who might return if there was something besides a dishonorable discharge and imprisonment awaiting them. Efforts to give a second chance to men who have voluntarily turned themselves in have not commanded much support from those assigned to raise an all-volunteer army.

But more is at stake than the future of individual lives. Draft evaders and deserters raise fundamental questions about our society—preeminently, does an individual have the right to ignore the law? If he does, can that society survive? There is no automatic assurance that it can. Therefore, we have a responsibility to deal with draft evaders and deserters in terms of their effects on our country. The reasons advanced by Ransom and others in justification of amnesty are not particularly persuasive. The logic that assumes that draft dodgers and deserters are innocent because America was guilty in Vietnam is badly flawed. No sense of higher morality justifies those who violate the law rather than submit to its judgment. Draft evaders and deserters are not heroes in pursuit of justice, truth, or even peace. Their flight from judgment denies them that virtue.

Even if one grants the contention of historian Henry Steele Commager that the draft evaders "were. . .acting quite sincerely on conscience and principle," their actions were outside the law, and as such they do not merit reward. There was a legitimate way to express opposition to the war without having to engage in subterfuge. Men who fled the draft or the armed services should have accepted imprisonment rather than accept induction or orders they believed to be illegal, immoral, or improper.

Some contend that going to prison would have had no effect on determining whether the war was legally justified. But in a democratic society, going to prison is a legitimate means for an individual to test the legality of a law and to force its repeal or change if it is found unconstitutional.

If the men who left the country to evade the draft and deserted the military to avoid service in Vietnam were genuinely opposed to the war on grounds other than self-preservation, *and* if they had accepted imprisonment rather than military service, their mass refusal would have forced an end to the war long ago. There can be no doubt that if 300,000 draft-age men had marched to prison to register their opposition to the war, the President's power to *make* war would have been effectively challenged.

In the current debate on amnesty, one must acknolwedge the moral stand of those who *did* go to jail for their principles. If an amnesty such as that proposed by Representative Abzug is granted by Congress, those who went to jail stand to suffer further for their behavior. This was pointed out in an editorial in *Christianity Today*:

> The only people who are actually in jail are those who have acted according to the principle followed by Socrates and in a different way by Jesus Christ. . . . It may happen that these men, the ones who have stood by their convictions at great personal cost, will be the greatest sufferers; they will bear the reproach of a prison sentence for the rest of their lives, while those who sat out the storm abroad may get off unscathed.

Thus, any Congressional solution that grants amnesty may leave these men worse off than those who fled—unless the President pardons them under his constitutional authority.

Despite the controversy over amnesty, it is possible for our nation to move toward a reconciliation based on the social fabric that has united us in the past. There is still time; most people have not made up their minds about amnesty. Our response should be a humane one that protects the rights of the individual in accordance with our nation's traditions, but one that also upholds the spirit of the law.

Such a response is feasible. And there is an excellent precedent in the actions of President Truman, who formed a Committee for Amnesty to consider the issue for World War II draft evaders and deserters. Among the committee's members were Henry Luce, Pearl Buck, Thomas Mann, A. J. Muste, Thornton Wilder, and Thurgood Marshall. The committee considered the grant of a general amnesty, but decided against it and recommended instead that cases be dealt with on an individual basis. Their recommendations became the substance of President Truman's Executive Order 9814 of December 23, 1946, establishing the President's Amnesty Board, a three-man body that examined 15,805 individual cases. The board recommended Executive Clemency for 1,523 individuals and that each be given a full pardon. The board also proposed that an additional 1,518 individuals be given the opportunity to earn a pardon through service in the armed forces. One year later its recommendations had been carried out and the 1,523 men named by the board for full pardons had received them.

Rauch

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AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT NIXON ON THE MATTER OF THE RECENT SUPREME COURT RULING ON OBSCENITY

MR. PRESIDENT,

"I am…mortified to be told that, in the United States of America…a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate…are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy?

Shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read?…It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not."

RESPECTFULLY,

Thomas Jefferson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Pet of the Year

Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, née Cathryn Louise Lacey, Dallas-born and bred.... Daughter of the American Revolution.... Daughter of the Confederacy, neo-daughter of the New Society, karma traveler in the inner consciousness.... Kundalina rising....

Seventh annual ascender to the pinnacle of Petdom.... Pet of Pets. Cherokee, whose nickname derives from a modicum of Indian blood—acquired, legend has it, by a peripatetic forebear who fled his native England to join the California Gold Rush over a century ago—picked up her ancestral threads and went to London in September 1971. "I was on my way to India. I wanted to see London and Paris and work my way south through Europe. It was a kind of sacred pilgrimage with no fixed schedule. I had lots of time and wanted to see as much of Europe as possible. Meeting the people from *Penthouse* was great. It's the sort of luck you never count on."

Cherokee with the Pet of the Year's premium prize, BRITISH LEYLAND's super JAGUAR V-12: complete with automatic transmission, air conditioning, solid-state AM-FM radio, whitewall radial-ply tires, chrome wire wheels, tinted glass, electrically heated rear window, and removable hardtop. Cherokee's comment, "Wow!"

Cherokee, now twenty-four, made her *Penthouse* debut as Pet of the Month in January 1972. She appeared under the name of Patricia Barrett, assuming the identity of a childhood school chum. "I wasn't sure how *Penthouse* would go down in Dallas. It's a pretty conservative town and my father is a pretty conservative stockbroker. I'm a stockbroker, too, or at least I've put in my application for a license. Technically, I'm the office manager, but my father wants to retire someday and I guess I'm the only one who could take over the business." Her investitute as Pet of the Year, however, may have some bearing on Cherokee's choice of professions. Because of a

natural predilection for art, mysticism, and meditation, and with *Penthouse* gift and cash awards totaling approximately $30,000 and her own highly promotable status as Pet of Pets sweeping her into travel, modeling, and entertainment, the call of the stock exchange may be less than seductive.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I am," she says, "it's such a great opportunity... like opening the door to the future. And I'm mad about the gifts. The white Jag is fantastic... I can't believe it! It's always been my favorite car and now... it's actually mine! I always wanted to win but I never really believed I would. All my friends voted for me, or at least they said they did. I'm really happy.... I really am!"

Privately, Cherokee believes that much of her success is attributable to yoga, meditation, and the power of positive thinking. "I was worried about posing for *Penthouse* in the first place... more for my family and friends than myself. I try to look at things positively. We come into the world naked. God didn't make clothes and he didn't anticipate shame. Shame is a human failing and I believe it's natural and good to have your body admired. I know what the women's libbers are going to say, but they're really quite wrong. You don't have to be a libber to believe that everyone should have equal rights. Sex shouldn't be a barrier, but I'm still in favor of male supremacy in other ways. I love chivalry and good manners in men, and I like the feeling of belonging to someone and depending on him. I feel like the kind of person who should be protected. Perhaps I'm naive, but I seem to trust everyone. You learn a lot of things in India about people and—please don't

laugh—I really believe men are closer to God than women.... I believe we retard their spiritual growth. We nag them when perhaps we should be worshiping them. Not all of them, mind you, but some of them."

Cherokee's interest in yoga and the disparate spirituality of India began many years ago and her pilgrimage was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. "I spent some time in Paris after leaving London. I had very little money left but I met some other Americans and a French girl who were also headed for India. Traveling in company made it easier. We left Paris on the back of a truck. It was a long, uncomfortable ride through France and Austria, and when

we reached the Hungarian border we were refused entry. We must have looked like something else! The truck driver was smuggling goods into Rumania for his family and he got through. We went down to Yugoslavia and smartened ourselves up a bit at the frontier. My friend had to shave off his beard and cut his hair. We hitchhiked through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Istanbul and took the train to Teheran. It was a four-day trip. Then we took different buses to Afghanistan, Pakistan, and finally India. We spent five months crossing most of the country on foot. My shoes had given out and I made most of the trek barefooted. We visited all of the

holy places, spending days at a time with different gurus, looking at the temples and learning about the different religions. I took two meditation courses... meditating twelve hours a day for ten days, I collapsed during the second course, but they revived me and I continued. I was eating badly, or not enough. Food becomes so unimportant that half the time you just *forget* to eat. The whole trip was incredible.... I learned so much in India that it completely altered my outlook on things. I learned that you don't need very much to get by in the world. A person could be happy with very little if his head is in the right place...The more possessions you have, the more problems. But yoga says it's not the possessions really...not the things in themselves but our attitude toward them.

"I've practiced all types of yoga but I'm most interested in meditation. You can achieve results that make other human experiences seem trivial. You draw the life forces from within yourself. The

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HAVE I GOT A CHOCOLATE BAR FOR YOU

BY RAY BRADBURY

It all began with the smell of chocolate.

On a steaming late afternoon of June rain, Father Malley drowsed in his confessional, waiting for penitents.

Where in all the world are they, he wondered. Immense traffics of sin lurked beyond in the warm rains. Then why not immense traffics of confession here?

Father Malley stirred and blinked.

Today's sinners moved so fast in their cars that this old church was an ecclesiastical blur. And himself? An ancient watercolor priest, tints fading fast, trapped inside.

Let's give it another five minutes and stop, he thought, not in panic but in the kind of quiet shame and desperation that neglect shoulders on a man.

There was a rustle from beyond the confessional next door.

Father Malley sat up quickly.

A smell of chocolate wafted through the grille.

Ah, God, thought the priest, it's a lad with his small basket of sins soon laid to rest and him gone. Well. . . .

The old priest leaned to the grate where the candy essence lingered and from where the words must come.

But, no words. No "Bless me, father, for I have sinned. . . ."

Only strange, small, mouse-sounds of . . . *chewing!*

The sinner in the next booth, God sew up his mouth, was actually sitting in there devouring a candy bar!

"No!" whispered the priest to himself.

His stomach, gathering data, rumbled, reminding him that he had not eaten since breakfast. For some sin of pride which he could not now recall, he had nailed himself to a saint's diet all day, and now—*this!*

Next door, the chewing continued.

Father Malley's stomach growled. He leaned hard against the grille, shut his eyes and cried:

"Stop that!"

The nibbling stopped.

The smell of chocolate faded.

A young man's voice said, "That's exactly why I've come, father."

The priest opened one eye to examine the shadow behind the screen.

"*What's* exactly why you've come?"

"The chocolate, father."

"The *what?*"

"Don't be angry, father."

"Angry, hell, who's angry?"

"You are, father. I'm damned and burnt before I start by the sound of your voice."

The priest sank back in the creaking leather and mopped his face and shook his senses.

"Yes, yes. The day's hot. I'm out of temper. But then, I never had much."

"It will cool off later in the day, father. You'll be fine."

The old priest eyed the screen. "Who's taking and who's *giving* confession here?"

"Why, you are, father."

"Then get *on* with it!"

The voice hastened forth the facts:

"You have smelled the chocolate, father?"

The priest's stomach answered for him, faintly.

Both listened to the sad sound. Then:

"Well, father, to hit it on the head. I was and still am a . . . chocolate junkie."

Old fires stirred in the priest's eyes. Curiosity became humor, then laughed itself back to curiosity again.

"And *that's* why you've come to confession this day?"

"That's it, sir, or father."

"You haven't come about sweating over your sister, or blueprints for fornication, or self-battles with the grand war of masturbation?"

"I have not, father," said the voice remorsefully.

The priest caught the tone and said, "Tut, tut, it's all right. You'll get around to it. For now, you're a grand relief. I'm full up with wandering males and lonely females, and all the junk they read

Frank Mell

in books and try in water beds, sinking from sight with suffocating cries as the damn things spring leaks and all is lost. Get on. You have bruised my antennae alert. Say more."

"Well, father, I have eaten, every day of my life now for ten or twelve years, one or two pounds of chocolate. I cannot leave it alone, father. It is the end-all and be-all of my life."

"Sounds like a fearsome affliction of lumps, acne, carbuncles, and pimples."

"It was. It *is*."

"And not exactly contributing to a lean figure."

"If I leaned, father, the confessional would fall over."

The cabinet around them creaked and groaned as the hidden figure beyond demonstrated.

"Sit still!" cried the priest.

The groaning stopped.

The priest was wide awake now, and feeling splendid. Never in years had he felt so alive and aware of a happily curious and beating heart and fine blood that sought and found, sought and found the far corners of his cloth and body.

The heat of the day was gone.

He felt immensely cool. A kind of excitement pulsed in his wrists and lingered in his throat. He leaned, almost like a lover, to the grille.

"Oh lad, you're rare."

"And sad, father, and twenty-two years old and put upon. I hate myself for eating, and need to do something about it."

"Have you tried chewing more and swallowing less?"

"Oh, each night I go to bed saying: Lord, put off the crunch bars and the milk-chocolate kisses and the Hershey's. Each morning I rave out of bed and run to the liquor store—not for liquor but for eight Nestle's in a row! I'm in sugar shock by noon."

"That's not so much confession as medical fact, I can see."

"My doctor yells at me, father."

"He should."

"I don't listen, father."

"You should."

"My mother's no help, she's hog-fat and candy-wild."

"I hope you're not one of those who still live at home?"

"I loiter about, father."

"God, there should be laws against boys loitering in the round shade of their ma's. Is your father surviving the two of you?"

"Somehow."

"And *his* weight?"

"Irving Gross, he calls himself. Which is a joke about size and weight, and not his name."

"With the three of you, the sidewalk's full?"

"No bike can pass, father."

"Christ in the wilderness," murmured the priest, "starving for forty days."

"Sounds like a terrible diet, father."

"If I knew the proper wilderness, I'd boot you there."

"Boot away, father. With no help from my mom and dad, a doctor and skinny friends who snort at me, I'm out of pocket from eating and out of mind from the same. I never dreamed I'd wind up with *you*. Beg pardon, father, but it took a lot to drive me here. If my friends knew, if my mom, my dad, my crazy doctor knew I was here with *you* at this minute—oh what the hell!"

There was a fearful stampede of feet, a careening of flesh.

"Wait!"

But the weight blundered out of the next-door cubby.

With an elephant trample, the young man was gone.

The smell of chocolate alone stayed behind, and told all by saying nought.

The heat of the day swarmed in to stifle and depress the old priest.

He had to climb out of the confessional because he knew that if he stayed, he would begin to curse under his breath and be forced to run off to have *his* sins forgiven at some other parish.

I suffer from Peevish, O Lord, he thought. How many Hail Marys for *that*?

Come to think of it, how many for a thousand pounds, give or take a ton, of chocolate?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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Come back! he cried silently at the empty church aisle.

No, he won't, not ever now, he thought. I pressed too hard.

And with supreme depression, he went to the parish house to tub himself cool and towel himself to distemper.

A day, two days, a week passed.

The sweltering noons dissolved the old priest back into a stupor of sweat and vinegar-gnat meanness. He snoozed in his cubby, shuffled papers in the unlined library, looked out at the untended lawn, and reminded himself to caper with the mower one day soon. But most of all he found himself brambling with irritability. Fornication was the minted coin of the land, and masturbation its handmaiden. Or so it seemed from the few whispers that slid through the confessional grille during the long afternoons.

On the fifteenth day of July, he found himself staring at some boys idling by on their bicycles, mouths full of Hershey bars.

That night he awoke thinking Power House and Baby Ruth and Love Nest and Crunch.

He stood it as long as he could and then got up, tried to read, tossed the book down, paced the dark night church, and at last, spluttering mildly, went up to the altar and asked one of his rare favors of God.

The next afternoon, the young man who loved chocolate came back.

"Thank you, Lord," murmured the priest, as he felt the vast weight creak the other half of the confessional like a ship foundering with wild freight.

"What?" whispered the young voice from the far side.

"Sorry, I wasn't addressing you," said the priest.

He shut his eyes and inhaled.

The gates of the chocolate factory stood wide open somewhere, and its mild spice moved forth to change the land.

Then an incredible thing happened.

Sharp words burst from Father Malley's mouth:

"You shouldn't be *coming* here!"

"What? What, father?"

"Go somewhere else! I can't help. You need special work. No, no."

The old priest was stunned to feel his own mind jump from his tongue this way. Was it the heat, the long days and weeks kept waiting by this fiend? What? *What?* But still his mouth went on:

"No help here! No, no. Go for help——"

"To the shrinks, you mean?" the voice cut in, amazingly calm, considering the explosion.

"Yes, yes, Lord save us, to those people. The—the psychiatrists."

This last word was even more incredible. He had rarely heard himself say it.

"Oh God, father, what do *they* know?" said the young man.

What indeed, thought Father Malley, for he had long been put off by their carnival talk and to-the-rear-march chat and clamor. Good grief, why don't I turn in my collar and buy me a beard, he thought. But he went on more calmly:

"What do they know, my son? Why, they claim to know everything!"

"Just like the church *used* to claim, father?"

Silence.

"There's a difference between claiming and knowing," the old priest replied, as calmly as his beating heart would allow.

"And the Church *knows*, is that it, father?"

"And if it doesn't, *I* do!"

"Don't get mad again, father." The young man paused and sighed. "I didn't come to dance angels on the head of a pin with you. Shall I start confession, father?"

"It's about time!" The priest caught himself, settled back, shut his eyes sweetly, and added, "Well?"

And the voice on the other side, with the tongue and the breath of a child, tinctured with silver-foiled kisses and flavored with honey, moved by recent sugars and memories of more immediate Cadbury fetes and galas, began to describe its life of getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

"Well, Professor, is that helping your bump any?"

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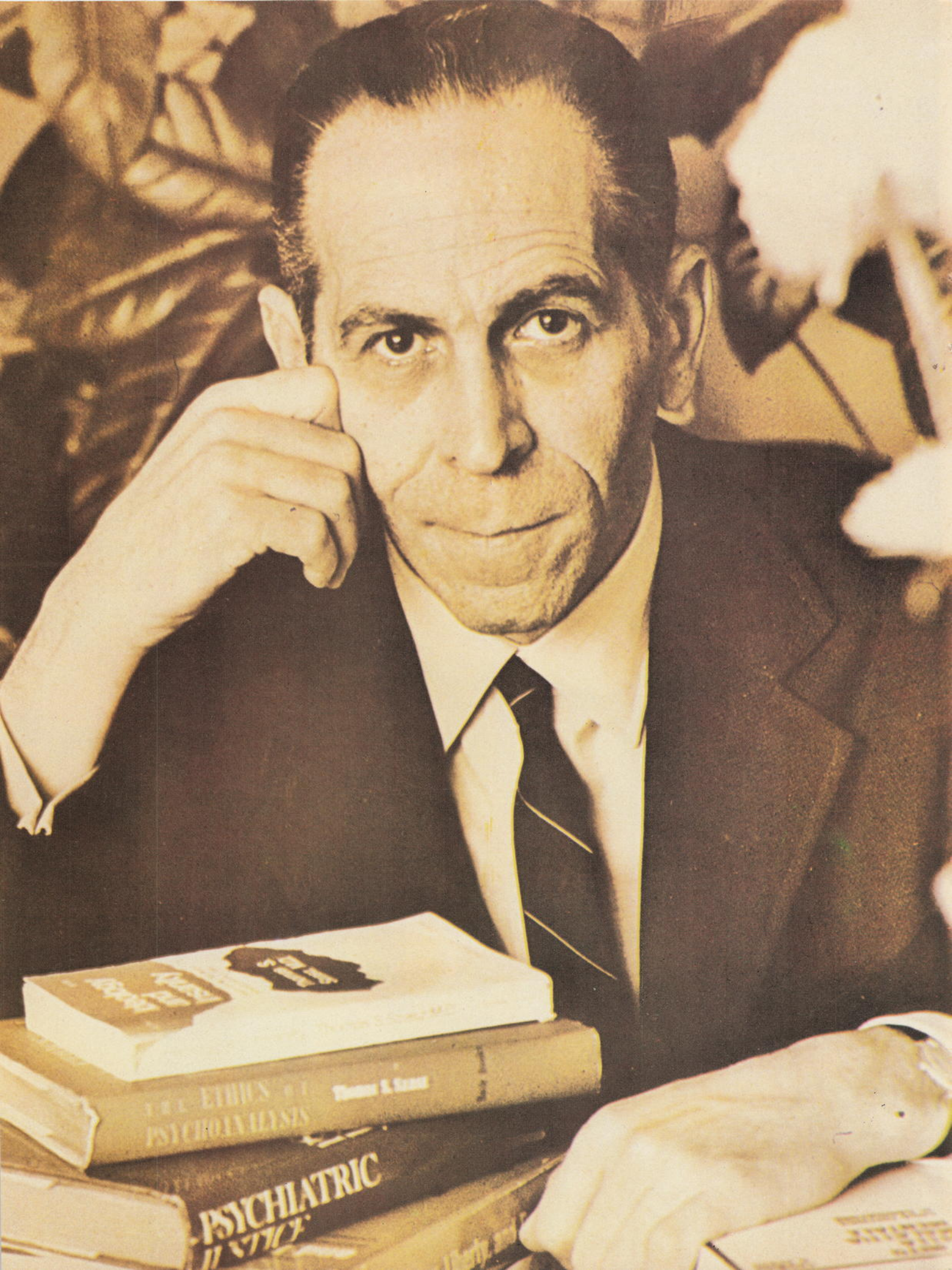
PSYCHIATRIC

Dr. Thomas Szasz

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"Pimping is illegal, but when a so-called sex therapist like Dr. Masters gets you a prostitute and calls her a 'surrogate wife,' then pimping becomes a form of treatment, which you can take off your income tax."

Dr. Thomas Szasz sent shock and rage through the psychiatric fraternity in 1961 with his book *The Myth of Mental Illness*. He has remained the most stinging gadfly of his profession. He acknowledges brain disease, brain damage, brain defects, but not *mental* illness. "Disease," he says, "cannot be cured by conversation." What so many doctors call mental disease, Szasz calls human conflict expressed in ways society can't live with. He has become this country's leading spokesman for the newest trend in behavioral science—the belief that science belongs on the side of the people it studies, rather than aligning itself with a society that wants to control differentness. Szasz is opposed to all involuntary hospitalization, and he has wakened America's conscience to many "crimes" committed in the name of "mental health," from abuses in private practice to our system of criminal justice.

Within a year after *The Myth of Mental Illness* appeared, the New York State Commissioner of Mental Hygiene called for Szasz's resignation as a professor at the state university's Upstate Medical Center at Syracuse, a position Szasz has held since 1956. After great turmoil, including the resignation of the chairman of the department of psychiatry, the rebellious Szasz emerged secure in his job. He is still there.

Yesterday's shock artist is today's authority. Many of Szasz's aphorisms have become slogans for Young Turks in medicine who stand with the patient rather than the hospitals and the jails. The following are excerpts from his book *The Second Sin*, published in 1973:

- "If a man says he is talking to God we say he is praying. If he says God is talking to him we say he is a schizophrenic."
- "Treating addiction to heroin with methadone is like treating addiction to Scotch with bourbon."
- "Mental hospitals are the POW camps of our undeclared and unarticulated civil wars."

Szasz pours them out, and they inspire retaliation. The late Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, a distinguished forensic psychiatrist, wrote: "A bird that fouls its nest courts criticism. Dr. Szasz doubtless enjoys the contentions he is creating."

Dr. Guttmacher was right; Szasz gets a huge kick out of twisting tails. He criticized Dr. Bernard Diamond, chief psychiatrist for Sirhan B. Sirhan, who assassinated Robert F. Kennedy. He ridiculed the idea of Sirhan's being portrayed as unaware of what he'd done because he was presumably insane at the time. Dr. Diamond, in turn, called some of Szasz's ideas on psychiatry and the law "irresponsible, reprehensible, and dangerous."

But now Szasz has many defenders. Some have joined the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization, of which Szasz is co-founder and chairman of the board. The American Humanist Association named him the 1973 Humanist of the Year. Far-out admirers have talked of forming "The Insane Liberation Front" in his honor.

Dr. Thomas Szasz, at fifty-three, is a bright-eyed, wiry man of medium height. He favors conservative gray suits and lives in a modest, split-level home. In 1970 he was divorced quietly from his wife of nineteen years. Their two daughters, Margot, twenty, and Suzy, eighteen, live with him.

Szasz was born in Hungary in an upper-middle-class Jewish family. His father had a law degree and was overseer of several estates. In 1938, young Szasz came to the U.S. to avoid the impending Nazi take-over. He was an honors graduate of the University of Cincinnati in 1941, with a major in physics, and three years later he was graduated at the top of his class from that university's medical school. He interned at Boston City Hospital, took his residence in psychiatry at the University of Chicago Clinics, and his analytic training at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. He has maintained a private psychiatric practice since that time.

Dr. Szasz has written more than two hundred articles and eight books and has recently edited an anthology called *The Age of Madness* (1973).

Some of his better-known works are *Psychiatric Justice* (1965), *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* (1965), *The Manufacture of Madness* (1970), and *Ideology and Insanity* (1970).

This interview was conducted by *Penthouse's* Richard Ballad.

Photograph by Lawrence Fried

Penthouse: What do psychiatrists do when they are said to be treating mental illness?

Szasz: In my view, when psychiatrists "treat" so-called mental illness, they actually intervene, in one way or another, in a conflict. Now, in the face of a conflict, there are three alternatives: you side with one party, side with the other, or try to remain neutral and act as an arbitrator or judge. Psychiatric interventions —which is the term I prefer to "psychiatric treatments"—are actually a confused and confusing mixture of these three kinds of social actions.

Penthouse: Give us some examples.

Szasz: Let's first take the case of a person who goes of his own accord to a private psychiatrist —say, someone like Dr. Daniel Ellsberg. Such a person hires the psychiatrist to help him with whatever he, the so-called patient, considers to be his problem, and to help him deal with it the way he, the client, wants to deal with it. Such a person is likely to have secrets—from his wife, his employer, the government—which he may share with his psychiatrist, but which the psychiatrist is expected to keep confidential. In Ellsberg's case, for example, the psychiatrist may have come into the possession of information which the U.S. government wanted to have. In short, in the conflict between Ellsberg and the American government, Ellsberg's psychiatrist acted as an agent of his client—protecting his client's interests, even where these might have been in conflict with the interests of the government.

Penthouse: But, isn't this an exceptional case?

Szasz: Only insofar as government agents burglarized the psychiatrist's office—which, I assume, is not yet common practice. For the principle it illustrates, however, it is not unusual at all; it is typical. In the less sensational case, the patient may confide secrets to the therapist that have to do with his conflicts with his wife, or a wife may confide her conflicts with her husband; the therapist will then be acting for the interests of one marital partner and against those of the other.

Penthouse: Give us some examples of other things psychiatrists do.

Szasz: In my first example, the psychiatrist did something *for* the patient. In the case of the husband and wife—which is economically and statistically more important than the first—the psychiatrist does something *to* the patient: for example, a husband contacts a psychiatrist, tells him that his wife has delusions or is depressed, and the psychiatrist then commits the wife to a mental hospital. The wife, the ostensible patient, does not want to be in the hospital; she wants to be left alone. Here then, the psychiatrist acts not as the patient's agent, but as his or her adversary. Finally, when a psychiatrist is hired and paid to "evaluate" individuals—for example, for a court, a draft board, the Peace Corps, an insurance company, and so forth—he acts as an arbitrator or judge. He is, in principle, neither the patient's agent nor his adversary; he is the agent of whoever hires him and pays him—assuming that he does his job honestly.

Penthouse: How can people tell what sort of thing a psychiatrist will do; whether he will act for or against what you call the patient's "self-defined interests?"

Szasz: They often can't. That's why I have gone to such great pains, in several books, to try to show that there are a minimum of two very different kinds of psychiatry—voluntary and involuntary; and that the difference is at least as important as the difference between, say, psychotherapy and organic therapy.

Penthouse: Are you opposed to involuntary psychiatry?

Szasz: Indeed I am.

Penthouse: Why?

Szasz: Because I consider all involuntary psychiatric interventions to be punishments. Because I believe that physicians should be healers, not jailers. And because I believe that no one should be punished who did not break the law and who was not duly tried and convicted in court for it.

Penthouse: Not many psychiatrists share your idea that involuntary psychiatry is punishment.

Szasz: Not many psychiatrists. But many writers do. James Thurber described this in *The Unicorn in the Garden.* Of course, the victims of involuntary psychiatry think it's punishment, but their opinion doesn't count; they are considered "crazy." I suspect it's the main reason people are afraid of psychiatrists. After all, dermatologists and gynecologists are not in the business of locking people up, but psychiatrists are. And people know this. So what I am saying is at once shockingly novel, because it is the exact opposite of what medical and psychiatric orthodoxy says; and yet it is terribly obvious, because no one wants to be locked up in an insane asylum. That's why we have commitment laws and closed wards in mental hospitals.

> We have already forgotten what doctors did in Nazi Germany, and we don't *want* to know what they do in Communist Russia.... We thus persecute millions—as drug addicts, homosexuals, suicide risks... all the while congratulating ourselves that we are great healers curing them of mental illness.

Penthouse: You often complain that psychiatrists do not keep their patients' confidences. You mention, for example, the psychiatrist who released reports on a man who shot and killed several people from a tower at the University of Texas. Why do psychiatrists do that?

Szasz: Because they are no more honest than politicians. They often comply with popular expectations and pressures. There are countless such cases. For example, there was Lee Harvey Oswald, the man who supposedly killed President Kennedy. A psychiatrist saw him when he was in his teens. After Oswald was apprehended and killed—perhaps even before he was killed, I don't remember the exact timing—this psychiatrist gave out the whole story on Oswald; that is, when he saw him, and what he thought was wrong with him, and Oswald's mother, and so forth. An utter breach of confidence, in my opinion.

Penthouse: What about President Nixon's psychiatric record? Didn't he see a psychiatrist in the 1950's?

Szasz: He saw a physician who at the time was said to have specialized in psychosomatic medicine. He subsequently became a psychotherapist. This doctor also talked—perhaps blabbered would be a better term. The very fact that he acknowledged that Mr. Nixon had been his patient was in my opinion a breach of confidence. But that wasn't all: he also published a story in one of the mass magazines in which he went on at length about how mentally healthy Mr. Nixon was. This too was improper. He shouldn't have said anything.

Penthouse: Doesn't the ethics committee of the American Psychiatric Association do anything about this?

Szasz: You must be joking! Ethics committee! You know what such committees are for? To protect the *profession*—not the patient or the public. This is the whole problem with professions, especially when they manage to instill awe and fear in the public. George Bernard Shaw said that "every profession is a conspiracy against the public." Nowhere is this now more true than with respect to psychiatry.

Penthouse: In your writings, you cite the names of many public figures who have been "psychiatrized against their will." Can you mention some of them and just what happened?

Szasz: The list is a mile long. Ernest Hemingway was involuntarily hospitalized and given electric shock treatment. Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal was apprehended, supposedly because he was suicidal. He was taken to the Bethesda Naval Hospital and was placed in a room on the top floor—the eleventh, I believe. A few weeks later he was found dead on the pavement in front of his window. Earl Long, the former governor of Louisiana, was incarcerated in a psychiatric hospital in Texas. When he was returned to a Louisiana mental hospital, he freed himself by firing the head psychiatrist of the Louisiana state mental health system. Long was a smart man. He understood psychiatric gangsterism better than most politicians do.

Finally, I want to mention the Goldwater case. During the 1964 presidential race, Senator Goldwater was, as you may recall, called crazy by about one thousand psychiatrists. Now, the interesting thing—and to me the terrible thing—about the aftermath of that affair was that Senator Goldwater sued Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of *Fact* magazine, where this psychiatric defamation was published. Ginzburg was found guilty of libel and had to pay a substantial sum to Goldwater for damages. But, interestingly, Goldwater didn't sue any of the psychiatrists, even though they were the ones who produced and supplied the libelous material to Ginzburg. This shows, I think, how afraid politicians are of psychiatrists, of the psychiatric profession as a whole and that they consider psychiatrists more sacrosanct than Presidents or White House candidates. It's a dangerous situation.

Penthouse: You have criticized the symbiotic relationship between medicine—especially psychiatry—and the state. How did this symbiosis develop?

Szasz: This is a complicated matter, but in a nutshell, as the prestige and popularity of organized religion diminished, following the Enlightenment, medicine took over many of the functions formerly performed by the churches. Physicians became the new priesthood and it has been the psychiatrists especially who have played the roles of priests. They are our secular and "scientific" priests.

In a theocratic society the religious values, as interpreted by the priest, are enforced by the government; for example, you must close your shop on Sunday, or Saturday. In a therapeutic society, the medical values, as inter-

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preted by the physician, are enforced by the government; for example, you must be vaccinated against smallpox and you cannot buy a hypodermic syringe.

Penthouse: If you are so critical of psychiatry, why do you teach and practice it?

Szasz: I am not critical of *all* of psychiatry. I am no more against psychiatry than a 16th-century priest who opposed the Inquisition was against Catholicism. Of course, many orthodox Catholics in the 16th century would have said such a priest was against Catholicism, and many orthodox psychiatrists would now say that I am against psychiatry. This proves only that there is a conflict between me and orthodox psychiatrists, which is obvious. It does not prove that I am "against" psychiatry and that they are "for" it. The situation is a lot more complicated than that.

I object to only two things. First, I object to any and all *involuntary* psychiatry; to any kind of psychiatric measure that's imposed on a person against his will. Second, I object to the widespread mislabeling in psychiatry, whether it is voluntary or involuntary psychiatry; that is, calling personal problems "diseases," calling prisons "hospitals," calling conversation "treatment," and so forth.

Penthouse: What do you approve of?

Szasz: I approve of any kind of psychiatry that's voluntary and to which the so-called patient consents, and which is correctly labeled—or at least approximately so. If people want to do it, they should have the right to use all the existing psychiatric measures and any others that anyone wants to add—you name them: psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, group therapy, drugs, hospitalization, electroshock. They are all okay for those who *want* them. If someone like Senator Eagleton wants to go to a hospital and hire a doctor to give him electrically induced convulsions, why shouldn't he? I think he is making a bad mistake in doing so, but that's only my opinion. He is entitled to have his opinion and to act upon it.

Penthouse: You are personally opposed to electroshock. Why?

Szasz: It's a barbarity. I have never used it and never would. I wouldn't dream of recommending it. If someone asked me about it, I would point out that neurologists go to great lengths trying to prevent seizures in persons who have epilepsy, because every time a person has a grand mal seizure, his brain gets damaged. Nevertheless, psychiatrists claim that giving someone a seizure is a form of treatment. But then the history of medicine is full of instances of so-called cures that were actually harmful. You know the old saying, "The cure is worse than the disease." It applies to a lot of things psychiatrists do—electroshock, lobotomy, often the use of drugs, and sometimes even psychotherapy or psychoanalysis.

Penthouse: Despite this you would not want to see these things abolished:

Szasz: Certainly not! In my view of life, the foremost value is individual freedom and responsibility. People should have a chance to make their own choices. I am willing to state my views—for example, that I think that anyone who has electroshock is an idiot, but I would not want to impose my views on anyone. For one thing, I *could* be wrong. But even being right should not give one the right to impose his views or will on others. I view all this on the model of religion and religious freedom. It isn't only electroshock and lobotomy that I don't think much of. I don't think much of being a Jehovah's Witness or a Christian Scientist; but I certainly think people should have a right to these religious beliefs and the practices they entail. And I think the same way about medical beliefs and practices.

Penthouse: Then you are not an antipsychiatrist, as so many seem to think?

Szasz: Of course not. I am against psychiatric coercion and deception, but I'm not antipsychiatry! There is now a whole literature on what is called "antipsychiatry," and I am supposed to be one of the originators of this whole movement. Words are very important, especially in psychiatry. So I reject the term "antipsychiatry." It's a bad term. It's misleading. It fails to make the distinction between voluntary and involuntary psychiatry. If one values individual freedom and dignity, then one must, of course, oppose involuntary psychiatry; at the same time, one must *not* oppose voluntary psychiatry, not try to prevent people from choosing psychiatric interventions that one personally dislikes or disapproves of.

Penthouse: You often refer to religion. Are you religious?

Szasz: Not in any formal sense. In the sense that I hold some values dear, yes. In a sense, everyone is religious. Man is fundamentally a religious being.

Penthouse: What do you think about death? What happens when we die? As a scientist, aren't you curious about it?

Szasz: Not really. This may sound foolish, but I think I know what happens when we die.

Penthouse: What?

Szasz: We are dead. That's it.

Penthouse: But do you accept the *possibility* that you might not know *everything* that happens when we die?

Szasz: Well, of course. All I am saying is that I don't believe in a life after death—whatever that phrase means. I have just never had the usual hang-ups about death. Life is very precious. But when one dies, one dies. That's the way it is, I think.

Penthouse: You often refer to John Stuart Mill and Ralph Waldo Emerson. What other men do you admire? Who influenced you?

Szasz: The great writers and playwrights—Shakespeare, Molière, Dostoevski, Camus, and countless others. Among contemporaries, people like Wittgenstein, Bertrand Russell, Karl Popper.

Penthouse: How about psychoanalysts?

Szasz: I admire all three of the great founders of psychoanalysis; not uncritically, though. Freud, Jung, and Adler were, all three of them, immensely gifted and creative and important people. It's too bad people no longer read them very much—read their original works. They are better than 99 percent of the current stuff.

Penthouse: What do you admire about these men or their work?

Szasz: I admire Freud's brilliance and his systematic style of work; Jung's humaneness and sensitivity to man's moral and religious nature; and Adler's common sense and directness. It seems to me, too, that Jung and Adler must have been superb psychotherapists, which Freud clearly was not.

Penthouse: In your new book, *The Second Sin,* you say that, "The narcotics laws are our dietary laws." Why don't you consider the addict a sick person?

Szasz: Because a bad habit is not a disease. In fact, I maintain that not only is the addict not sick, but that there is no such thing as "addiction" and no such person as an "addict." There are, to be sure, people who take some drugs which some other people do not want them to take; and if the latter have more power than the former, then they can and sometimes do call the former "addicts."

Penthouse: Do you say this for effect or do you really believe it?

Szasz: Both. But look at the similarities between this drug situation and the situation as it was not so long ago with religion. A few hundred years ago, if a person was not a Christian, or was not a Christian in just the right way, he was considered a heretic. Today we know there are no heretics. Heretics were simply people whose religious habits offended those who defined the true faith. I hold that, in the same way, addiction is a sort of pharmacological heresy.

Penthouse: I presume you don't think much of methadone?

Szasz: It's as good a narcotic as another. It's much like heroin—just as Orthodox Judaism is much like fundamentalist Christianity, which is why they make such perfect antagonists.

Penthouse: Isn't methadone a treatment?

Szasz: Of course it's a "treatment." It must be. The United States government says so. The American Medical Association says so. The American Psychiatric Association says so. So most people are likely to go along and believe this. I don't. But I don't expect most people to agree with me on a thing like this, which is almost entirely a matter of fashion, of fast-changing definition.

Penthouse: At one time heroin was used as a treatment for morphine addiction. You think the same thing may happen to methadone?

Szasz: Yes, I think there is an excellent chance for that. As methadone is used more widely and over a longer period, more and more people will be "abusing" it, and then the medical profession and the government will decide one nice day that it's no longer a "treatment" but a disease!

Penthouse: You are opposed to prescriptions. Wouldn't a lot of people hurt themselves and perhaps hurt others if anyone could buy any drug he wanted?

Szasz: If people buy drugs and hurt themselves, that's their problem. If they hurt somebody else, they should be punished especially hard instead of it being an extenuating circumstance calling for mercy. Under Roman law, a person who committed a crime while intoxicated was punished especially hard. That was two thousand years ago. What we need is a little catching up. But you don't penalize people by stopping them from buying and taking drugs. That is not a crime.

Penthouse: Give us some other examples of this alliance between medicine and the state.

Szasz: There are so many, and we are so embedded in them, that we are unaware of them, as people are unaware of the air they breathe—until they get asthma. A few years ago, abortion was a crime. Now it's a treatment—and Blue Cross pays for it! Pimping is a crime, but when a so-called sex therapist like Dr. Masters gets you a prostitute and calls her a "surrogate wife," then pimping becomes a form of treatment, which you can take off your income tax. Sending your son or daughter through college is not tax-deductible, but "sex-therapy" is. If that doesn't drive home the truth about the alliance between medicine and state, the politicalization of illness and treatment, I certainly don't know what would.

Penthouse: You don't believe there is such a thing as "mental illness." Well, how does schizophrenia develop, and other behavior conventionally called "mental illness?"

Szasz: I don't want to be difficult, but I must insist that schizophrenia doesn't develop. A certain kind of behavior develops, and that may

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Dr. Thomas Szasz

be called "schizophrenia." Assuming that, and assuming we have the same sort of behavior in mind, this would be my answer. There are two basic ways of being badly screwed up in childhood: by being neglected too much or by being interfered with too much. Being left alone, being left unoccupied, unstimulated—or, on the other hand, being overprotected, intruded upon, overstimulated—both are pretty nearly intolerable for children—as well as for adults. To develop what we in our culture call "properly," we must be able to grow up and live in some middle range between too much aloneness and too much togetherness.

Penthouse: Some researchers claim that diet—and especially some vitamins—can affect schizophrenia and may be used to treat it. Could you comment on this?

Szasz: I can't comment on the biology of this matter, because I don't know what dietary influences or vitamins do for whatever may be physiologically the matter with some "schizophrenics"—if anything. But I do want to emphasize that if schizophrenia is a disease, like diabetes, to which medically oriented psychiatrists often compare it, then the "schizophrenic" patient should have the same rights as those of the diabetic patient. Foremost among these are the right to reject treatment, the right to reject being diagnosed—indeed, the right to reject being a "patient" at all, in the sense of having the right to refuse to submit to medical ministrations. At the same time, as I said before, people should have the right to whatever treatment they want—vitamins, electroshock, even lobotomy; but *only* if they want it.

Penthouse: Why do you emphasize the right to reject treatment?

Szasz: Because psychiatrists and medically oriented psychiatric researchers make constant claims about this or that being physiologically wrong with "mental patients"—as if establishing the presence of an objectively identifiable disease would legitimize treating such patients. It wouldn't. Syphilis is an objectively identifiable disease. But there is no law, in New York State, authorizing a physician to treat a person for syphilis who does not want to be treated. In other words, what makes treatment legitimate in medicine is that the patient wants it; whereas what makes it legitimate in psychiatry is that the physician *claims* that the "patient" is "sick." I insist on distinguishing between illness as a biological condition and the act of treating a person—with or without his consent—which is a political event.

Penthouse: Your objection to involuntary mental hospitalization and treatment leaves open the problem of what to do with people who are dangerous, those who commit crimes.

Szasz: Here I must refer you to my two books, *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* and *Psychiatric Justice,* where I discuss this subject in detail. Briefly, my position is that in a free society, no one should be deprived of liberty without due process of law. And to me, due process implies that the only justification for loss of liberty is the commission of an illegal act. Mental illness can never justify it, just as heresy can't—just as being too fat or too thin can't. In other words, if someone is suspected of breaking the law, he should be accused, tried, and if convicted, sentenced. If the sentence calls for loss of liberty, then the offender should be confined in an institution that's penal, not medical, in character. Of course, in many cases where such sentences are imposed, they really should *not* be imposed if we are to be truly concerned with the protection of public safety and the maintenance of human dignity. In any event, I don't want doctors to be jailers or torturers. We have already forgotten what doctors did in Nazi Germany, and we don't *want* to know what they do in Communist Russia.

Penthouse: All right, so we send criminals to jail without considering insanity as an extenuating circumstance. But our jails are very bad. Very few people come out of them fit for society. What good does it do to send them there unless you hold everybody for life terms?

Szasz: Of course our prisons are bad. I didn't say they were good. Nor did I promise to solve all social problems. I am only trying to clarify what psychiatrists do and to identify what I think is good or bad among the things they do, and why. If prisons are bad, and if we want to do something about this, the remedies are obvious enough. We should send fewer people to prison and we should make the prisons better. Placing lawbreakers or suspected lawbreakers—and indeed, innocent persons suspected of being "dangerous," whatever that term might mean—in mental hospitals, which are themselves horrible prisons, is not my idea of prison reform.

Penthouse: You say that committing suicide should be a human right. But suppose I tried to jump out of that window? Wouldn't your impulse be to restrain me?

Szasz: Yes, of course. I would try to stop you, partly because I would assume that that's what you would want me to do; otherwise you wouldn't be trying to kill yourself right in front of me. But the point is that I would *not* call the police; I would *not* commit you to a mental hospital; I would *not* even try to persuade you to see a psychiatrist. What I might say is, "Look, you are insulting me. You call me on the telephone. You say you want to talk to me, to do an interview. You come and we talk. And then you want to jump out of *my* window. How can you do this to me? Why did you deceive me?"

Penthouse: Suppose I then told you: "All right, I'm going to get a room of my own, check in, and jump out of *my* window." Then what?

Szasz: I would offer to talk about it with you. That's all. The rest would be up to you. Perhaps I would also ask you why you tell me that you are going to kill yourself. Why don't you keep it to yourself?

Penthouse: You seem reluctant to say much about the possibilities of altering behavior chemically. Why is that?

Szasz: Because I do not consider myself particularly knowledgeable about biochemistry or pharmacology. Of course, I recognize that it is possible to alter behavior chemically. But I try to focus on the ethical and political aspects of how such alteration is brought about rather than on the alteration itself.

Penthouse: I'm sorry. You'll have to clarify that.

Szasz: I know that chemical substances alter behavior. That's not in dispute. Right now, we are drinking vodka tonics. If we drink enough of the stuff, we shall produce an alteration in our behavior due to alcohol. That's the model. The idea is simple enough: alcohol, nicotine, opium, methadone, barbiturates, amphetamines—it's a long list. All these drugs alter behavior. So I am not denying any of this or that drugs may be useful for what is now called psychiatric treatment.

Penthouse: But shouldn't medical men, chemists, biologists, be working full speed on this? Aren't you excited about the possibilities?

Szasz: I am not particularly excited about this area simply because I happen to believe—and, of course, I could be wrong about this—that most of the things we call "mental diseases" are personal problems, human problems; and there isn't much you can do about human problems by drugging the person who has them. Second, I am not too excited about this area because it seems to me that, by and large, drugs affect mood and behavior in one of two ways: they stimulate or they depress—that is, they make you feel more energetic and awake (at least for a while) or they make you feel less energetic and more sleepy. Now, each of these effects may be useful. In fact, I happen to believe that we have too many restrictions on drugs that have these effects. They should be freely available. And this carries me to my third point, which is the moral and political one. Who now controls, and who will control in the future, the use of these drugs? The government? The medical profession? The free citizen of a free society? It may be foolish to plunge ahead and develop more and more psychopharmacological agents when we can't seem to decide how to use the agents we now have. After all, opium has been around for thousands of years; and we now consider it "progress" to prohibit its use and to replace it with synthetic drugs. And last but not least, I think we should grapple—and I mean politicians, lawyers, civil libertarians and people in general—with the basic question of whether such drugs should ever be used involuntarily, and if so, when, how, by whom, on whom, and what sort of protections will the citizen have against being drug-controlled by physicians and politicians? It's not enough to write science fiction about this. It's necessary to confront it as the political—not medical—problem that it is.

Penthouse: One last question: In many of your books you are concerned with the dangers of medical oppression, or a kind of therapeutic tyranny. You have coined the term "therapeutic state." Could you clarify what you mean?

Szasz: For nearly twenty years now I have been writing about the fundamental similarities between the persecution of heretics and witches in former days and the persecution of madmen and mental patients in ours. Briefly, my view is that just as a theological state is characterized by the preoccupation of the people with religion and religious matters, and especially with the religious deviance called heresy, so a therapeutic state is characterized by the preoccupation of the people with medicine and medical matters, and especially with the medical deviance called illness. The aim of a therapeutic state is not to provide favorable conditions for the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness, but to repair the defective mental health of the subject-patients. The officials of such a state parody the roles of physician and psychotherapist. This arrangement gives meaning to the lives of countless bureaucrats, physicians, and mental health workers by robbing the so-called patients of the meaning of *their* lives. We thus persecute millions—as drug addicts, homosexuals, suicide risks and so forth—all the while congratulating ourselves that we are great healers curing them of mental illness. We have, in short, managed to repackage the Inquisition and are selling it as a new scientific cure-all.

"The only permanent thing in
life is change... if you
accept that, you're halfway there."

FRANCIS

LOVE TORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Tory is a four-letter word. But its conservative connotation never made it an unacceptable one in England. The Tories introduced many great reforms and built the Empire. Among them were Burke, Disraeli, Churchill. And now Francis Cannon.

"When I say I'm a conservative," explains the Yorkshire lass, "I mean that I'm for every social change that increases or protects human freedom and dignity. For instance, the old conceptions of church rituals and marriage bonds, which are very beautiful in themselves, were all right for our ancestors, even our parents, to arrange their lives by. But over a long time, people make capsule versions of these institutions in their heads, and the laws of the institutions become their habits. Then when times and institutions change, people find it harder to change with

them. They become neurotic and capable of hurting themselves and others. And what makes you a real conservative is understanding and accepting the premise that the only permanent thing in life *is* change."

Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. Nineteen-year-old Francis was born and raised in the rigid tradition of a North Country landowner's daughter. Her father, however, is a gifted intellectual, and from him she

learned to listen well and to think before she spoke. Now, two years out of home and a university student in London, Francis finds her patrimony stands her in good stead. "Daddy never told me *what* to think, but *how*. My parents let me grow up believing my body is beautiful and sex in the right circumstances is wonderful. Their marriage is a really great one. For me, though, I don't really feel the need to have a wedding and all that. Those things lend one a certain security, but not the kind I need. I'm more interested in a kind of free-form pairing and living together that is based on feelings, not on laws and rituals. This is what's happening now: it may be permanent, or a formal code may evolve again, but it's probably the inevitable kind of relationship now that we have so much leisure time."

Presently Francis is endeavoring to establish her financial independence by modeling and acting. Therein her 5'5½" stature and poised 38-23-35 configuration have brought her a gratifying modicum of success. But whether acting or modeling is her *métier*, Francis is determined not to give up her education. Though undecided about her far-future plans, she is much given to philosophizing on the lifestyles and lovestyles of her own generation. She believes that the *exploration* of sensuality is the central theme in the current cycle of socio-sexual history. "I lost my virginity three years ago..." she recalls. "I like older men—they care lots more about your feelings."

Miss Cannon is likewise concerned about violence, wars, social change, cultural stagnation, the ecology of

the earth, and the ecology of the mind. "It's very important to discard failed systems and to try out new ones. But speed is not of the essence. Rushing into new things before you know what they are, before you stop to learn from old styles and clear the debris out of your head, won't get you anywhere. And if you accept that, eventually, you're going to find what's right for you; then you're halfway there."

Slowly. Conservatively. A harmonious new paradise is within our grasp. We are looking at the future, and it works.

MISS FRANCIS CANNON / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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Miraro

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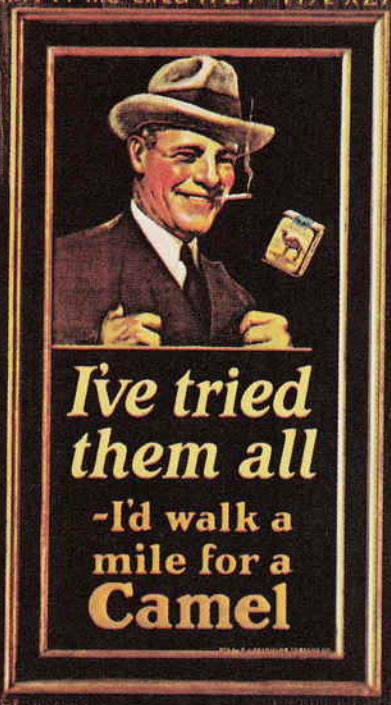
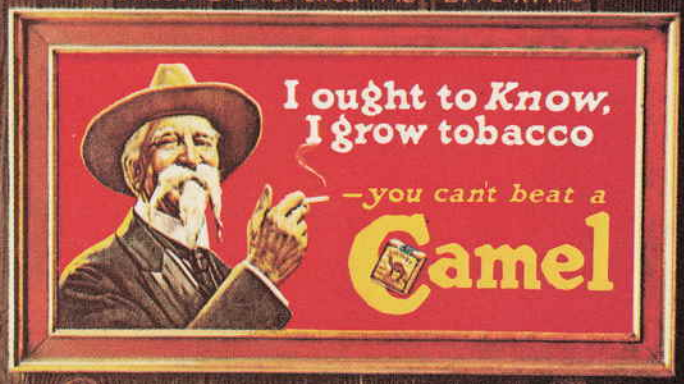
Walk A Mile-circa 1924 • 14½"x27½"



Tobacco Grower-circa 1915 • 27½"x14½"



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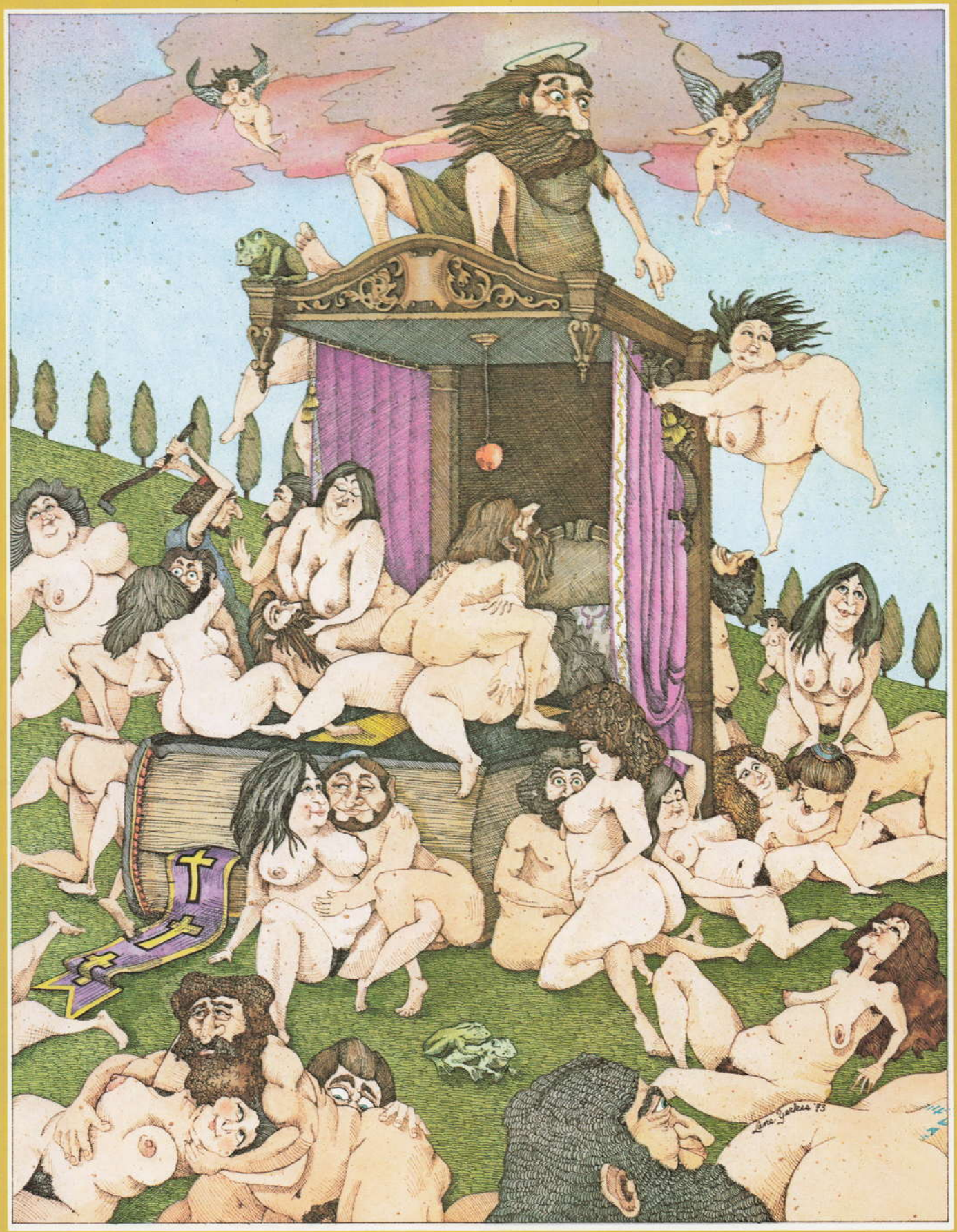

Book Review: The Bible (Soft Cover, Hard Core)

This book is rated X. It's just another cheap attempt to cash in on the current frenzy, the present day taste for anything that displays a complete disregard for decency.

The writing is somewhat dated and the plot—well, to be charitable, the plot is ridiculous. There is enough smut, enough downright rottenness, however, to make this a best-seller almost everywhere outside the Iron Curtain.

It starts off with the fact that after God had created everything He could think of and was thoroughly pooped, He created Man and Woman.

"Male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created."

Called *their* name Adam. Look it up.

Not Eve. Not Miss or Mrs., and certainly not Ms.

Hello young Libbers, wherever you are!

The authors (like many publications of this kind, there are a number of authors who, for obvious reasons, wish to remain anonymous) . . . the authors can't wait to get them into the bedroom. This is a real dirty book.

"And the Lord God said unto the woman, what is this that thou hast done?"

"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat," she says. Typical.

Next thing you know, she drops a kid.

"I have gotten a man from the Lord," she says.

Notice the little dig at Adam right there? Or doesn't she really know?

On the same page she has Abel and Seth.

The authors, knowing the audience they're writing for, waste no time with descriptions of the scenery, nor do they bother with the political situation or the state of the shekel. The kids grow up in ten minutes.

In their terrible haste to get back to the smut, Cain hits Abel over the head with a blivy* and jumps into the sack with some broad he picks up in Nod.

She bears Enoch.

Again, with no time whatsoever wasted on such silly things as, say, character development, Enoch fathers Irad, Irad begets Mehujael, etc., etc. It's an orgy.

*Cain was a farmer. A blivy is either a plow or a pump handle.

At this point the authors throw in a sop to the prudes.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

How vulgar can you get? First they present all kinds of lechery and plain and fancy beddings-down, then they piously sit back and announce that it's evil! This is the sheerest hypocrisy.

For those who like a little science fiction thrown in with their sex, the book attempts to touch all the bases:

"And Lamech lived after he begat Noah five hundred ninety and five years. . . . And Noah was five hundred years old: and Noah [then] begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth"!

"There were giants in those days." You bet.

Somewhere along in here God makes his second mistake. Trying to clean out the place—the cheap motels, the "massage parlors," and the like—he sticks Noah's family in an Ark and wipes everybody else out.

The thought here is that if you start over with a clean slate you can have a world filled with decent people.

The ludicrousness of this idea is borne out by the fact that the book goes on for more than a thousand pages of vice, filth, corruption, and utter foulness . . . whatever goes into a best-seller these days.

Take the case of Laban. First, he promises to give his daughter Rachel to Jacob, provided Jacob works as a stablehand for seven years. Now, get this. Not only does Laban screw Jacob out of the girl, but he, Laban, gets in the sack with his other daughter, Leah. Between them, Laban and Jacob knock up Rachel, Leah, and Zilpah, the maid.

This is followed by a couple of pages of slayings, robbery, fornicating, mayhem, forcing strangers to get circumcised, beatings, skulduggery, and plain mopery.

Chapter 38 serves to introduce Onan.

This is a welcome change of pace because up to this point there hasn't been a laugh.

Judah picks up a floozie called Shuah, and she begets Er and Onan. Er gets married, but he is wicked and God kills him. Judah then says to Onan, "Go in unto thy brother's wife. . . ."

Onan goes into her but, at the last second, goes out of her.

God kills him too.

This is followed by another rest period which most readers will want to skip. It's some silly twaddle about Joseph in Egypt (Egypt!) working for the Pharaoh and getting into some land deals and burying his father.

The volume is divided into thirty-nine "books" and up to this point we've covered only one book. From here on the authors run out of steam, but there is one hilarious "book" called Exodus which would make a great movie:

Moses complains to God that the Jews find Egypt to be a pain in the ass and they want to leave. God says all right, but first He wants to play a little game and it is quite comical. He hardens Pharaoh's heart. As soon as the heart is good and hard, God lets Moses flood the place. Pharaoh's heart gets harder and Moses sends a flock of frogs over the land. Harder, and hail comes, then flies, then locusts. Still harder, and Moses kills the cows. Finally, with Pharaoh's heart like a rock, Moses is allowed to kill a slew of Egyptian babies. Or slew a kill of them.

This is followed by a pact between God and the Jewish people: He will get them the hell out of Egypt if they promise to eat matzos forever. At the time, they think it's all a gag, but to this day. . . .

The rest is just a raggle-taggle of odds and ends. The Jews spend 430 years over in the next county; the Egyptians get tired of hearing about them and chase them across the Red Sea, which opens for the Jews and closes on the Egyptians.

God gets sick and tired of the whole thing and lays a bunch of commandments on the folks, which make very good reading. All you have to do is look at the "shalt nots" and you get a pretty good idea of just what it was they were in the habit of doing.

The Bible is "adult entertainment," but no self-respecting adult would touch the thing. If you feel you must read it, start with the New Testament. OH

Commandment Eleven: Thou Shalt Read Nothing Into "Noah *begat* Shem, Ham, and Japheth"!

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

ROULETTE
LOVERS NEVER
SAY GOODBYE
THE FLAMINGOS
ON

Son Of The King Of Rock 'N' Roll

BY PHILIP CIOFFARI

I'm big time now. If you live in New York you've probably heard me on the radio. I do the night show on WEEP, 1590 AM at the right end of your dial, New York's newest and best rock station, playing oldies but goodies twenty-four hours a day. WEEP RADIO: the voice of the Fifties. They hired me because I know more about Fifties rock than any other DJ in the country, more even than Alan Freed knew and he was the King of Rock 'n' Roll. Poor old Alan, dead and gone, but everything's gonna be all right now because I've come back to the city to take his place. Yeah, it *is* going to be all right. I just know it. Not that I didn't have to kick around for nine years at stations like WKVR in Roanoke or WWCL in Platts-burgh. Not that I didn't have to make a stupid ass out of myself more than once. But nobody's going to laugh at me now.

As soon as I get settled at the station, I move out of the Americana where the company is putting me up to one of those new fancy high rises on Third Avenue, the Imperial Towers East, three and a half rooms on the twenty-ninth floor with a balcony overlooking the East River. I hire one of those fag interior decorators from Sloane's to do my apartment. I tell him I want something *alive*. He has the living room painted Tahitian yellow and furnishes it in pur-ples and browns, throwing sheepskins and bear rugs all over the place. The bedroom he does in a deep barn-red with orange sheets on the beds and more bear rugs. He throws in velvet curtains to soften the atmosphere.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

I trade in my old Chevy and buy a brand new XKE convertible. Dark brown with saddle brown leather interior. The day I pick it up I drive up the East River Drive to my old neighborhood in the Bronx. On the radio Chuck Berry is singing *Oh Maybelline why can't you be true, you done started back doin' the things you used to do.** I turn the volume way up, sending Chuck and his guitar sweeping up over my head into the gray sky, louder than the traffic noise. Across the Third Avenue Bridge Don and Phil are singing "Wake up, Little Suzie" and when I pull onto Bruckner it's the Heartbeats with "A Thousand Miles Away."

All around me I see what the years have done. City housing projects have been built up on the swamps where I used to play as a kid. Already they look old, the brick oozing white lime and the streets snowed under with newspapers and beer cans and wine bottles. But when I turn down Castle Hill into the old neighborhood away from the projects, everything looks the same as it always did: the playground, the El on Westchester, Carlo's outdoor fruit stand, Manzano's Meats, the ash-brown apartment buildings behind the A&P. Dion and the Belmonts are singing "I Wonder Why" and for a minute it's 1959 again and I forget why I've come back. I drive around until the song is over and then I stop at an outdoor phone booth to check Joanne's address. I know she moved into a two-family up near the Square but I don't have the exact number. On the way up, Westchester subways keep rattling by over my head and I can't hear the radio. I find her house all right. It's in the middle of a block-long row of attached two-families. Red brick with a sliding glass door that leads out onto a small patio. The garage is down underneath the house. Out in front of it is a little kid's red bike.

Before I drive back to Manhattan, I stop in at the Circle Tavern for a beer. It used to be the only bar around that didn't care if we were underage. And it used to have a good jukebox.

"Where's Dominick?" I ask the bartender who brings me the beer.

"Dominick's dead," he says.

That night on the radio I play a song we used to listen to all the time on Dominick's jukebox. "That's My Desire" by the Channels. Then, just before midnight when I sign off, I play Joanne's favorite record and the all-time No. 1 record of the 1950's. The Five Satins, "In the Still of the Night."

The idea is not only to play the music of the Fifties but to recreate the mood, the *feeling* of the Fifties. On my show I start to read dedications before each record the way Alan did. When I introduce a record I give the group first, then the record label, and then if it's a slow song I lower my voice almost to a whisper and announce the title; if it's fast I raise my voice gradually during the introduction, anticipating the power of the music to come, until I reach the title —which I practically shout into the microphone. For maximum effect, my engineer makes sure the first note of the song coincides with the last word I speak. During the record, the ones that really rock, I thump my hand on the studio table in time with the beat and sometimes I sing along with the record the way Alan did. Once in a while, between commercials and records, I read some Beatnik poems and I talk about James Dean, drag racing and record hops. I ask if they remember the gang fights and rumbles: the Harlem Warlords and the Fordham Baldies. You see, I want to resurrect the mystery, the awe of that new thing, this rock, which descended upon us out of nowhere in the dreariness of those Eisenhower years and touched us beneath the surface, crying out to all the joy and violence that was leashed and rotting there inside us. I play two slow songs, then a fast one, sticking close to the New York Sound, the howl and wail of black voices and their wop imitations: groups like the Valentines, the Velours, the Velvets, the Chantels, the Flamingos, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, the Mello Kings. Through the revolution of sound, comes the past: what it was like to be riding around Bronx streets in an Impala convertible with the top down and the radio blasting, the mufflers rumbling and the whole world ahead of us.

By the end of the show I am back in time, caught in the echo of sound, and after I play the final record and sign off I am suspended between moments. One night I cannot come back and I go into a phone booth outside the studio and call Joanne.

Kevin's voice, husky with sleep, answers. "Who is it?"

I hold the phone for a second and hang up. The next morning I put "In the Still of the Night" on my stereo and call her again. This time she answers.

"Hello, Joanne? This is Johnnie."

For a second, nothing. Then: "Johnnie. I don't believe it." A second and then: "I've been listening to your show."

"How do you like it?"

"It's great. Really great."

"Sure beats Roanoke," I say.

"I don't believe it," she says again. "How does it feel to be famous?"

"Better than I expected," I say.

"You've been away a long time now."

"Nine years. Not counting college."

"Nine years," she says softly, like she can't believe it.

"So. How've you been?"

"Good, Johnnie. I've been good. What about you?"

"Great. Just great. Say: How about having lunch sometime this week? We can catch up on things."

After a second. "That'd be nice, Johnnie."

I take her to Gun Hill Manor where we had our senior prom. From the outside it looks like an Italian villa. It's set between a Sunoco gas station and a motel. The Hutchinson Parkway goes by about one hundred yards from the door. Inside there is a lounge with thick black-vinyl couches and American Beauty rose-red drapes. The dining room has imitation Spanish oak

"I sometimes think that this job would drive me mad if I didn't have a girl like you to talk to."

*"Maybelline," copyright 1955 Arc Music-BMI

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Why the good neighbor made lunch 37,000 times.

If you're a needy kid, with an uncertain home life, that free school lunch can be mighty important.

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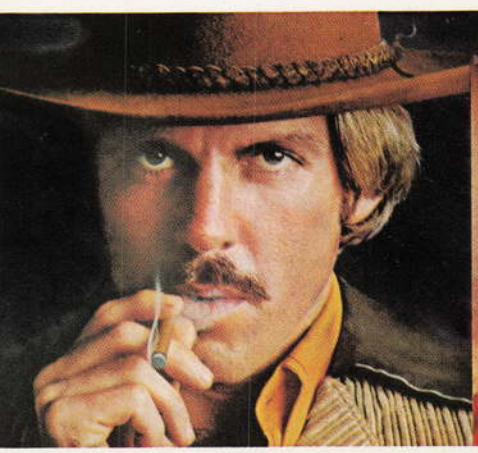

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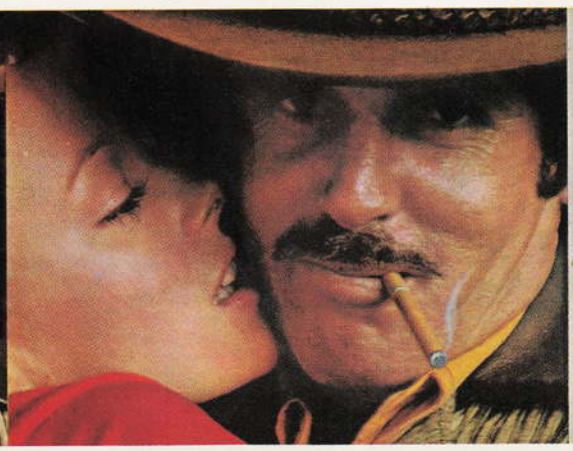

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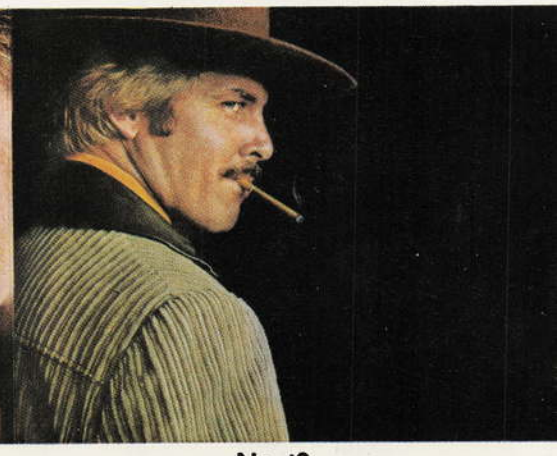

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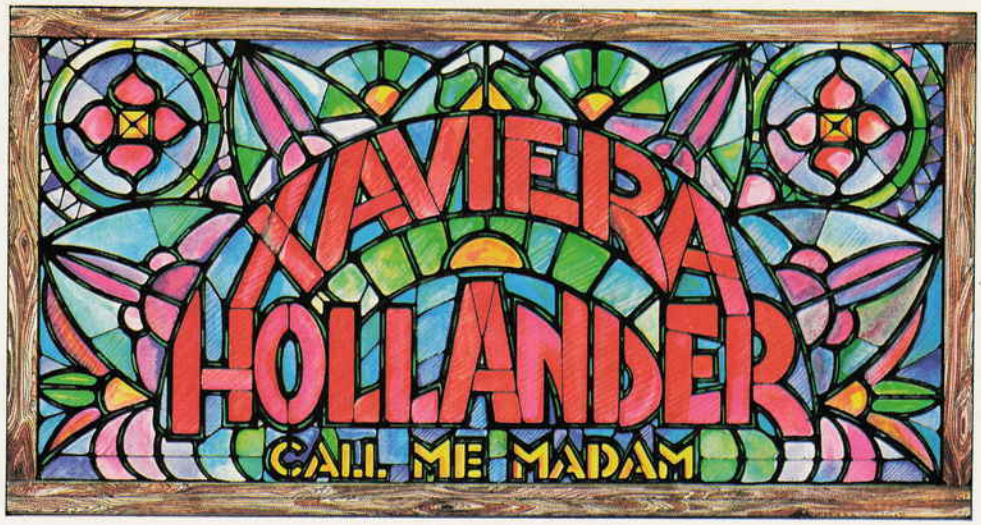
Intimate letters to **Xaviera Hollander**



All inquiries are treated in confidence.
Send to Xaviera Hollander,
Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue,
27th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets
that no private replies or photographs, etc.,
can be supplied.

THE FIGHT SCENE

I've just seen the letter in your column from Ann McC. (February issue), who wants to fight the girl who is dating her boyfriend. I'm a thirty-three-year-old guy who really loves girls who enjoy watching men scrapping. My girl friend goes to boxing matches with me regularly, and we have our best sex when we return from these evenings. It really turns her on to see men fighting, and the more brutally a man is beaten, the more she loves it. She wants me to fight her roommate's boyfriend soon, because she and her roommate have had an argument about which of us is tougher. We are both about the same size, and I'm not afraid to fight him, but I am scared that if I get badly beaten, I'll be too humiliated to see my girl again. I just don't know what to do; have you a good suggestion?—Tony

Quite a few people like to see others get hurt, and somehow they (the onlookers) get a great deal of pleasure and, in some cases, sexual excitement from watching such a scene. Spain and certain countries in South America have their daily or weekly rituals of bullfights where tremendous crowds are drawn together to watch the spectacle. When a toreador gets injured, the public will be really excited, some in sympathy, others in sadistic satisfaction.

Usually, highly emotional and temperamental people love either to watch or indulge in wrestling. In general, a quiet, shy introvert prefers to sit at home and watch a sweet love affair on his TV screen rather than see blood drawn.

The fight that your girl friend is planning for you is just another challenge to prove your masculinity. I am sure she will be proud as a peacock if you come out the winner, but no doubt she will feel sympathy if you lose. Don't worry about her letting you down.

WHORE AND PEACE

I am a very lonely person. I masturbate at least six times a week. One night I joined a whorehouse, and now I am a prostitute. I have fallen in love with one of my customers, but he doesn't want to get married—all he wants to do is have intercourse with me. I love him very much, but his attitude hasn't helped to cure my loneliness, it's just turned me into a cocksucker. How can I persuade him to marry me?—L.S.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

Did you honestly think you could be cured of your loneliness by joining a whorehouse? Let me tell you one thing, young lady, after having been a hooker for quite some time and having my whorehouse for many months—the life of a prostitute must be about the loneliest life there is. All you see of the men who pass through is a face, another face, and their bodies on a one-hour basis. Do you honestly think you can fill up your loneliness with one-hour stands? You have to separate your private life from the business life you got involved with. Take weekends off, shut off the phones, and try and find someone understanding. Most men who go to hookers and, in particular, to a brothel, want variety, and most of them are married. There is a good quote—"Once a john, always a john," which means that a customer will remain a customer.

You will hardly ever find a customer in a whorehouse who wants a steady involvement with any of the girls. If he wished to do so, he could go out and get himself a straight chick and keep her as his mistress. It is hard to accept, but, definitely, being a hooker is not the solution to loneliness.

HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS

Reading your candid and very frank column has given me hope that, at last, I have found someone who can and will answer my problem. I am a healthy, active, fifty-one-year-old woman, and very interested in sex. My husband travels a lot, and when he is home

makes love to me very rarely, although I've tried often to capture his attention. I didn't have an affair during the first twenty-seven years of my marriage, but last year I got so frustrated that I had a short-lived relationship with a man who was not really attracted to me. Since then, I have found I really enjoy sex with young men. I have had several experiences lately with a twenty-one-year-old and a nineteen-year-old. They are physically beautiful and I enjoy every minute with them. I know these young men do not love me, nor I them, but I want to go on seeing them, with no strings attached, for as long as possible. Do you think I'm wrong, and do you have any suggestions if they decide they don't want to see me anymore? I wrote to two other columnists about this, and they were both horrified, suggesting psychiatric help or sublimation in a worthwhile hobby! I visited a psychiatrist and he also suggested sublimation. I assure you I have "worthwhile hobbies," but they don't solve my problem. Please give me your opinion about my love life, and any suggestions you may have, other than the two useless ones mentioned above.—Misty

I hope when I am as old as you are, I can do as you are doing now. I simply love young men, in particular when they are still fairly innocent. I am in my late twenties now, and already consider myself, sometimes jokingly, as a "little old lady" trying to find some cherries to pop. Meanwhile, my more serious love affair is with a thirty-eight-year-old Canadian who gives me all the experience, intelligence, and warmth I need in a true love affair. But I can very well understand your feelings about those young men. I think there is nothing wrong with you. On the contrary, more women should have such a healthy sexual appetite. Too many women think life is over at forty and that sex after menopause is taboo. Why are men with girls half their age perfectly acceptable to society, and not vice versa? Psychiatrists are not really my favorites. They tend often to be too prudish. I try to choose the golden mean, and advise people on their sexual problems as if I were in their situation. All I can say in your case is that your "worthwhile hobby" is obviously young men and, as long as you can get away with it, that's marvelous. But do try and avoid making a fool of yourself. There will come a day when it will be harder for you to get what you want, and young men may hurt you more than older men might if they ridicule you for being a silly old lady. Obviously, there are still many good years ahead for you. Just keep your body and mind young, and I cannot foresee any major crisis in your life for the next few years. If prostitution were legalized, you could open a house of male prostitutes and, as the madam, you could test out the merchandise free. Have fun!

COOL LIPS

I have this humiliating problem that has troubled me since I was a child. I'm twenty-one years old and I still don't know how to kiss. When I'm with a girl, the rest of me turns on damn well, but my lips just seem to turn off. Do you have any suggestions that will help me to become a first-class kisser?—Marcus

When you kiss remember not to drool all over your girl friend or even push your chin against hers. Also, make sure your girl can breathe sufficiently—it should be a breathtaking experience, but you both should still have enough air to breathe, so don't squash her nose. Make sure to have a clean mouth and brush your teeth beforehand if you can. Kissing in the morning after you both wake up can be a horrible thing to do without having cleaned or gargled, because almost everybody suffers from bad breath after sleeping. If you like to smoke a pipe or cigars, if you like to eat garlic or spicy foods, or if you like to get boozed up, make sure that the taste has disappeared before you even dare come close to your lover. Remember, there is nothing worse than secondhand booze or leftover food.

PLAYING SOLO

I am twenty-three years old, female, and happily married (except for my problem) for the last five years to a very sexy man. Since I was fifteen I have been masturbating regularly while fantasizing about being raped and making love to strangers and relatives. I haven't let myself go with my husband, haven't let myself truly enjoy sex with him. It is a drudge. I look forward to his going out so that I can be alone. I feel perverted. I have tried to stop playing with myself, but I just get more and more tense. I feel I don't trust men and so I can't love my husband enough to abandon myself totally to him when we make love. I have never discussed my problem with him or anybody else. I even led him to believe that I wasn't the slightest bit interested in masturbation. (He said that he wanted to watch me doing it—the last thing I wanted.) Please answer this letter very soon, because I'm desperate.—M.N.

I occasionally masturbate, but hardly ever by touching myself with hand or vibrator. My favorite way of getting off is in the bathtub, with both my legs up against the wall and my cunt right underneath the spray of water. I discussed this form of masturbation in a previous column, and ever since dozens of women have told me that that is the greatest way of reaching an orgasm—far more satisfying and intense than the manual masturbation they used to perform. However, I prefer having sex with a man. I must confess that not too many men really know how to turn a woman on, and more often than not I have to work on them for quite some time. Most men do not know how to perform cunnilingus properly. They usually don't even know how to find the clitoris and so they just mess around somewhere in the neighborhood. Once they find the clit they will sometimes chew it up, or even bite it or suck it so hard that it hurts. However, once you guide the man he becomes a gourmet.

I know, however, of many women who only reach an orgasm while masturbating. They usually have sex with their lovers first and then masturbate to a glorious climax while the man watches. This quite often turns men on. Why not be honest about it with your husband and let him read this answer. If you are still uptight, seek some professional help before the problem gets out of hand (no pun intended). Your problem is obviously serious because you have all those fantasies about rape. There is nothing wrong with fantasizing, but why not try to steer your fantasies in a different, more healthy direction?

SPARE THE ROD?

I am forty years old and have always had sex problems. As a boy, I was looked after by a spinster in an otherwise all-girl household and I developed a taste for humiliation. It was only to be expected—the girls were never beaten, but any misbehavior on my part incurred a flogging. The hall closet was full of whips—there was a dog whip, a horse whip, and a birch and cane for me. I've never really enjoyed normal sex. Is it too late for me to start now?—J.W.

In countries such as England or Germany the school systems were entirely different than the American or other European schools. In England and Germany, teachers (male or female) seemed to think it necessary to punish their pupils for the least misbehavior with either a healthy spanking by hand or a thorough flogging with any of the instruments you mentioned. A ruler or a belt could do the work. If the teacher was an attractive young lady, the spanking might have had the opposite effect from that it was supposed to. Many a lad would go out of his way to be put over the lap of his teacher and spanked, just to feel his stiff hard-on rub against the cloth of her dress. Most masochists like to be put over the knee of their master or mistress to be spanked. I enjoy a good spanking myself at times, but don't particularly get turned on by getting whipped with a cane, whip, or belt, though I can tolerate the pain without screaming. I do like the looks of my bottom afterward, when I see the many red marks, and the glowing warm feeling is kind of nice. When I am in an extremely wild and passionate mood, I love to get spanked shortly before coming. Even wrestling is great fun just before the spanking takes place.

A GAY ADVENTURE

I am a twenty-one-year-old male exchange student. While staying at one of the oldest universities, I had my first sexual adventure. I was sharing a room with a guy who I thought was normal; however, I soon discovered differently. One night as I was undressing for bed, Mark became extremely excited at the sight of my uncovered *derrière*. Grabbing my breasts, he began to massage them. At the same time, he placed my hand in his pants (which by now were extremely wet) and forced me to feel around. My first reaction was one of repulsion, but then I discovered his member between my thighs. Mark and I became lovers during that night. I must admit that I enjoyed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

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The Hollies

Side Two
ARE YOU READY?
Pacific Gas & Electric
EVIL WAYS
Santana
I'D LOVE TO CHANGE THE WORLD
Ten Years After
TIME OF THE SEASON
The Zombies
TURN, TURN, TURN
(To Everything There Is a Season)
The Byrds

RECORD TWO

Side One
INDIAN RESERVATION
(The Lament of the Cherokee)
Paul Revere & The Raiders
ATLANTIS
Donovan
SYLVIA'S MOTHER
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
ELI'S COMIN'
Laura Nyro
PIECE OF MY HEART
Janis Joplin
Big Brother and The Holding Company

Side Two
HALLELUJAH
Sweathog
GET IT ON
Chase
PICKIN' UP THE PIECES
Poco
MERCY, MERCY, MERCY
The Buckinghams
SEASON OF THE WITCH
Steve Stills/Al Kooper

RECORD THREE

Side One
I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW
Johnny Nash
LONG COOL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS
The Hollies
HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
Loggins and Messina
ONLY YOU KNOW AND I KNOW
Delaney & Bonnie
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
Chi Coltrane

Side Two
BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
Mac Davis
THE COVER OF "ROLLING STONE"
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
THEM CHANGES
Carlos Santana and Buddy Miles
THANK YOU
Sly and The Family Stone
SILVERBIRD
Mark Lindsay

RECORD FOUR

Side One
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP
Argent
HURDY GURDY MAN
Donovan
WE'VE GOT TO GET IT ON AGAIN
The Addrisi Brothers
ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
Mott the Hoople
OYE COMO VA
Santana

Side Two
ME AND BOBBY McGEE
Janis Joplin
HEART FULL OF SOUL
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Ronnie Dyson
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-YVES HAYDAR

DUTCH MASTERPIECE

What a lustrous Amsterdam lass
can do in the warm light of Nice...
like life trapped on an old Dutch canvas, Juliana
stops time and space at every angle.

At twenty-three, she is a woman who has never fully outgrown the child. Maastricht was a good place to be born in, and Juliana van Troost grew up in the slow, comfortable, Dutch Catholic tradition. Her days there were spent in the care of nuns who taught her to hold all life sacred, and her nights in the house of her father, a small merchant and deeply religious paterfamilias who harangued Juliana and her sisters against the corruptions of the flesh. "By the time I was sixteen," she recollects, "I really believed I was doomed to hellfire and brimstone for eternity." Then, with Juliana's maturity, her father sent her to live in Amsterdam with her grown-up sister Trina, a fashion designer.

Amsterdam in the 1960's was the center of the international jet set and youth counterculture—an Old World town blazing with revolutionary agitation, hazy with marijuana fumes, and turbulent with rock, jazz, sexual freedom, and experiments in radical lifestyles. In this atmosphere Juliana slowly

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

shed the paternal inhibitions of Maastricht. "I met thousands of beautiful people there, playing and reveling in life instead of running away from it—it was like meeting my own real self. When you meet something new, a strange person or experience, you shouldn't try to protect yourself but relax and understand it, and try to make it a part of you. If you do, you'll usually discover that it was inside you all along, just

waiting to be learned about and used."

Juliana's beloved Amsterdam is many things to many people, but first and foremost it is the tulip capital of the world. Three years ago when Juliana decided to become a semiprofessional model, her capacious photogeniality swiftly carved a 5'7", 35-23-35 niche for her in the Tulip Queen pantheon—and soon she was on her way to Paris, Copenhagen, Rio, Reykjavik, and points east and west, to make great designers' clothes look even greater. (And Juliana has just added Hollywood to her itinerary—there she will meet with television producers to entertain their proposition that she host an international Amsterdam-based talk show). Recently, she has come to favor the French Riviera as her summertime playground, and it was there, in Nice, that she met photographer Jean-Yves Haydar and collaborated on the present stunning portfolio for *Penthouse*. "I've been around the world half a dozen times now," says Juliana, "but I'll always come back to Amsterdam, my real home. I'm patriotic about Dutch men, they're the greatest lovers in the world, but all lovers come to Amsterdam eventually. It's the only old-fashioned city where a romance can be full of intrigue. But it's also completely modern... guilt and regrets are just out of date there. History is made at night in my old Amsterdam.... I've had my affairs and they've gone on for months, or

on and off for years, but I'm not too greedy to settle for one man. And when I'm with a man, my life is in his hands, utterly....Women's liberation? Once I went to a meeting in the Vondel Park, and all they talked about was the Common Market. ...When I'm not exploring the old streets of Amsterdam with my boyfriend, I like to read a lot, especially writers like Emily Brontë. I've read *Wuthering Heights* three times, I think. I'm also taking art classes—perhaps some day I shall design clothes, as well as model them....Right now my boyfriend is a race car driver. He's very tender and innocent when he's with me, but in his car he is totally insane. One day he'll go too fast—that's what I'm afraid of. But racing is what he has to do. I can't stop him."

We doubt it. Like those great old Dutch painters who mastered the infinite variety of life on canvas, Juliana can be seen at a glance—as long a glance as you like—to be a lady who can stop time, space, and hearts as effortlessly as she might wish.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

this adventure, but I feel terribly guilty at having had an "unnatural" experience. How can I stop this guilt feeling? I regard myself as a basically heterosexual person.—M.H.
The fact that you have had your first homosexual experience is really nothing astonishing. Most men and women have either dreamt or fantasized about such relationships, or indeed performed such acts in their youth. Quite a few of them consider this part of their growing-up experience. Many girls at all-girl schools climb into each other's beds and hug and snuggle and eventually end up making it together. Those girls will most often grow up to be completely "normal" (to use your terminology) married heterosexual housewives. In your case, since you still dig ladies and did not become entirely homosexual, I don't think you have to feel guilty about anything. It was exciting, it was new, it was different. If you still love women, I believe you will pursue a heterosexual lifestyle. However, if ever you seem to be very badly let down by women, there might be a chance you will turn to homosexuality again, just as a different way out. I cannot foresee any problems for you, but now that you have tasted the "forbidden fruit," it is entirely up to you to make up your mind. But please don't call it "abnormal" or many homosexuals will be upset.

PERVERSE NURSES

My roommate and I (we're both at college) have just broken up with two student nurses because we felt we were becoming a bit perverted. Throughout our relationships we both kept a record of who could get the most screws and blow-jobs monthly. One night we all went out for a meal and later stayed together in the same motel room. My roommate made me promise to lift the covers to show my girl's naked body, and I agreed. When my girl went to the bathroom naked, my roommate masturbated while his girl lay asleep beside him. We both knew exactly how many screws and blow-jobs the other got that night, because we worked out a series of signals. Could you please tell us if these are signs of perversion, and are we doing the right thing in breaking off the relationships?—D.C.
I don't see any perversion in your activities. All I can say is you are both healthy and young and super-horny. There is nothing wrong with this and I can see no reason why you decided to break off the relationship with those sexy student nurses. They obviously had no complaints either. Just let me say that neither of you two guys could have been very serious about the matter, or you wouldn't have acted the way you did. Maybe, in your next relationship, you should try to make it on your own, just in twos instead of fours. You have had all the fun and games now, how about putting more soul into a future relationship? Don't just use your women as tests of who can do most, and who can hold out longest, etc. I don't mean you should try and fall in love right now, but be more considerate. If you have an occasional gang-bang together, fine, but don't let it be the daily rule of the house.

CONSUMER'S REPORT: THE WATER BED

A year ago my husband and I bought a water bed. It's great for sleeping but I've only had six orgasms since we got it. At first, I thought something must be wrong with me. Then I got a vibrator and have had fantastic orgasms with it. We've tried all sorts of positions and more foreplay, but I still can't come naturally, and making love on the floor is just too uncomfortable. The problem seems to be that when we're on the water bed it moves the same way we move, so there isn't enough friction on my clitoris to cause an orgasm. We've tried putting a pillow under me, but without any luck. I don't mind using a vibrator occasionally, but I still prefer the real thing. Besides, my husband is beginning to enjoy sex less when he knows I'm not going to enjoy it as well. I thought water beds were supposed to improve a couple's sex life, not worsen it. Are we doing things wrong, and have you any good ideas for us?—M.C.
Some people get turned on by the movement of a water bed. I enjoy a hard mattress a lot more. You don't necessarily have to make love on the floor; simply buy a normal bed, preferably king-size with the hardest possible mattress. Doctors say that hard mattresses are very healthy, especially for people with backaches—also, most lovers swear by them.

THE FRIGID TOUCH

I've got this weird and heartbreaking problem. Whenever my girl friend and I get together I become so excited that my hands go cold. I'd like to get her excited too, but she won't let me touch her because of freezing hands. What can I do?—J.M.
I have never come across this symptom, though frequently a lover has suffered from icy feet. But you can hide your feet easier than your hands. In your case, I would suggest buying some thin gloves, perhaps rubber surgical gloves that doctors wear. I think there may be something wrong with your blood circulation. Perhaps you ought to see a physician.

A possible remedy may be washing your hands with the hottest possible water, then drying them and putting some hand lotion on them to make them nice and smooth. Then jump into bed and put your hands between your girl friend's legs, right against her crotch. That should keep them warm as well. In general, I would not worry too much about cold hands.

STRANGE DELIGHT

I'm a nineteen-year-old guy with a strange but delightful problem. I find that anything concerning lesbians turns me on sexually more than anything else. Pictures, movies, books—anything with two beautiful girls making it together gives me an uncontrollable erection. Is this actually a problem, or do other men feel the same way?—R.S.
Yours is no problem whatsoever, only a very healthy outlook on sex. Most men tend to be voyeuristically inclined and like to look at something different than the usual man-woman sex. After all, a three-way scene with two girls is not the run-of-the-mill treat a man will get, especially if he is married to a heterosexual wife who does not want to hear about sharing her husband with another lady, even when all three make it together.

Two women together turn on men far more than two men making love would turn on women. Somehow a lesbian love affair seems more acceptable to society than a male homosexual relationship, which society still seems to frown upon.

But your case is very common. Now you just have to arrange such a scene yourself, instead of reading about it. Pictures of naked women turn me on more than pictures of seminaked men. If they would at least take their hands off their penes, then maybe I could get turned on too, but alas, a man with a soft-on looks kind of antisexual and it would be difficult to keep a hard-on in front of a photographer.

HELP ME!!!

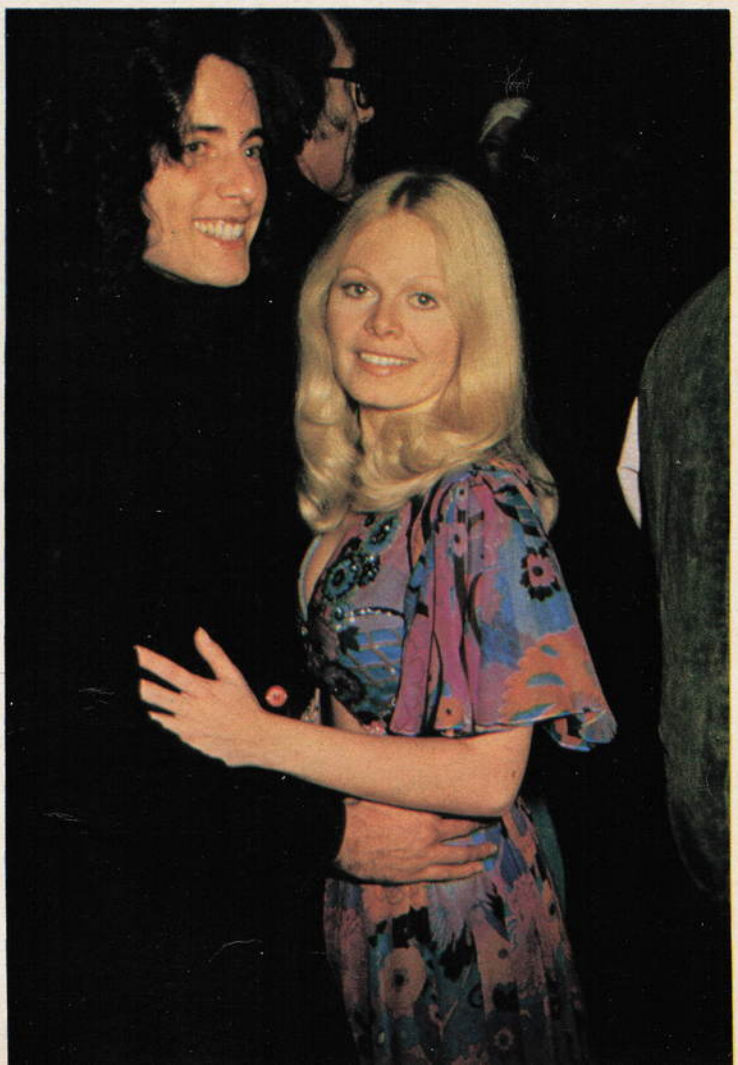
I am twenty-three and have yet to experience intercourse. Next month I am going to Paris and want to invite a young lady to accompany me. I know she will accept, but I'm worried about my performance in bed. I don't know exactly how to insert my penis in her vagina. Into which part should it go? I would hate to be embarrassed and possibly turn her off after going to such trouble and expense. Please reply to this; I need your help very badly.—Larry
Follow your instincts. Try some foreplay by kissing her mouth, fondling her breasts with one hand, while playing with her vagina with the other. Once she is juiced up, I guarantee you, your penis will find its way. If you are still not sure which way to go, don't be embarrassed—have her hand guide your cock. I hope that you know the difference between her cunt and her ass. Anyway, in general you start in front, and maybe someday you'll do it through the ass, which is commonly known as Greek fashion. Good luck.

I once talked to a client of mine who was very shy. It was the very first time he had gone to a brothel. He confessed to me that for months he had put his penis in his wife's navel, or rather against her navel. She had a very deep "inny" and they both thought that was what making love was all about. A doctor instructed them how to make love properly, and now, many years later, they have six kids. He sure as hell made up for lost time and so can you. O+

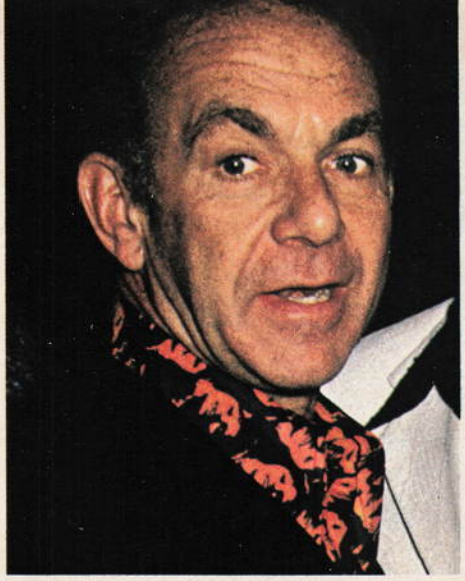
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JEFF DUNAS, MIKE DALEY, and PETER C. BOSARI

TWO GUYS FROM BROOKLYN

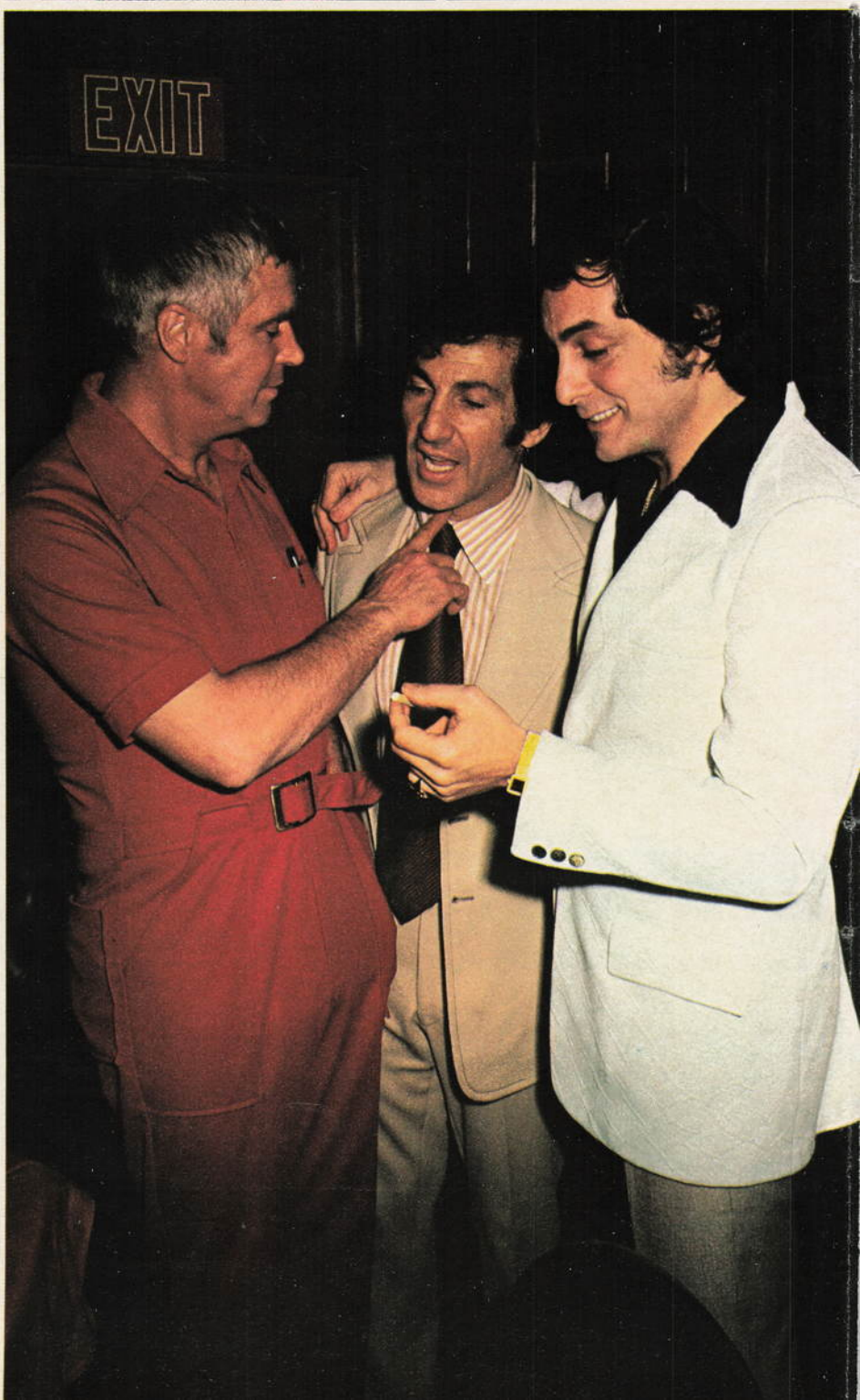
Rona Barrett called it the "party of the year." Two guys from Brooklyn, who hadn't seen each other for twenty-four years, were reunited. Nicky Blair, born Nicolo Macario, veteran actor of some three hundred films recently turned restaurateur, and Bob Guccione, itinerant actor, painter, and cartoonist-turned-publisher, celebrated their reunion, their respective business



The Two Guys (opposite page, top left): Bob Guccione and Nicky Blair. (Below left): Joe Hamilton and wife Carol Burnett, and Dolly and Dick Martin discuss Carol's chances for centerfold fame with Bob. (This page, top left, reading clockwise): Bob gets birthday buss from Rebecca Smith; Nicky with Dionne Warwick and Diana Ross; James Farentino with Michele Lee and Stuart Whitman; Sally Struthers and friend; Vicky Williams, Bob, and Peter Graves gagging it up with Mike Connors.



PENTHOUSE
Pall Mall Gold 100s

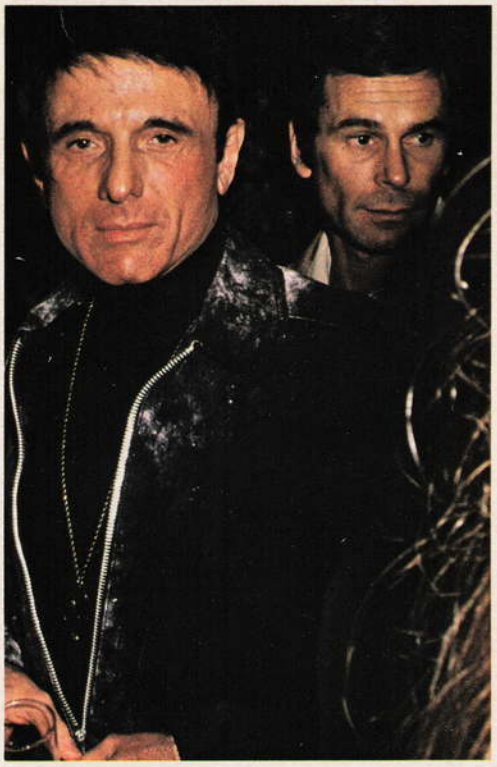

EXIT

anniversaries (two years for Nicky, eight for Bob), and their memories of an old neighborhood in Brooklyn . . . long, long ago.

It was like Academy Award night with Mama Macario's meatballs, a Hollywood block dance compressed into the newest and most romantic bistro on Sunset Strip . . . an otherwise elegant, wood-paneled, softly lit night spot reconstructed on the landmark site of the old La Rue's. By way of celebrating the coming of age of Nicky Blair's restaurant and *Penthouse* magazine, Nicky sent invitations to "intimate friends only." Seven hundred and fifty people showed up. Dean Martin, one of Nicky's backers, muscled his way through the glut of guests in the foyer, took one look at the crowd at the bar and ran. Cary Grant lost his nerve before he even reached the cloakroom. He called later: "Sorry, Nicky, I don't have the guts I used to. . . . Happy Anniversary to you and Bob." Max Factor, Carroll O'Connor, and Bob Newhart arrived late but got a table. Everyone in Hollywood was there because everyone in Hollywood knows Nicky socially, or has worked with him in films, or eats regularly at his restaurant.

During the Great Hollywood Depression, Nicky, himself an unemployed actor, reached back into the memories of that canny Sicilian ghetto in Brooklyn. Remembering the "pasta mystique," with its noble ability to feed large Italian families on little money, he systematically brought home, fathered, and fed many of the most famous names in the industry. Today, they still eat at Nicky Blair's. The pasta is just as good as it ever was, but the setting and the atmosphere are a trifle more sumptuous.

(Opposite page, top, left to right): Jack Carter, Ruth Buzzi, and Larry Harvey. (Far left, top to bottom): MGM president Jim Aubrey chatting with Warner president Ted Ashley; Angel Tomkins looking over Marty Allen's shoulder, looking over . . . ; Mr. and Mrs Bob Quigley getting the hell out! (Near left): George Peppard, Nicky, and Bob. (This page, top): Irving Wallace, Nicky, Barbara Segal, and Dave Kramer. (Middle, left to right): Merrill Heatter, Quigley's partner in "Hollywood Squares," and (right) Telly Sevalis. (Bottom): Belle Greenberg and Jan Murray.



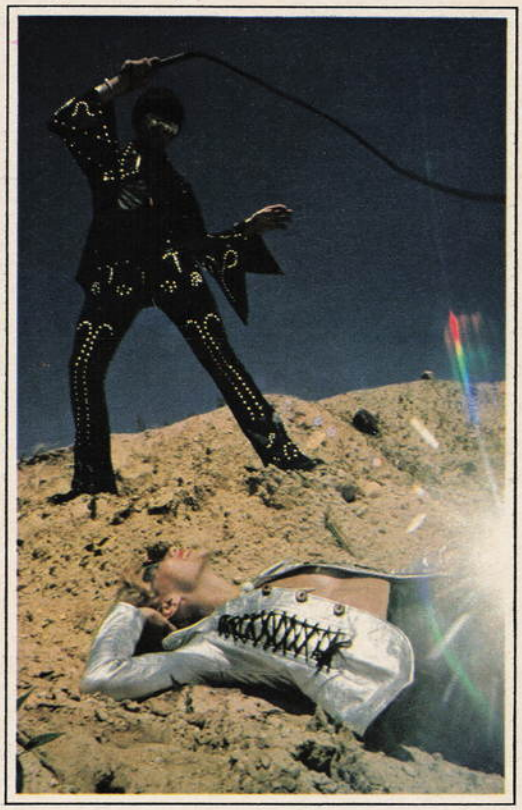
skinned alive

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SILANO

Leathers are best-sellers on any outerwear roster—regardless of price. This season they will continue strong, despite shortages and skyrocketing prices. Skins are in limited supply because of worldwide demand, and manufacturers are turning to rarely used skins—baby calf, pig, and chamois.

Though the short look is the new story, the real interest is in the variety of styles. The short, youthful baseball models and safari styles with turnback cuffs and flat collars are dominating the market. The semifitted bellboy jacket in patchwork suedes and brilliantly painted leathers is emerging as a fashion statement. There is also the superstar look: the black leather suit with metal studs in a motif riveted throughout the jacket and jeans.

Leather's allure is too great for the shortage to dampen consumer enthusiasm for it, even though his finery will cost him more. Here are some leathers and suedes that will keep your pocketbook open this fall.

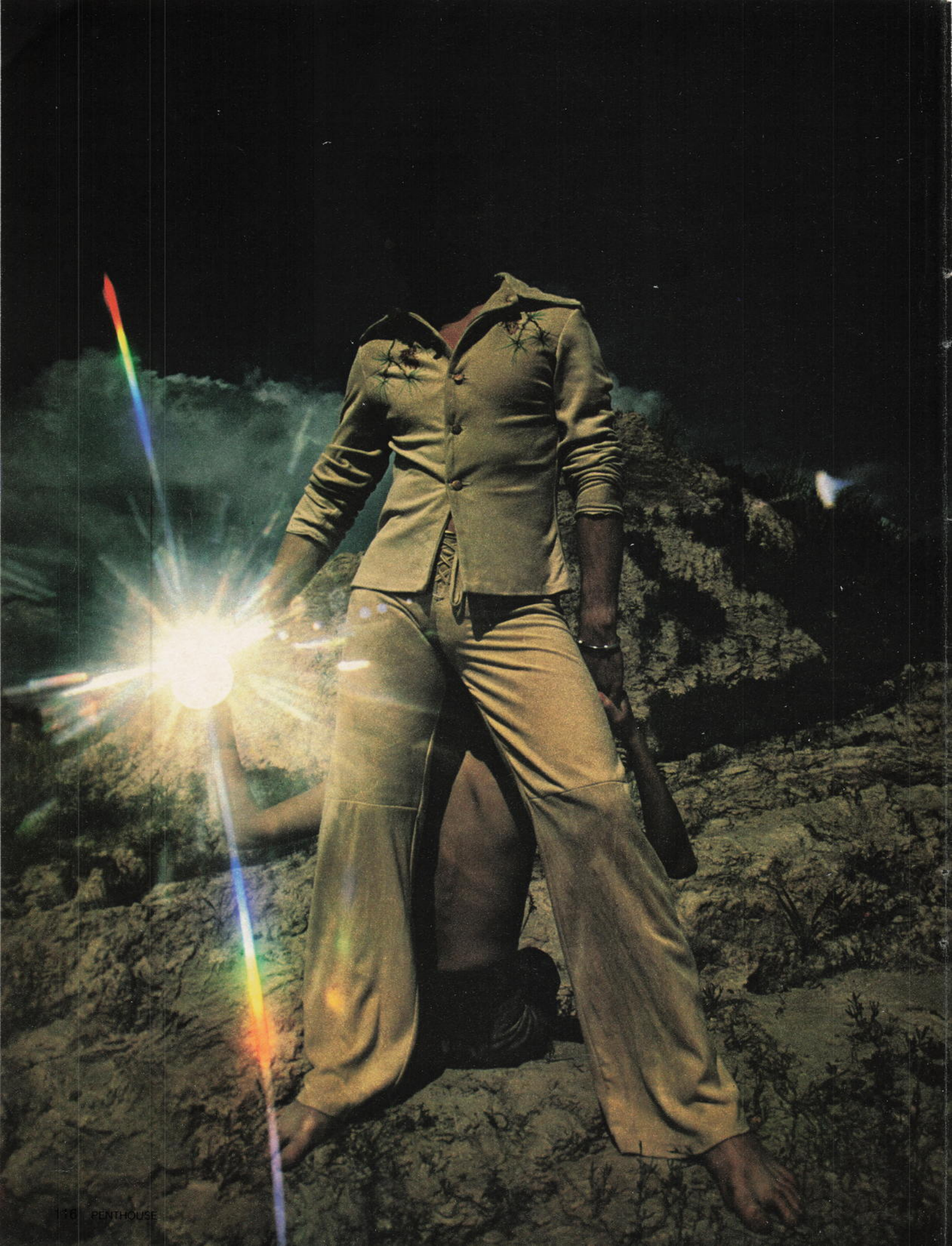


Tight-fitting jacket (left) *shows painted-cameo motifs, $180; a spider-web motif, $130. Both are by East West Musical Instruments Co. Blue-suede jeans, $135, are by Muira for Henry Lehr. Painted-leather belt by Charyn Hipps for Sunny Skye's. Neckpiece by Dia Diadoto.*

Tough black-cowhide suit (above) *lays heavy silver studs throughout the bat-winged, dog-eared jacket and lace-tied pants, $500, made to order by Calvin of Beverly Hills.*

Mexican silver-plated bracelet and neckpiece by Dia Diadoto.

Silver-painted jacket, $130, by East West Musical Instruments Co. Black leather pants with stretch-satin insert at back and waist, $150, by Calvin of Beverly Hills. Necklace by Sandra David. Tooth chain by Richard Rothenberg.



Next to the skin nothing fits better than natural chamois—it breathes and moves with you. (Opposite) *The painted-yoke chamois shirt, $85, and pants, $75, are both by Natural Comfort Leathers.*

See FASHION FINDER on page 158.

All discipline equipment from Pleasure Chest Boutique, New York. All glasses by The Ultimate Spectacle, Inc., New York.

(Above) *Starry patch-suede motif on leather jacket, $170, by East West Musical Instruments Co. Black leather jeans by Flim Flam Man. Leather bike cap from Pleasure Chest Boutique, New York. Black-cowhide suede and anaconda-snake wrap-tie suit by Calvin of Beverly Hills. Made to order, the wrap top is $325; pants, $275. Necklace by Richard Rothenberg.*

His Western suit is genuine pigskin. The pants, $90, are pleated and baggy; the shirt, $115, has buttoned pockets, sculptured seams, and the cuffs are always worn turned back. Entire outfit by Pierre Cardin boutique.

Shoes by Smerling Imports. Suede cap by Corbin, Ltd. Studded skinny belt from Boutique St. Tropez, New York. Cobra neckpiece by Richard Rothenberg.

Pet of the Year

To the victor go the spoils, and to Cathryn "Cherokee" Lacey, whose Pet of the Year Award totals $30,000 in cash and gifts, goes the special knowledge that hers is the biggest prize ever granted for beauty. Along with her BRITISH LEYLAND JAGUAR V-12 (pictured on page 51), Cherokee's largesse includes an all-expense-paid trip to Portugal for two, compliments of COSTA DO SOL rosé wine. Other gifts (pictured above) include: a HARLEY DAVIDSON (TX 125) motorbike and snowmobile, complete with a matching Harley outfit and helmet; a compact SANSUI stereo unit (right) with four-channel radio, MAGITRAN speakers with plant-motif design. On left, a PIONEER receiver, BSR turntable, ACOUSTIC RESEARCH speakers. A cassette deck by TECHNICS of PANASONIC; a movie camera by MINOLTA, (Autopak-8D6); ROLLEI's 35mm camera; a set of luggage by BALTIMORE; a case of PIPER HEIDSEICK champagne; a solid gold BRAGGI bracelet from REVLON; a 14-carat gold watch from LUCIEN PICARD; an ELGIN lady's electronic watch; a diamond and opal ring from FEUER AND WOLF, jewelers; a gold (bark design), diamond and emerald ring, a gold-on-silver bracelet, and a gold necklet (orgy piece)—all from RICHARD ROTHENBERG. Additional goodies, not pictured here, include: a collection of silver-plate jewelry from DIA DIADATO; a magnificent blue-fox jacket from MR. FRED—BEN THYLAN; two evening dresses from DIANE VON FURSTENBERG; a dress from FLO TORONTO; a velvet suit from CALVIN OF BEVERLY HILLS; a set of sleepwear from JOHN KLOSS for CIRA; a POLAROID (model 430) camera; a crepe shirt and black-velvet pants outfit from FRANCK OLIVIER; a year's supply of "Charlie" perfume from REVLON; and last, but not least, a very special cash award of $5,200.

Photograph by Bob Bracco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

natural powers of your own body rise to envelop you, and in the higher stages of meditation you can actually experience kundalina rising... an extraordinary feeling that makes sexual orgasm seem tame by comparison."

Philosophically, Cherokee is quite capable of separating love and sex. Together, she sees them as representing an ideal condition, seldom if ever achieved in practical, day-to-day relationships. "The 'sexual' lover is like the 'romantic' lover," she says, "like two sides of a coin... each incomplete in itself. You have to put them together....

"But I adore men. I love their company. I don't dislike or distrust women but I much prefer the attention you get from men. I'm attracted to their physical beauty, but I'm much more easily seduced by a beautiful mind. A purely sexual relationship is possible—sometimes even beneficial—just like a purely romantic one, but it has no longevity, no long-term significance.

"Of the two, sexual love is more difficult to support. It's an action trip while romantic love is more passive... more spiritual. A straightforward sexual relationship, without the spiritual quality, can become cancerous. You can get hung up and vain and possessive. You can experience all the symptoms of real love, but they have an ugly, hollow twist....They become exaggerated out of all proportion to the needs of a truly shared experience. In pure sex, nothing is shared. There is a superficial exchange of pleasures, but even the giving of pleasure can be selfish. You give in order to receive... for the *purpose* of receiving; or you give just enough to ensnare or enslave the other person. It's *why* you give rather than *what* you give that really matters.

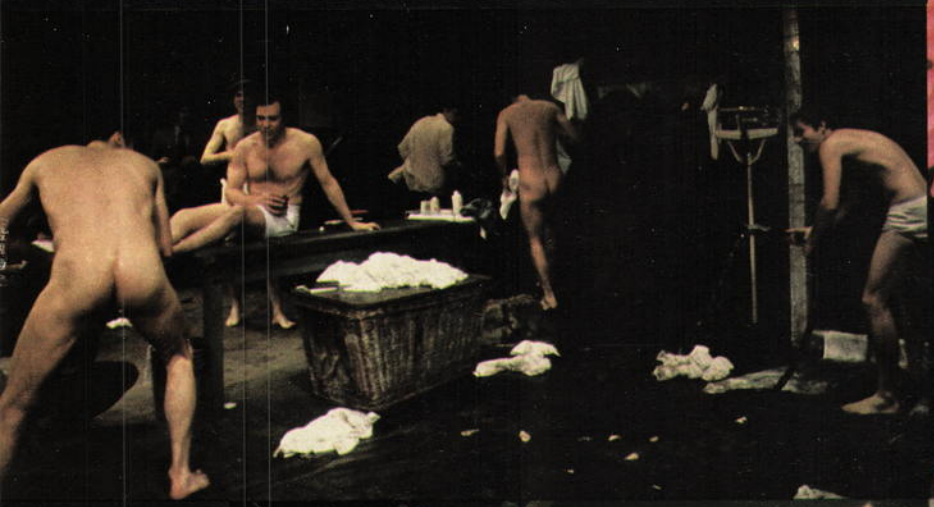
"Meditation helps you get rid of all that. It helps you purify the mind and body. It gives you an inner calmness so that vanity and possession become unimportant. I've had moments when I hated everything and everybody... when I could have killed someone... and yoga helped me to overcome them. You can actually feel the violence seeping out of you like sweat escaping from the pores of your body. It's a strange and exhilarating experience. When you look into yourself, you look into the universe.... When you draw upon the vital energies in your own mind and body, you're drawing on *all* the forces in that same universe. And there's only one! That's why a person's potential power for good or evil, love or hate, is so vast.

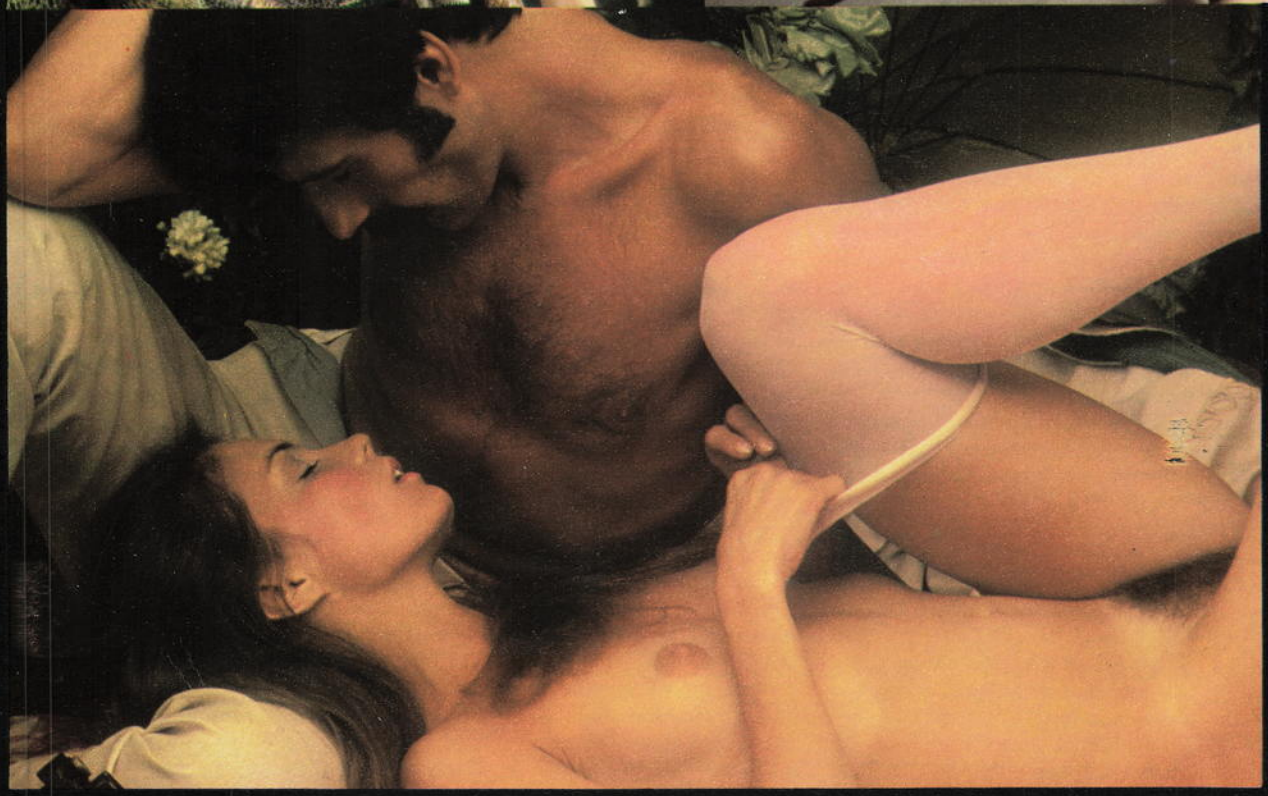
"Marriage is another problem. I'd have to think about marriage. I like the idea but the man would have to be right. He'd have to push me about and encourage me to do my own thing. He'd have to want what I want... spiritually as much as physically. The material side is unimportant. If he were really the right person, money wouldn't matter one way or the other.

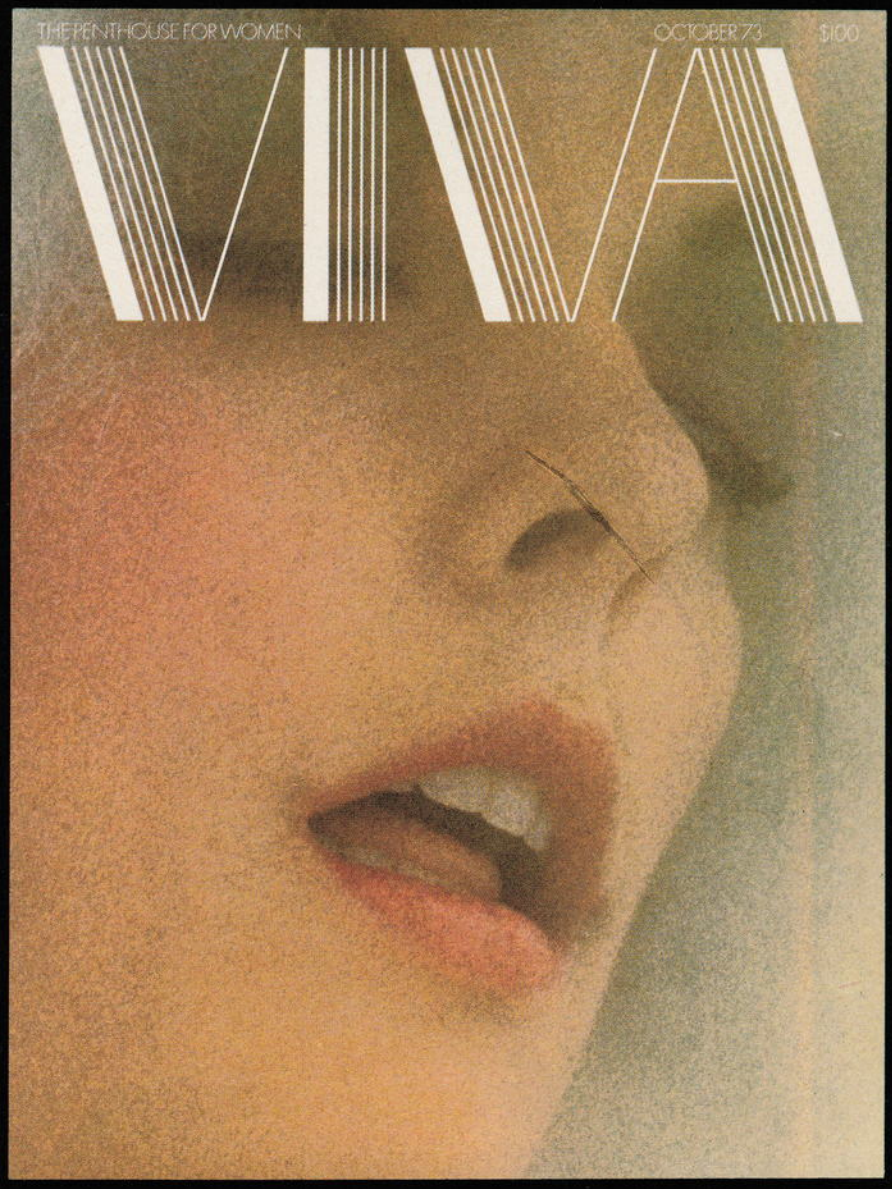
"Children are something else again. I've thought a lot about having children but I can't seem to relate to them. Perhaps it has something to do with being an only child myself. I don't know. It seems that you should perfect yourself first before you think about creating other beings in your own, possibly imperfect, image. Besides, I feel like a child myself. I wouldn't know what to do with another one."

If life has been good to our Pet Pilgrim, then she has been good to life. Cherokee has never lost touch with a friend. She maintains a regular correspondence with more than three hundred people all over the world. She is an environmentalist who loves all living creatures, who respects the quality of life wherever she finds it. "Meditation has taught me tolerance and understanding. I guess you could say I love everyone. People are basically good... some are misguided but you can see God in everyone and everything... in some He may be a little more visible than in others, but He's always there. Maybe I can become important enough as a person so that my position will enable me to reach a lot of people. I'd like the opportunity to expound a little on my personal philosophy. Who knows—maybe I can help a few people to evolve."

VIVA







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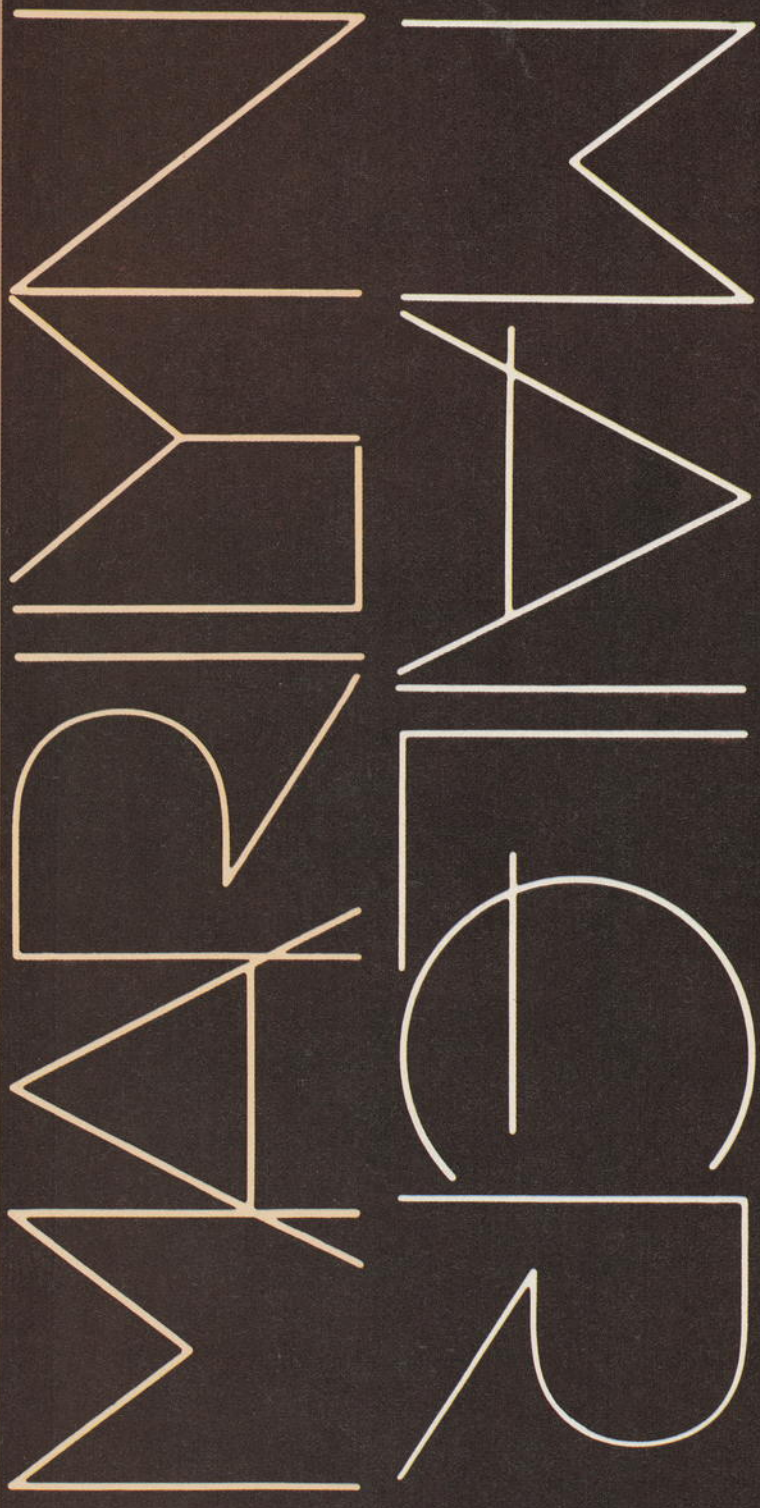

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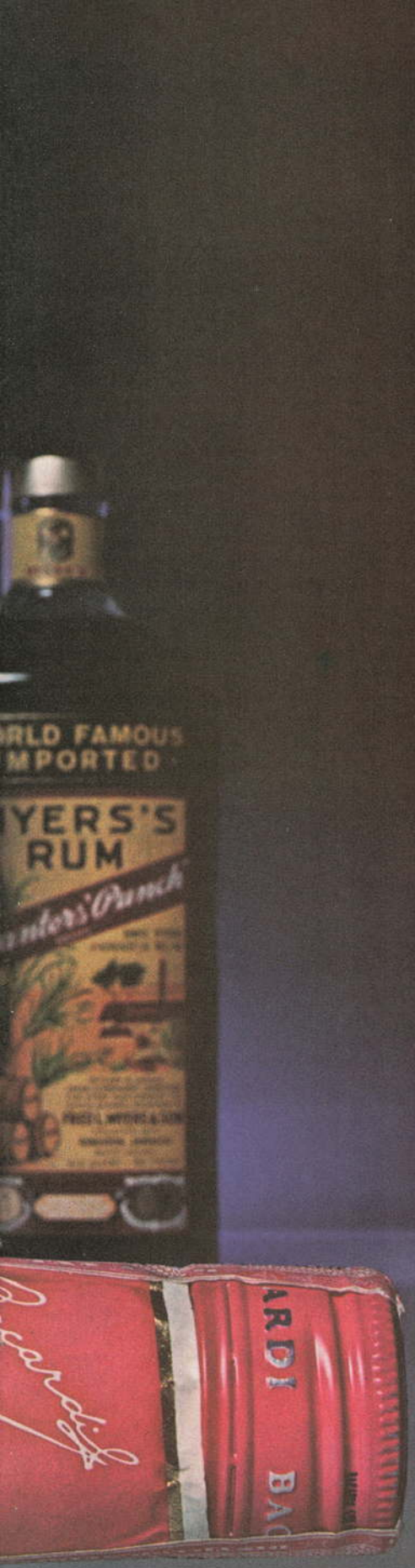


I remember, when I was a little younger, being startled while dining at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars by a series of fiery eruptions all around me. I was something of a flambéer myself, and I found the fireworks puzzling: my conflagrations were milder, quieter. The answer was simple—151 proof rum! A little of this lethal spirit, almost pure alcohol, will light even chicken soup and give a gastronomic pyromaniac the thrill of his life.

That is how I learned about high proof spirits. None can approach that wild 151, but there are a large number of spirits over the usual 80 or 86 proof, and they are the subject of growing consumer attention.

Perhaps we should start by defining "proof." Most people know that the higher the proof, the stronger the spirit—that is, the more alcohol there is in it. One hundred proof means one-half alcohol; 200 proof is pure alcohol. However, it should not be assumed that a 100 proof spirit necessarily tastes stronger or harsher than an 80 proof spirit. It is not entirely a matter of alcohol; smoothness can come from the making and aging as well as from the alcoholic content. A well-made or well-blended or well-aged liquor can taste milder at a higher proof than one that is younger and not so well-born.

Proof was originally measured in an intriguing way. The English mixed spirits with gunpowder. If the mix didn't burn, it was "under proof." If it burned steadily with a blue flame, it was "at proof." If it exploded, it was "over proof" (and so, I guess, was the experimenter). Then, in the late 18th century, came a chap named Clark who invented the hydrometer, which could measure the density of a water-alcohol solution; thirty years later, a man named Sikes perfected the procedure, which remains in use to this day. By Sikes's measure, proof is 50 percent of alcohol by volume at 60° Fahrenheit. (In this, as in other matters, the British do it a little differently—as a rule of thumb, British proof is roughly seven-eighths of American, so the 70 proof you see on most Scotches sold in Britain corresponds to 80 proof in the U.S.) Note that alcohol in wine and beer is indicated differently: the alcohol content on the label is just what it says—12 percent means 12 percent alcohol.

Since Prohibition ended, the trends of drinking in this country have been fascinating, bewildering, and sometimes downright outrageous, at least to the poor distiller or importer trying to fathom the future. Today, no one is so unsure of himself as the expert. But he at least *knows* he doesn't know! Who in his right mind would ever have guessed that after Prohibition,

THE PROOF IS IN THE BOTTLE

By Robert Jay Misch

Photograph by Shig Ikeda

two absolutely unknown Scotches, J.&B. and Cutty Sark, would have dared challenge the old entrenched bureaucracy of the Walkers, Haigs, Black & Whites, White Horses, and Teachers? J.&B. and Cutty Sark now rank first and second and only Johnny Walker approaches them—if you add Black to Red. Who, for that matter, would have foreseen that Scotch would go from 4 percent of the total spirits market to 20 percent today?

A new entry into the Scotch market this autumn is Famous Grouse, the first Scotch to be brought into this country at 90 proof. It has a somewhat fuller and rounder taste, in addition to the advantage of standing up to ice longer than most.

Who would have guessed that vodka, a drink associated only with potatoes and drunken muzhiks, would today outsell gin —and will probably lead it two to one by the end of the Seventies? Well, it happened. The reasons can be smelled and tasted.

Smell American vodka. If you can, the distiller isn't delivering what he promised—no smell, no taste, nothing but alcohol. I don't know what you call it; I call it America's retreat from flavor, the effect without the taste.

Let's face it, many Americans really don't like the taste of spirits. Then what explains the alleged trend toward higher proof, stronger spirits? I can't really explain it myself, and I'm not sure it exists, even if some eddies do seem to be moving against the mainstream.

To test this impression, I have made a small survey of some retail wine and liquor merchants and also of some wholesale distributors. None report a strong trend though all point out "exceptions." The giant Seagram's said emphatically that there was "no major trend to the higher proofs, just a few exceptions, such as imported gins, single-malt Scotches, some high proof vodka."

Kobrand, an importer of great integrity, points out that their Bullfighter tequila will soon go from 80 to 86 proof. "Purely a marketing decision," said a company official. And what about their Borzoi vodka, at a healthy 90.5 proof? "Simple. We sat down and tasted dozens of Borzois at a variety of proofs and decided the 90.5 tasted best." Finally I came to Kobrand's chef d'oeuvre, Beefeater Gin. "Isn't Beefeater 94 proof and selling like anything, even at its high price?" "Yes," he said, "but I wouldn't attribute our success entirely to high proof. The brand's prestige started us off, and then people found that the gin tasted better, seemed more flavorful, stood up against ice melting in the martini, and fought drowning in tonic."

That's not true only of Beefeater. "Serious gin drinkers," said Sherry-Lehmann, Inc., "like higher proof gins, just as serious bourbon drinkers like the bonded 100 proof, though it's a fast-declining market."

The only bourbon that goes counter to the higher proof trend (more like a stampede) is Wild Turkey. The original was a deluxe product, successfully merchandised by Austin Nichols, 101 proof, and costing almost $10. Suddenly Wild Turkey appeared in an 86 proof version for broader market appeal. What happened? The 86 proof hasn't yet caught up with its old man, but sales of the 101 proof Wild Turkey have actually *increased*.

In the world of Scotch, we have recently seen the importation of bulk Scotches, made and blended in Scotland and shipped in barrels for bottling here. Taxes are computed at 100 proof, so a man can bring in 100 proof stuff, cut it over here with distilled water, and have a 20 percent bonus, free of tax, when he sells his 80 proof brand. These "bulk Scotches"—Dawson, Bulloch & Lade, Passport, Inver House, Clan McGregor, and lots of others—already represent 20 percent of the market and are growing. Almost all are 80 proof, and liquor stores questioned agree that no one minds, no one complains, and few ask.

So the mainstream seems to prefer normal 86 proof for the "Bottled in Scotland" prime brands and 80 proof for "Bottled in Hoboken" bulk imports. But here is the eddy—a sudden interest in certain single-malt Scotches by the "in" crowd. So far, these very flavorful whiskeys don't represent 1 percent of the total; they're small-production whiskeys and it takes the better part of $10 to buy one. Most of them—Glen Grant, Glenfiddich, Macallan, and (the most famous) Glenlivet—are offered at a regulation 86 proof (recently reduced from 91 proof), though Laphroaig is 91.4 proof. All of them teem with flavor and in their small way contradict the general "retreat from flavor." So does the new interest in Irish whiskeys. All Irish whiskey is 86 proof, but the flavor is intense and people *think* it is stronger.

> Since Prohibition ended, the trends of drinking in this country have been fascinating, bewildering, and sometimes downright outrageous.

A study of vodka reveals the same general pattern. A Consumer's Union panel found no definitive results after experimenting with tasteless, odorless American vodkas. Others argue differently. I know a chap who swears he can identify all the leading U.S. brands blindfolded. I know a woman who insists she can pick out Gordon's because it's the only one that doesn't pucker her mouth (instead of the almost universal charcoal filtration process, Gordon's uses an exclusive gas clarification). The Manhattan Chateau Wine and Liquor Store, Peter Morell's, and also Ehrlich agree that vodka took off only when the 80 proof became available. The 100 proof, they say, is for the serious drinker who wants his vodka to talk back to all those tonics and fruit juices. Smirnoff, of Heublein, is the third-largest brand of all spirits in the U.S. (Seagram's 7 and Seagram's V.O. are first and second) and sells over 50 percent of all vodka in the country. Smirnoff has recently brought out a "Silver" at 90.4 proof. This is "martini-maker's vodka," and Heublein usually knows what it's doing. It's too soon to see if this will crimp the 80 proof, which I'm told now sells ten to one over the 100 proof. The Kobrand people were probably right when they said that "most people don't look and don't care about vodka's proof."

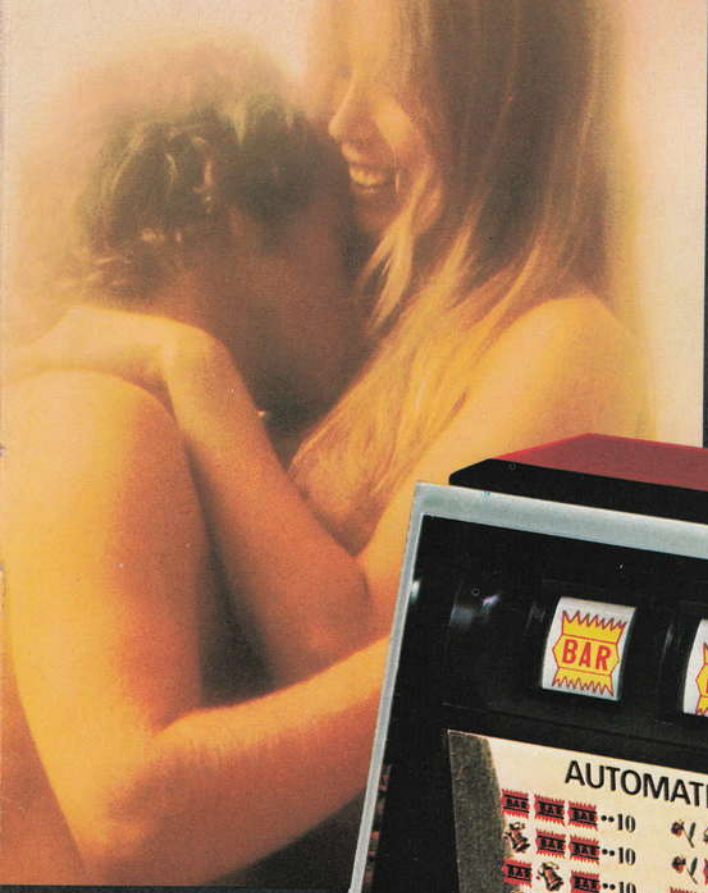
There are also the imported vodkas, such as Stolnichaya from Russia and Wyborowa from Poland. These *taste* and are meant to taste. At $6.50 to $8.50 per fifth, they are expensive. Their market is limited, but it is growing. Both make a 100 proof and an 80 proof that appeal to a special audience —another small eddy.

There is no need to waste time here with brandy. From the greatest, at $35 to $50 a bottle (Hennessey's Extra, Hine's Family Reserve, Martell's Cordon Bleu, and Bisquit in Baccarat crystal), to Christian Brothers (which does as much business as all the imports combined), all Cognacs and brandies are exactly the same—80 proof. Armagnacs, I find, are 84 proof and 86 proof, but certainly no one drinks them for the extra 4 or 6 proof but because they like them. People also drink Southern Comfort and Southern Host, which are between whiskeys and liqueurs in proof, simply because they are highly flavorful.

We started this discourse with rum, so let's finish with it. I've mentioned the 151 proof. This rum, so suitable for flambeaus, is made by Ronrico, Merito, Bacardi, Carioca, and Don Q.

A great variety of rums are made in the West Indies—Puerto Rico, Barbados, Jamaica, Haiti, the Virgins, Demerara, Martinique—and in exotic old Massachusetts. They vary from 80 proof and 91.4 proof for Hudson's Bay to 97 proof for Appleton's Punch. No one can tell me people buy a special rum because of the few percentage points. Puerto Rico does the big business because its product is light, a good mixer, and not very opinionated—and the saving of $1.75 in taxes per gallon helps keep the price right. If a connoisseur is buying, perhaps he'll lean toward Del Barrilito (Puerto Rico *in excelsis*), or Haitian Barban Court (made from red sugar cane, not molasses), or Mount Gay from Barbados, or Appleton and Myer's for the pungency of Jamaica.

That's the story on high proof liquor. I've taken a position squarely on the fence—and pointed out the few trends I see now and in the immediate future. The rule is that Americans tend to like their men strong and their spirits light. But their habits may not be fixed forever.



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"I think you should have had it delivered..."

RUBDUB THE MASSAGE IS THE MESSAGE

She knows less about massage than a tuna fish knows about Immanuel Kant, yet in a trice she banishes the stresses of his day's work.

By Frank Fortunato

The manager of a massage parlor called a number left with his answering service in response to an ad for masseuses he had placed in several college and underground newspapers. His call was greeted by a mature and enthusiastic voice: "Hello!"—it was a recording—"This is Tracy McNeal, the girl you've been looking for! And I have a new toy, it's a telephone recorder. Won't you help me play with my new toy? It's easy, all you have to do is leave your message, name and number after you hear the beep, and we'll be speaking soon! Bye!" He did her bidding: "Hello! I have a new toy, too, and it doubles as my livelihood; it's a massage parlor. If you'd like to make it *your* livelihood, well then come by between noon and six tomorrow."

The owner couldn't believe his eyes when Tracy sauntered in the next day. She was not, as promised, the *girl* he'd been looking for; she was a woman, apparently in her mid-thirties, with carefully coiffured carrot-red hair and dressed in a tasteful expensive business suit—at least ten years out of style. The owner led her through a vestibule illuminated by a blue Tiffany lamp into a private room. Tracy stopped beneath the fixture and commented, "I like your lighting arrangement, it's ah . . . *very effective*." Once inside the room she set about explaining her presence in a fortissimo monologue punctuated with anxiety sighs. She explained that she was an instructor at a local college where she taught English literature, but she'd been moonlighting as a hooker for nine years. She had a "tight little book" of clients, "men of taste and means," some of whom had been her regular johns for a number of years. The manager, though he felt that Tracy was too old for the massage scene—a scene dominated by pretty girls in their late teens and early twenties—was nevertheless fascinated by this unlikely looking prostitute. He asked her why she had taken up the calling. "*Come on* honey—I grew *tired* of giving it away," she said. Still unbelieving and somewhat curious, he asked to see her body. "Sure," she said in a good-natured, cheerful manner, springing up and starting to undress. "As long as you don't want a freebie." He noticed that her underwear matched her outer dress—full slip, garter belt, nylons, a bra and panties that reached up to her navel. She undressed rapidly and did a model's pirouette, displaying a body that supported his estimate of her age, then immediately started dressing while elaborating on her story. "Up until recently I've done quite well actually; but lately some of my regular once-a-weekers have been showing up once a month instead, and when I ask them why, they finally admit 'I've been going to a mass-age par-lor' " she mimicked. "I've spoken with some other girls—friends of mine who also hook on the side—and they're having the same problem. We're losing out to these places, *so-o-o*, I've decided that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." The manager told her what she might expect to earn as a masseuse. She wasn't impressed. "Oh . . . that's somewhat disappointing; but I'll tell you what, I'll think it over and call you in several days to let you know what I've decided." He did not hear from her again.

"Massage" has come out of the closet in a big way and massage parlors now span the continent. In years past (and indeed today) a commercial massage was available in gyms, hotel "health spas," and through licensed practitioners in private practice—all heavy on therapy and light on sensuality. It was occasionally possible to locate a masseuse who offered a more "relaxing" massage, but it would have to be accomplished through word of mouth, or on a hit-or-miss basis through the discreetly worded ads in the local Yellow Pages. Today, ads in phone directories, underground newspapers, entertainment guides in hotels, or just a general cruise through the downtown district of most cities, will supply an assortment of massage parlors —whose sole reason for existence is sex.

A bikini-clad hostess-masseuse greets the prospective customers in a suburban Washington, D.C., parlor with the challenge, "Would you like an hour topless for sixty dollars?"—asked as if it were *the* question of the Western World. If the customer finds that price too steep, he may have a half-hour with a fully bikinied masseuse for thirty dollars, or any one of a half-dozen other alternatives, all of which include his being masturbated by the masseuse as the finale. In a certain notoriously tight-assed Canadian city, it's possible, after obtaining an appointment by phone, to be welcomed in a well-appointed, modern downtown "studio," where you will be given a room with a private bath, handed several towels and, if desired, directed to the sauna. In any case, you signal your readiness for the massage by pressing a buzzer in your room, and several minutes later one of several cordial, young, and attractive masseuses will appear to massage and masturbate you—all for only ten dollars.

One masseuse for half an hour is the basic unit of sale at most studios. Additional time and "operators" cost proportionately more. There are three formats under which most studios operate. First, and far and away the most prevalent, are the massage and *mastur-*

bation only parlors, with the masseuse either topless or bikini-clad. Tipping is optional, as all services are included in the price of the session. Second, there are the places where anything goes—from just good old-fashioned fornication to disciplinary enemas. Tipping is necessary in these parlors, for the price of a session includes only a massage; all extras must be negotiated with the "masseuse."

Operations of this type are confined to the larger, more "liberal" cities; they are in effect bordellos. In fact, in some of these places, a request for a massage will be met with annoyance or even disbelief on the part of the "masseuse." Lastly, there are the straight salons. Ostensibly, no sex is available here, as many a frustrated man will verify. Men are lured in by provocative ads and encouraged by the sight of attractive masseuses in bikinis or leotards, only to discover that the menu includes only titillation without relief. These studios are luxurious affairs, generally occupying space in town houses or large hotels; they survive by catering to the type of affluent man who derives a form of ego gratification from being pampered—if not actually petted—in surroundings that echo his own sense of self-importance.

Why should a man interested in sexual relief subject himself to an unnecessary massage and then be limited to a sexual repertoire usually offering masturbation only? First of all, the gentle touch of female hands moving from erogenous zone to erogenous zone *is* both relaxing in itself and a stimulating form of foreplay—albeit one-sided. For many men masturbatory sex satisfies both exhibitionistic and sexual-identity needs. To expose your genitals to the inspection and fondling ministrations of a sex object is an exciting proposition. *Your* genitals are the center of attention, from flaccidity through tumescence to ejaculation. Many men prefer being masturbated. Masters and Johnson have discovered that the most *physically intense* orgasm for the male is achieved by masturbation, followed by fellatio and the "total fulfillment" of intercourse. Finally, parlor patrons have found that the women working at massage are usually more attractive, physically and spiritually, than those available through other forms of commercial sex. Intelligent, sensitive, and often extremely beautiful women are willing to work at the diluted prostitution offered in massage parlors—women without a hardened professionalism in their attitudes. This tendency toward the "girl next door" syndrome makes it possible for many men to imagine themselves acting within a natural liaison (if only for the duration of the session), a feeling that helps play down the cold reality of the transaction.

Marguerite is a divorced lesbian with a son—in effect a Gay Liberation cheerleader who wears the symbol of her inversion around her neck on a gold chain and also tattooed on her right hand. She would talk to me about no other subject, but she would *cheerfully* blow any man who comes to her with the price.

Michael Kanerek / Whistl'n Dixie

The massage-parlor manager was champing at the bit. In a few minutes the studio's first prospective masseuse would arrive for her interview. Her name was Margo, and she had explained over the phone that she was a ballet student, estranged from her parents and in desperate need of money. The manager gave a silent groan at the sight of Margo, who looked like a child molester's dream—not a day over fourteen. She was petite, with long brown hair that reached halfway down her back. She wore glasses across her young and pretty face, and when she spoke her Pollyanna voice suited her. Margo was the sort of girl who worked in the library in the ninth grade. An untouchable virgin.

He led her into a private room, and after ascertaining her age, reread the speech he had given over the phone, explaining that the work at this studio involved masturbating and performing fellatio on men as well as giving them a rubdub. She listened quietly, occasionally giving a reassuring nod or looking a bit impatient. He told her to undress. She sprang up, and in a flash of flying fingers was nude. She stood in front of him with arms outstretched, as if to say "Here it is!"

Her youthful body complemented her face—small budding breasts, a well-rounded muscular ass, and a perfectly symmetrical pubic triangle. The manager observed that he was more anxious than Margo—partially because this was the first time he had tried this casting-couch ritual, partially in anticipation. He undressed and stretched out prone on the massage table; while trying to sound as authoritative and knowledgeable as possible, he coached Margo in massage:

"Now Margo, it's important that you give the customer a feeling you're enthusiastic about what you're doing. It doesn't matter if you have to fake it; just rub energetically as if you *know* what you're doing and like it. Alternate between a vigorous touch and one that just grazes your fingertips over the skin . . . Now run your fingertips along the inside of my thighs, and as you do that you can run your fingers across the balls, as if it were accidental. Oh! . . . That's it!" Margo responded to all of his instructions with terse affirmatives. She was a matter-of-fact person, detached throughout the interview.

The manager rolled over displaying a rigid erection, which Margo scrutinized with an objective eye—as one might eye a porterhouse at the local supermarket. He continued, "Okay, Margo, if the guy doesn't prop-

osition you after about fifteen minutes, just roll him over and begin the same treatment on his front. It doesn't matter if he might have a hard-on as I do; just start massaging his shoulders and work your way down—avoiding his cock." Several minutes later, at the limit of his endurance, he told her that it was time for some "head." "Head?" she asked. "Well, yeah," he said, "I told you that the job involved hand-jobs and blow-jobs." "O-o-o-h! A *blow-job!*" And quick as a wink she engulfed his phallus in her mouth and began to suck him with inexperienced, short movements. While she blew him, she stood stooped over the low massage table. He suggested she sit down but she signaled "no" with her head, although it remained glued to his cock. He couldn't resist fondling her genitals, which delivered a sizable quantity of lubricant onto his fingers, but again she signaled "no." When he came it was one of those special orgasms that can hardly be felt traveling up the urethra, but once there seems to explode in a steady stream barely spaced by pulsations. Margo took half the ejaculate in her mouth and then, looking up, she spat it out as if poisoned. "Ugh!" she said, "you should have told me you were coming!" Then with a pensive distant look in her eyes, as if she were rhetorically undertaking his defense, she continued, "But then I *should* get used to that."

Masseuses are recruited multifariously, often through ads in the college and underground press or, in large cities, theatrical trade papers. Sometimes an employment agency will refer girls who are attractive and amenable to the idea and who lack conventional employment skills. Girls also find their way in amazing numbers into massage parlors through curiosity and word of mouth.

Parlor girls are liable to run the gamut from those who have never hooked before, and would not consider prostitution in any of its other forms, to ex-call girls and streetwalkers seeking sanctuary. Massage parlors offer their employees the opportunity to earn considerable money for simple acts of detached sex in an atmosphere of relative dignity and security. The masseuse is insulated by the "communal spirit" that prevails at most studios, and usually there is a male manager present to handle unruly types. Moreover, there is the knowledge that a masseuse's function is at least quasi-legal.

All this aside, the primary reason that most girls take up the calling is rather obvious —money. Depending on various factors, a masseuse can expect to earn anywhere from $200 to upwards of $1,000 a week, and the only real qualification is attractiveness. It's a tempting proposition, and most women become masseuses because it's the easiest and quickest way to make good money. Howeve., there are other, more subtle, considerations. Many a masseuse has told me that she'd always harbored prostitution fantasies but would never have dreamed of becoming an out-and-out hooker. For such a girl, the modest sex and security of a massage parlor offer an acceptable compromise. Then, too, many women find that masturbating and blowing men for money serves as a form of revenge for the catcalls, propositions, and other indignities they suffer daily at the hands of street-corner virility cripples. There *is* a sense of detached power and control that comes from taking a man in a state of frothing, aggressive lust and masturbating him through a climax into jelly-like submission. Other girls find ego satisfaction in the simple knowledge that men will pay them for sex.

Many women find a sense of power and control in masturbating a man into a state of jelly-like submission—a form of revenge for the catcalls, propositions, and other indignities they suffer at the hands of street-corner virility cripples.

Women working at massage parlors range from the unlikely to the conventional. Nancy, for instance, is a college student, eighteen years old and out on a lark. She's refined, extremely intelligent, and from an upper-middle-class family capable and willing to satisfy her every material whim. However, she wants to "earn my own money"—and satisfy her prostitution fantasies at the same time. Then there is Marguerite, who supports the notion that there is no zealot like a convert. She is a divorced lesbian with a son—in effect a Gay Liberation cheerleader. She wears the symbol of her inversion around her neck on a gold chain and also tattooed on her right hand. She would talk to me about no other subject, but she will *cheerfully* blow any man who comes to her with the price. Sandra, on the other hand, is at once young, beautiful, intelligent, and soulful. If a man were to pass Sandra in the street or meet her at a party, he would never suspect that he could *pay* for her favors. Indeed, her tenure as a masseuse was short-lived; in less than a month she earned enough money to pursue her acting career for a year.

With great frequency, one meets girls like Aida—pathetic, lazy, and greedy, with pure hooker mentalities and a need for the conventional pimp-whore relationship. Aida found her way into a massage parlor, claiming distaste for the street-hustling scene with its pimps, drugs, and violence; but then she set about duplicating that life through self-induced drug hang-ups and relationships with con men who separated her from her money just as fast as the street pimps had.

There are no universal rules governing the massage clientele. They can't be broken down along socio-religious or ethnic lines. Nor can sexual normality be easily defined —at least by anyone who has had an associa-

tion with commercial sex and seen the wild variety of needs displayed by Ph.D.'s and construction workers, piano tuners and steam fitters, rednecks and hippies—most of them well-functioning members of society.

For instance, the manager couldn't understand why from the very beginning they had a run on Hassidic Jews. To see these gentle, bearded men on the street, you wouldn't dream there was a lecher among them. But actually they came in droves; they came in all shapes and sizes, all ages, both affluent and poor—and all somewhat strange. Apparently the first sale of the day is important to these people when they are conducting their own businesses; and when one of them found out that the manager was a Jew and that he would be his first customer that day, he set about bargaining: "No! I will give you ten dollars and that is final! No! I am the *first* customer!" Finally, seeing that the manager wouldn't budge, he started to leave, but halfway out the door he stopped and turned around: "This is your last chance!" Soon another one came in, a man who appeared to be in his mid-thirties, not bad looking but dressed in the usual gloomy black overcoat, with the abbreviated stovepipe hat and the white shirt buttoned to the top without a tie. He timidly pointed to a girl named Sally. Later she told the manager that he had her undress and then followed suit, with a rigid erection popping out of his long underwear. He didn't want a massage; instead he instructed her to lie beside him on the waterbed without touching or looking at him. He had her stare straight up at the ceiling as he was doing, while he fondled her big beautiful breasts. Suddenly he came—untouched by human hands and in total silence. For this encounter he tipped Sally a crisp new one-dollar bill.

The massage-parlor manager sees a handsome businessman tip two masseuses $400 for an hour's time, while a chubby, goggle-eyed kid pays for his session and tips his masseuse with packaged coins. He sees a burly stevedore who dresses in panties and bra, and a public-utilities executive who snarls out insults and obscenities at the girl who is blowing him (later he timidly apologizes, saying, "I read these things in a book, so I thought I'd try it").

People are conditioned to satisfy their sexual drives as neatly and privately as possible, as if sex were less natural than eating or sleeping. Consequently, the average male's demeanor while buying a massage session is a combination of shame and trepidation. If the massage parlor is presided over by a male manager, the customer may feel defensive and show hostility toward this threatening male; or perhaps he may identify with

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the manager in reaction to the "power" of these women who have what he needs. He will sidle up to the manager and *whisper* the usual questions like a conspirator. Or perhaps he will attempt a crack aimed at the masseuses—one of whom he'll soon pay for the privilege of her touch. Spent after a "session," he will beat a hasty, abashed retreat. To a casual observer, it might seem that such a man will never return; but in a week's time he's back again—in a state of exigent lust.

For some men there is an ego stigma involved in "paying for it." Paying for sex reflects upon their masculinity and, by extension, connotes failure. Because this ego-stop is so great, some of them will not use prostitution at all. They cannot accept the notion that sex with a paid partner is healthier than masturbation. They intellectualize that there is more dignity and humanity in masturbation.

Then there is the man who visits a massage parlor for sheer relief from monogamy. He doesn't need or want an affair—or any sort of emotional entanglement outside his marriage—yet he cannot be monogamous. What results is a disproportionate amount of guilt caused by this "cheating" on his wife—as if his interludes at the parlor had any real meaning. His type of preoccupation with discretion borders on the irrational. He constantly seeks reassurance and has nightmares in which he is caught up in a police raid and carted off to the local pokey in his BVD's.

The foregoing is not to say that *all* men in the massage situation suffer from any or all of the above. Many are well adjusted and fully understand their sexual "rights." They become regulars at a massage parlor and assume a natural stance while there. They may establish relationships with the personnel that go beyond the payer-payee syndrome, perhaps investing ten or fifteen minutes in amiable chatter both before *and* after the session. It's a pleasure to observe these men. However, for the majority, some degree of guilt probably exists, and in my opinion this is senseless.

A masseuse often finds herself playing the role of a mother surrogate or an analyst. She is the poor man's confidante. For half the price of a session with a trained psychiatrist, a masseuse will service a man's id *and* his libido—and then toss a massage into the bargain. Men consult their masseuses on business decisions, problems with their children, identity crises, deep-rooted doubts and fears. Relationships of trust are formed and the results are often the same as though the "therapy" were taking place on a leather couch instead of a massage table. Masseuses sometimes get letters from former "patients" in distant places, thanking them and referring back to the revelations they received for fifteen dollars the half-hour.

Massage parlors fill a need. The belief that the day is coming when we will all be sufficiently well adjusted sexually to make commercial sex unnecessary is a utopian wet dream.

The loyalty is often astonishing. Within the period of a few weeks, a man might make five visits to a studio in search of his girl, only to miss her each time; yet he will accept no substitute. The rate of transience is high for some girls—they move from parlor to parlor, bringing with them a few "regulars." Some men will plant themselves in a studio for hours, patiently awaiting the arrival of the chosen one; others will break down and weep at the news that their special masseuse has disappeared.

This loyalty and trust is inspired by the exceptional women who work at massage—and there are plenty of them. Diane, for example, is an exceptional masseuse for several reasons. She is thirty years old—ancient by massage-parlor standards—and she's fat, a fact that she tries to conceal beneath flaring dresses and ballooning maternity fashions. Her face, though both intelligent and pretty, looks older than her age, for she has experienced a lot in life. By conventional standards, Diane is the least physically attractive masseuse among the offerings at the studio; nevertheless, she does well in the competition.

The reason for Diane's popularity lies in her aura; she has an ethereal, calming presence. To her sister masseuses she is a den mother, an arbitrator and a catalyst. Toward many of them she assumes a protective, maternal role. At the same time, she is an expert conversationalist—witty, urbane, and sophisticated (she has a B.S. degree in sociology). For her customers she exudes a warmth and charm that is just what many of them both want and need. Her smile seems to say, "You can rest your weary head right here on me, so come take one of my breasts into your mouth; it's going to be all right." Many of her regulars come to her distraught, enervated, and neurotic; they leave looking dreamy and calm.

Massage parlors fill a need. The belief that the day is coming when we will all be sufficiently well adjusted sexually to make commercial sex unnecessary is a utopian wet dream. The only rational course is to recognize that prostitution between consenting adults is a victimless crime and is necessary for the well-being of a large segment of the population. Authorities decry the violence associated with street prostitution, but official control would eliminate most of this. It is a question of honesty versus hypocrisy.

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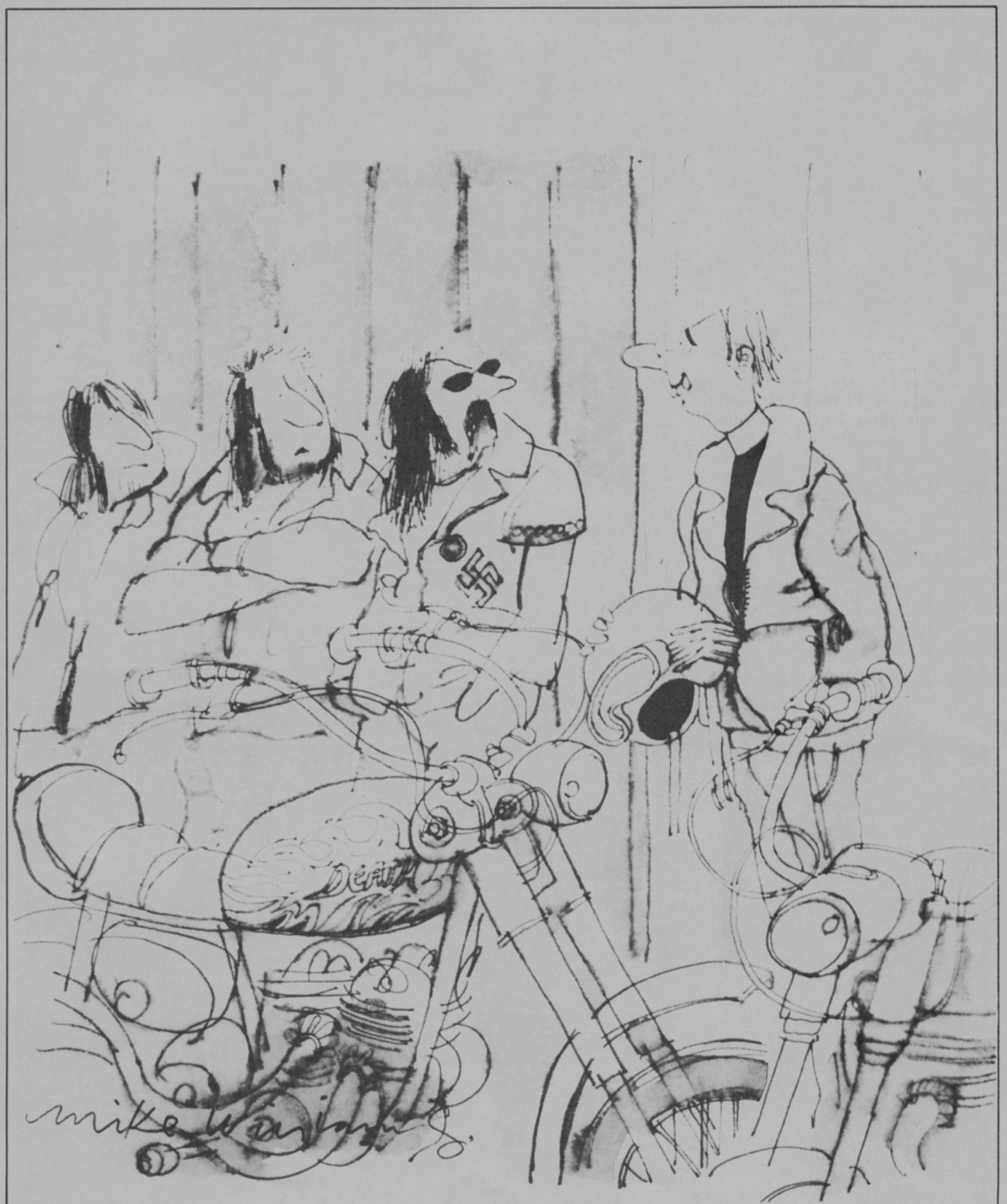


"Thanks for the ride, boys, but under the circumstances I feel I can't accept the invitation to the gang-bang . . . !"

VIETNAM AMNESTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

The Amnesty Board's performance shows that a case-by-case approach is feasible, and this approach is as appropriate now as it was after World War II. The board recognized the diversity of the individuals involved and the variety of emotional and rational commitments that led them to resist the draft or desert. It took all mitigating circumstances into consideration—family problems, illiteracy, lack of understanding of obligations under the law, as well as the individual's intellectual and political convictions. Each man considered by the board had the opportunity either to file a brief or to appear at a hearing to state his case. Testimony was also heard from representatives of religious organizations, citizens' groups, veterans' organizations, and from officials of the armed forces and Selective Service Headquarters. The board reviewed school and work records, criminal records, religious affiliations, nature and circumstances of offenses, punishment imposed, time actually served in confinement, custodial records, and conduct after release.

The Amnesty Board considered almost 16,000 cases, at least two-thirds of which were willful violations, not based on religious scruples or other beliefs. The board found that many cases involved men with criminal records, and it held that these men did not deserve restoration of their civil rights. We may similarly conclude that amnesty for the Vietnam draft dodgers and deserters should not be given to men who deliberately evaded the law for criminal reasons. Such a conclusion argues strongly against a policy of general amnesty.

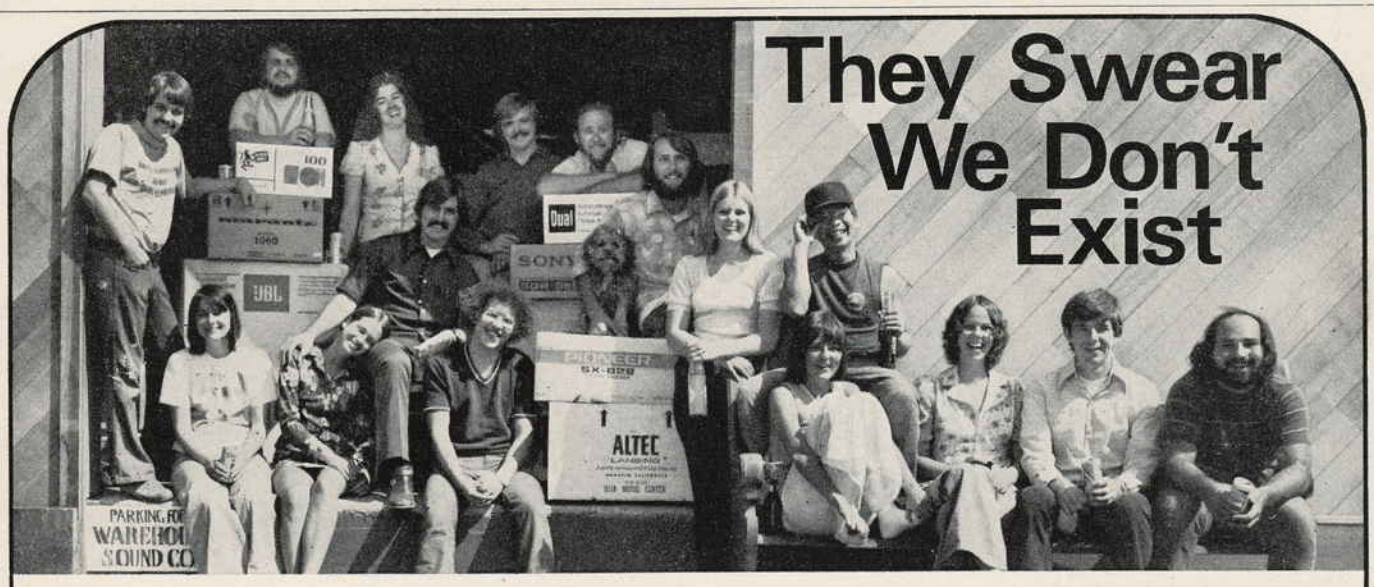
A policy of amnesty modeled on the experience of President Truman's Amnesty Board is a sensible way out of our present predicament. The policy could be modified to provide an alternative to military prosecution for men who were drafted and who subsequently deserted. These people, who in most cases were chewed up by the insensitive military machine, require rehabilitation rather than a dishonorable discharge and twenty years in Leavenworth.

Some proposals for alternative service, such as orderly duty in a VA hospital, might be appropriate for some draftee deserters; but we are likely to find that many of them were so brutalized by the military system that they will need a great deal of help before they can help someone else. The military would not oppose removing the draftee deserter from its jurisdiction. The Pentagon has enough problems raising an all-volunteer army without running an expanded prison system or a social-rehabilitation service.

In considering amnesty for the draftee deserter, we should remember that no nation that has relied on the least able of its citizens to be the cutting edge of its armed forces has been able to survive—let alone enforce its will on other nations. By drafting the poor, the disadvantaged, and the emotionally unfit, we bear considerable responsibility for their desertion.

Creation of an Amnesty Review Board —perhaps with authority to act as well as recommend—would enable a generous nation to extend an offer of compassionate justice. Those who fled could return and tell us why they left, without the fear of an automatic trial and jail sentence. The individual motives that led them to ignore the law are important to the survival of our democratic society. While these young men are not heroes, they may well be the harbingers of a broader, deeper national malaise, of which our reaction to the Vietnam war is only a warning signal. From their individual testimony we may learn something about ourselves and our nation. Just as we should not forget those who fought in Vietnam, we should not forget the draft evaders and deserters. We should be willing to do what is necessary to ensure that those who have been scarred in body or spirit by the Vietnam war are not left to cope with its consequences by themselves. They, too, are our sons, and they require understanding. To give them anything less is to succumb to mindless vengeance.

Alexander Hamilton noted in *The Federalist:* "There are often critical moments, when a well-timed offer of pardon . . . may restore the tranquility of the commonwealth; and which, if suffered to pass . . . may never be possible afterwards to recall." Such a moment is at hand.



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The CJ-5 Renegade (the Super Jeep's official name) is the gentleman of the Jeep line, a cross between a rugged utility vehicle and a passenger car. The Renegade was available only on a limited basis last year, but response was so good that American Motors decided to refine the model and put it on regular production.

The CJ-5 has stronger body mounts; new emission systems to meet 1974 Federal standards; and improved brakes with new drums, linings, and master cylinder. The 232-cubic-inch, six-cylinder engine is standard, with a larger six and a 304-cubic-inch, two-barrel V-8 as options. All three engines can run on regular-grade, low-lead, or no-lead gasoline.

A full syncromesh three-speed transmission is standard equipment. Oddly enough, a four-speed option is available only with the six-cylinder engines. In keeping with its gentlemanly character, the Renegade cannot be ordered with four-wheel drive.

American Motors didn't forget creature comforts when they put together the Renegade package. The interior includes oil and ampere gauges, padded instrument panel, passenger safety rail, dual sun visors, ashtray and lighter, and a roll bar for added safety. The big H78×15 whitewall tires come on stylish, forged wheels.

The Renegade is made more distinctive by special paint (in colors like Renegade Plum and Renegade Yellow), decals, and the new "CJ-5" logo under the Jeep name.

Although the Super Jeep may look soft, its tough specifications read like the rest of the Jeep line. It can turn in a circle whose diameter is thirty-three feet. Ground clearance is eight inches minimum. Combined axle weight ratings are 4,900 pounds, and combined spring ratings are over 5,000 pounds, although the gross weight is only 3,750 pounds.

The short (eighty-four inch) wheelbase provides a cargo area of ten cubic feet—just enough for weekend camping equipment. And the high rear-axle ratios (3.73 to 1 standard, 4.27 to 1 optional) won't give blinding acceleration, but concentrate power at the low, hill-climbing speeds. There's a heavy-duty cooling system to carry the Renegade through the hottest desert sun.

Obviously, American Motors feels that a high, maneuverable, stiffly sprung, and roomy vehicle will carry passengers over rough terrain in a style they can call recreational. O+—H

Photograph by Klaus Lucka

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How many times have you sat back and wished you could return to a particular year or group of years just for the great music that was played. Now for the first, time, E-C Tape takes you back to those years — **1929 all the way up to 1945** — and brings you the greatest music ever recorded. The songs are from name people like **Maurice Chevalier, Sophie Tucker, Tommy Dorsey, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Durante,** and everyone who was someone in the 30's and 40's.

This collection of outstanding music has been assembled to bring you the top **16 songs** of each year, mostly by the people who made them famous. This fabulous collection is available on **records, cassettes, 8 track** tapes, and even **reel-to-reel** tapes for your enjoyment. With today's modern recording techniques, we have remixed these selections to electronically give you the full stereo effect that the recordings of the past could not offer.

Each of these years is available on records at **$5.98 per record** or **$70 for the complete record library, a savings of $25.68. Cassette** and **8 track** tapes are **$6.98 per tape or $90 for the complete library, a savings of $21.68. Reel-to-reel** tapes are available at **$120 per library.** With each library you will receive an absolutely **free, $11.95 value, Ess & Ess wood and vinyl carrying case.** Remember each of these years contains **16 songs** which makes tham an excellent buy as most tapes or records only contain 10 songs or less. Order today as it may not be possible to offer this fabulous collection in the future.

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1929

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Ain't Misbehavin' (J. Teagarden/P Whiteman)
2. Mean To Me (T. Wilson w/Billy Holiday)
3. I'll Get By (Harry James w/Dick Haymes)
4. Button Up Your Overcoat (Ronnie Ogden)
5. Marie (T. Dorsey w/J. Leonard)
6. Me and My Shadow (Jack Smith)
7. Stardust (Martin Gould)
8. Great Day (Peter Knight)
9. Louise (Maurice Chevalier)
10. Some of These Days (Sophie Tucker)
11. I May Be Wrong But (R. Squires w/W. Scott)
12. Tip Toe Thru the Tulips (Terry Baxter)
13. I'll See You Again (Gladys Swarthout)
14. Can't Give You Anything But (Claire Sisters)
15. With a Song in My Heart (Wally Scott)
16. Why Was I Born? (Gogi Grant)

1930

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Embraceable You (T. Dorsey w/Jo Stafford)
2. Strike Up the Band (Peter Knight)
3. My Ideal (Maurice Chevalier)
4. I Got Rhythmn (Glenn Miller)
5. Rockin' Chair (Mildred Bailey)
6. Get Happy (R. Squires w/Wally Scott)
7. Malaguena (First Piano Quartet)
8. Just a Gigolo (Tony Martin)
9. Sunny Side of Street (T. Dorsey/Sentimentalist)
10. Bidin' My Time (J. Blockton w/Lee Roberts)
11. Walking My Baby Back Home (M. Chevalier)
12. Stein Song (Rudy Valee)
13. Body and Soul (Terry Baxter)
14. Because (Richard Crooks)
15. Waltz You Saved For Me (Wayne King)
16. What is This Thing Called Love? (Mel Torme)

1931

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Heartaches (Elmo Tanner)
2. Life Is Just Bowl Of Cherries (M. Chevalier)
3. Paradise (Terry Baxter)
4. Mini the Moocher (Cab Calloway)
5. Blue Skies (Arranged by G. Williams)
6. Of Thee I Sing (Robert Mandell)
7. The Peanut Vendor (Perez Prado)
8. All of Me (Connee Boswell)
9. As Time Goes By (Terry Baxter)
10. Moon Comes Over Mountain(Columbia Orch.)
11. Lady of Spain (Hugo Montenegro)
12. Night Was Made For Love (R. Page w/H. Bowen)
13. Goodnight Sweetheart (R. Nobel w/S. Lanson)
14. Mood Indigo (Duke Ellington)
15. Your's (Xavier Cugat w/Dinah Shore)
16. Dancing In The Dark (Terry Baxter)

1932

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. I've Told Every Little Star (B. Johnson & D. Humel)
2. Brother Can You Spare A Dime? (Rudy Vallee)
3. Willow Weep For Me
4. April in Paris (F. Martin & Elmer Feldkamp)
5. Drums In My Heart (Robert Mandell)
6. Put Out Lights & Sleep (L. Horne w/L. Hayton)
7. I Surrender Dear (Bing Crosby)
8. Mimi (Maurice Chevalier)
9. Speak To Me Of Love (Robert Bentley)
10. The Song Is You (Frank Sinatra)
11. Soft Lights Sweet Music (Wally Scott)
12. How Deep Is The Ocean (E. Fisher w/H. Winterhalter)
13. Getting To Be A Habit (G. Lombardo w/B. Crosby)
14. I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues (L. Armstrong)
15. Night & Day (R. Peterson w/W. Scott)
16. One Hour With You (Maurice Chevalier)

1933

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. I Wanna Be Loved By You (Helen Kane)
2. The Carioca (Hugo Winterhalter)
3. Ever See A Dream Walking? (M. Chevalier)
4. Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? (Ben Bernie)
5. Stormy Weather (Lena Horne)
6. Easter Parade (Peter Knight)
7. Inka Dinka Doo (Jimmy Durante)
8. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes (Terry Baxter)
9. Lover (Terry Baxter)
10. Green Eyed Dragon (John Charles Thomas)
11. Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington)
12. Everything I Have Is Yours (Gene Austin)
13. Heat Wave (Calla Markwell w/R. Ogden)
14. Orchids In The Moonlight (T. Martin w/A. Sandrey)
15. It Isn't Fair (Don Carnell/Sammy Kaye)
16. Temptation (Artie Shaw)

1934

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. You're The Top (Johnson & Williams w/H. Bowen)
2. What A Difference A Day Makes (Frank Hunter)
3. Don't Blame Me (Matt Dennis)
4. Cocktails For Two (S. Jones w/City Slickers)
5. I Get A Kick Out Of You (Hal McIntyre)
6. Very Thought Of You (R. Noble w/S. Lanson)
7. One Night Of Love (Grace Moore)
8. Moon Glow (Ames Bros. w/Sid Ramin)
9. Deep Purple (Terry Baxter)
10. Good Night My Love (E. Fitzgerald w/B. Goodman)
11. Blue Moon (Terry Baxter)
12. All Through The Night (Percy Faith)
13. Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear (Russ Columbo)
14. You & The Night & The Music (Robert Mandell)
15. All I Do Is Dream Of You (Malcalm Lockyer)
16. Solitude (Duke Ellington)

THE BIG BANDS ARE BACK

ALL STEREO

1935

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. I'm In The Mood For Love (Ken Barrige, Johnny Gibbs)
2. My Man's Gone Now (Helen Jepson)
3. East Of The Sun, West Of The Moon
4. Music Goes Round & Round (E. Wright w/T. Dorsey)
5. Summertime (Eleanor Steber)
6. Begin The Beguine (Artie Shaw)
7. Cheek To Cheek (Fred Astaire)
8. Red Sails In The Sunset (V. Monroe w/Moonmaids)
9. Foolish Things Remind Me (B. Goodman w/H. Ward)
10. I Got Plenty Of Nuttin' (Lawrence Tibbett)
11. Moon Over Miami (L. Sherwood w/E. Duchin)
12. A Sweet Mystery Of Life (J. McDonald & N. Eddie)
13. Bess, You Is My Woman Now (L. Tibbett & H. Jepson)
14. You Are My Lucky Star (E. Powell w/T. Dorsey)
15. I'm Through With Love (Sarah Vaughan)
16. It Ain't Necessarily So (Lawrence Tibbett)

1936

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Small Hotel (Jonny Douglas)
2. Whiffenpoof Song (Jonny Douglas)
3. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie (Fats Waller)
4. I Only Have Eyes For You (J. Gibbs w/Dreamers)
5. Is It True What They Say About Dixie (P. Harris)
6. In The Chapel By The Moonlight
7. All My Life (Fats Waller)
8. The Touch of Your Lips (Billy Dan)
9. Indian Love Call (N. Eddy & J. McDonald)
10. Limehouse Blues (Duke Ellington)
11. Pennies From Heaven (Robert Mondel)
12. Dream Boat Comes Home (G. Lombardo w/H. Lombardo)
13. Ponciana (David Rose)
14. Moonlight & Shadows (E. Duchan w/L. Sherwood)
15. I Can't Get Started With You (Bunny Bergan)
16. When I Leave Heaven (G. Lombardo w/C. Lombardo)

1937

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Thanks For The Memories (Terry Baxter)
2. Bei Mir Bist Du Schon (Guy Lombardo)
3. Where Or When (Barbra Streisand)
4. Nice Work, If You Can Get It (F. Carle)
5. My Funny Valentine (Mary Martin)
6. Dipsy Doodle (T. Dorsey w/Edyth Wright)
7. I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (L. Brown)
8. Donkey Serenade (Alan Jones)
9. So Rare (G. Lombardo w/C. Lombardo)
10. Veini, Veini (Rudy Vallee)
11. Once In A While (Tommy Dorsey)
12. Lady Is A Tramp (S. Grover w/R. Mandell)
13. September In Rain (G. Lombardo w/C. Lombardo)
14. Bob White (B. Goodman w/Martha Tellon)
15. Moon Got In My Eyes (H. Kamp w/Bob Allen)
16. That Old Feeling (G. Lombardo w/C. Lambardo)

1938

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. September Song (Walter Huston)
2. Jeepers Creepers (Terry Baxter)
3. One O'Clock (Count Basie)
4. My Heart Belongs To Daddy (Mary Martin)
5. Must Been A Beautiful Baby (M. Chevalier)
6. I Married An Angel (Benny Goodman)
7. Flat Foot Floggie (Benny Goodman)
8. I'll Be Seeing You (Terry Baxter)
9. Music Maestro Please (T. Dorsey w/E. Wright)
10. T. P. Tin (G. Lombardo w/Lombardo Bros.)
11. You Go To My Head ((J. Savitt w/Top Hatters)
12. Any Old Time (Billie Holiday w/W/A. Shaw)
13. My Romance (Adele Lugh w/Richard Benson)
14. My Reverie (Larry Clinton w/Bae Wain)
15. Change Partners
16. This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)

1939

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Lara's Theme
2. Three Little Fishes (Kay Kyser)
3. If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
4. Do I Love You? (A. Shaw/Helen Forrest)
5. Sent Yesterday Here Today (J. Mercer w/B. Goodman)
6. God Bless America (Kate Smith)
7. Frenesi (Artie Shaw)
8. Over The Rainbow (Hill Bowsen)
9. Beer Barrel Polka (Glahe Musette Orchestra)
10. Never Smile Again (T. Dorsey F. Sinatra, Pied Pipers)
11. All The Things You Are (J. Leonard w/T. Dorsey)
12. South Of The Border (Sons Of The Pioneers)
13. My Prayer (Lanny Ross)
14. Wishing (Skinney Ennis)
15. Day In Day Out (H. Forrest w/A. Shaw)
16. Lamp Is Low (G. Miller w/Ray Eberle)

1940

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Fools Rush In (T. Dorsey w/F. Sinatra)
2. Stouthearted Men (Nelson Eddy)
3. Cabin in The Sky (Ethel Waters)
4. Songs My Mother Taught Me (J. Dragonette)
5. I Hear A Rhapsody (C. Barnet w/Bob Carroll)
6. There I Go (Vaughn Monroe)
7. Yes, My Darling Daughter(Dinah Shore)
8. The Last Time I Saw Paris (Lanny Ross)
9. We Three (Bob Chesler w/Delores O'Neill)
10. Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller)
11. All or Nothing At All (F. Martin w/C. Rogers)
12. Taking Chance on Love (S. Kaye w/3 Kadets)
13. You Stepped Out Of A Dream (Catrina Valenia)
14. When You Wish Upon A Star (Frank Barber)
15. Nearness Of You (L. Clinton w/H. Sontlew)
16. Make Beautiful Music (Buddy Clark w/W. King)

1941

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Heart Of Texas (A. Ray w/B. Schalen & S. Herfurt)
2. Buckle Down, Winsocki (James Waker)
3. I Cover The Waterfront (Artie Shaw)
4. Don't Walk Without You (A. Shaw w/Paula Kelly)
5. Take The A Train (Duke Ellington)
6. Dancing In The Dark (Arti Shaw)
7. Bewitched (Wally Scott)
8. Jersey Bounce (Benny Goodman)
9. There! I've Said It Again (Vaughn Monroe)
10. Chattanooga Choo-Choo (Glenn Miller)
11. White Cliffs Of Dover (Ken Barrie)
12. This Love Of Mine (Tommy Dorsey & Frank Sinatra)
13. Blues In The Night (Dinah Shore)
14. The Hut Sut Song (Freddy Martin & Eddie Stone)
15. How High The Moon (Terry Baxter)
16. Don't Take Your Love For Me (The Three Suns)

1942

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Paper Doll (Johnny Gibbs)
2. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle (Freddy Martin w/C. Rogers & S. Wade)
3. Sleepy Lagon (Tommy Dorsey)
4. Juke Box Saturday Night (The Modernaires, w/G. Miller)
5. Serenade In Blue (G. Miller & R. Eberle)
6. Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe (W. Herman & F. Wayne)
7. When The Lights Go On Again (Vaughn Monroe)
8. Warsaw Concerto (F. Martin w/J. Fina)
9. That Old Black Magic (Terry Baxter)
10. Day Break (D. Haymes & T. Dorsey)
11. My Devotion (Charlie Spevak & Garry Stevens)
12. Rose O'Day (F. Martin & E. Stone)
13. Strip Polka (A. Rey w/Four King Sisters)
14. Tangerine (V. Monroe)
15. Perdido (Duke Ellington)
16. There Are Such Things (Frank Sinatra & Tommy Dorsey)

1943

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Speak Low (C. Markwell w/Ronne Ogden)
2. For Me And My Gal (A. Lymer, Calif. w/Bill Sherman)
3. A Pink Cocktail For A Blue Lady (G. Miller, Skip Nelson)
4. Kansas City (Lee Dixon & Male Chorus)
5. Manhattan Serenade (T. Dorsey, J. Stafford)
6. Mairzy Doats (Four King Sisters)
7. People Will Say We're In Love (A. Drake & J. Roberts)
8. Besame Mucho (Andy Russell)
9. Holiday For Strings (David Rose)
10. Dearly Beloved (A. Rey & Bill Schaller)
11. Oh, What A Beautiful Morning (Alfred Drake)
12. Moonlight Mood (G. Miller & Skp Nelson)
13. The Surrey With The Fringe On Top (A. Drake)
14. Let's Get Lost (G. Miller w/Ray Eberle)
15. It's Always You (Teddy Powell w/Peggy Mann)
16. Oklahoma (Alfred Drake & Joan Roberts)

1944

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. Sentimental Journey (Hal McIntyre)
2. Rum And Coca Cola (Vaughn Monroe)
3. It Had To Be You (Earl Himes w/Madeline Green)
4. Strange Music (Johnny Douglas)
5. San Fernando Valley (Four King Sisters)
6. There Goes That Song (S. Kaye & Nancy Norman)
7. Ac-cent-Chu-ate The Positive (A. Shaw w/I. Lynn)
8. I Love You (Wally Scott)
9. Dance With A Dolly (Tony Pastor)
10. Blue Rain (G. Miller w/Ray Eberle)
11. Lili Marlene (Marlene Dietrich)
12. Don't Fence Me In (Roy Rogers)
13. You Hurt The One You Love (S. Kaye w/B. William)
14. I'm Makin' Believe (H. McIntyre & Ruth Gaylor)
15. I Dream Of You (T. Dorsey w/F. Stewart)
16. Twilight Time (The Three Suns)

1945

SONGS (ARTIST)

1. It's Been A long Time (H. James w/K. Kallen)
2. Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe (Dorsey-Sentimentalists)
3. Linda (Buddy Clark)
4. Till The End Of Time (Perry Como)
5. And The Angels Sing (Benny Goodman)
6. June Is Busting Out All Over (Peter Knight)
7. Boo Hoo (G. Lombardo w/Lombardo Bros)
8. Old Lamp Lighter (S. Kaye w/B. Williams)
9. Grand Night For Singing (James Marten)
10. Pennsylvania 6-5000 (Glenn Miller)
11. If I Loved You (M. Moser, R. Preston w/R. Mandell)
12. Laughing On Outside (S. Kaye w/B. Williams)
13. Symphony (Freddy Martin w/Clyde Rogers)
14. The Gypsy (S. Kaye w/Mary Morton)
15. Goody Goody (B. Goodman w/Helen Ward)
16. La Vie Eu Rose (Edith Piaf)

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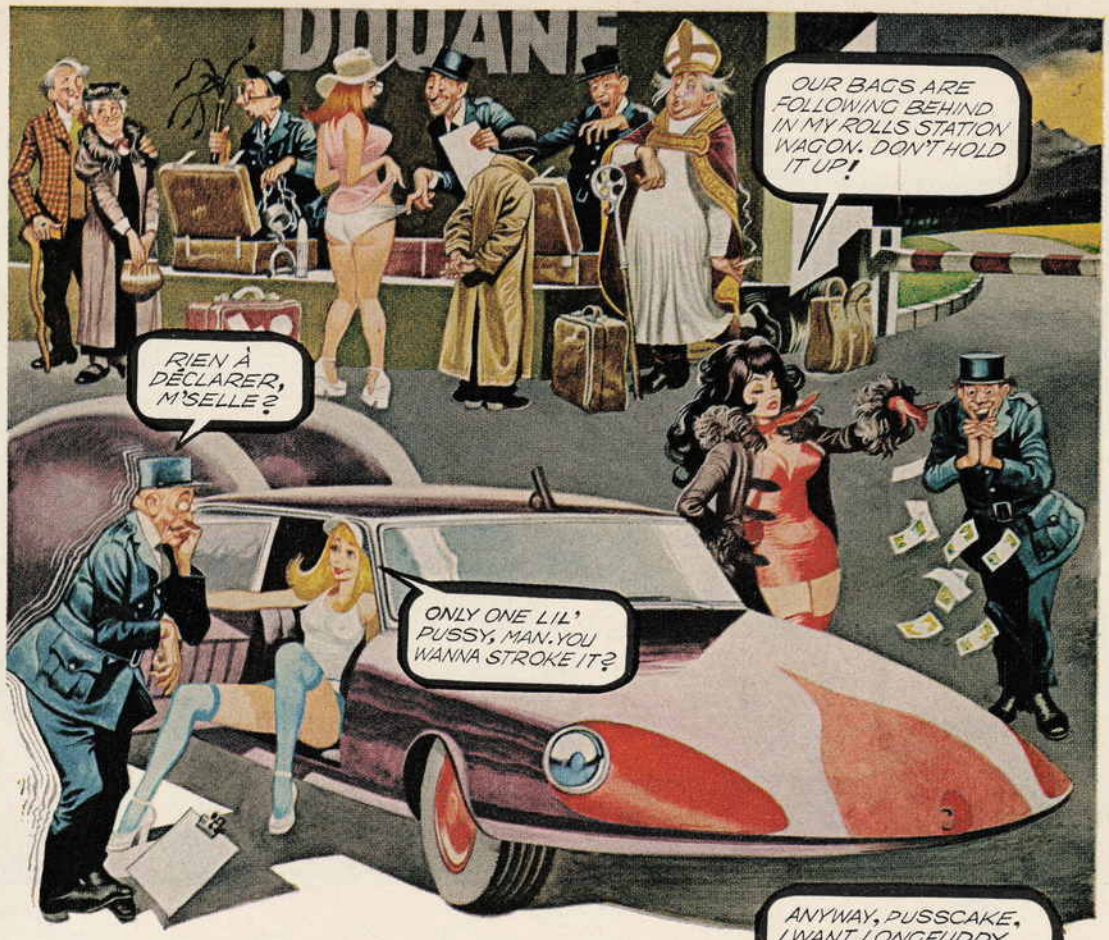
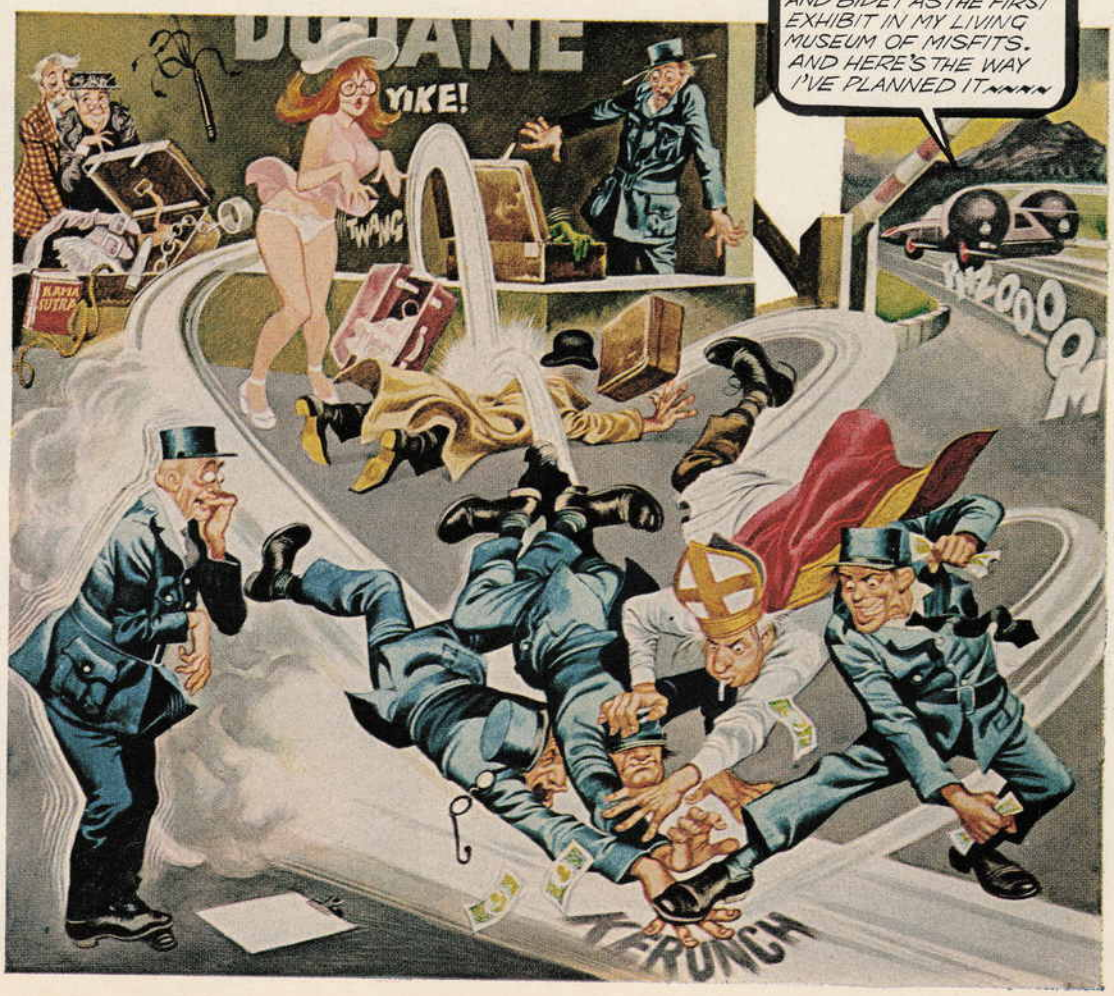
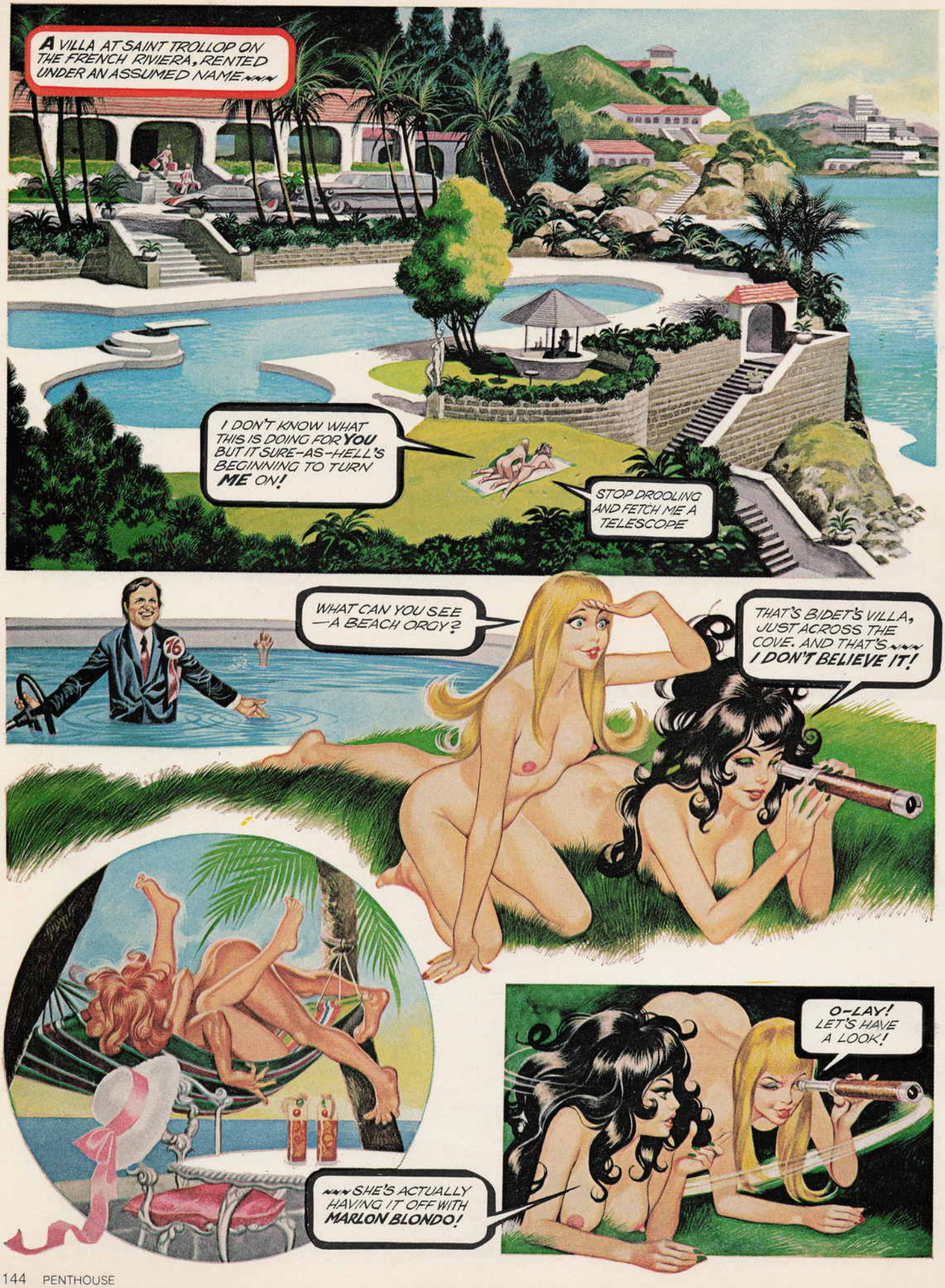
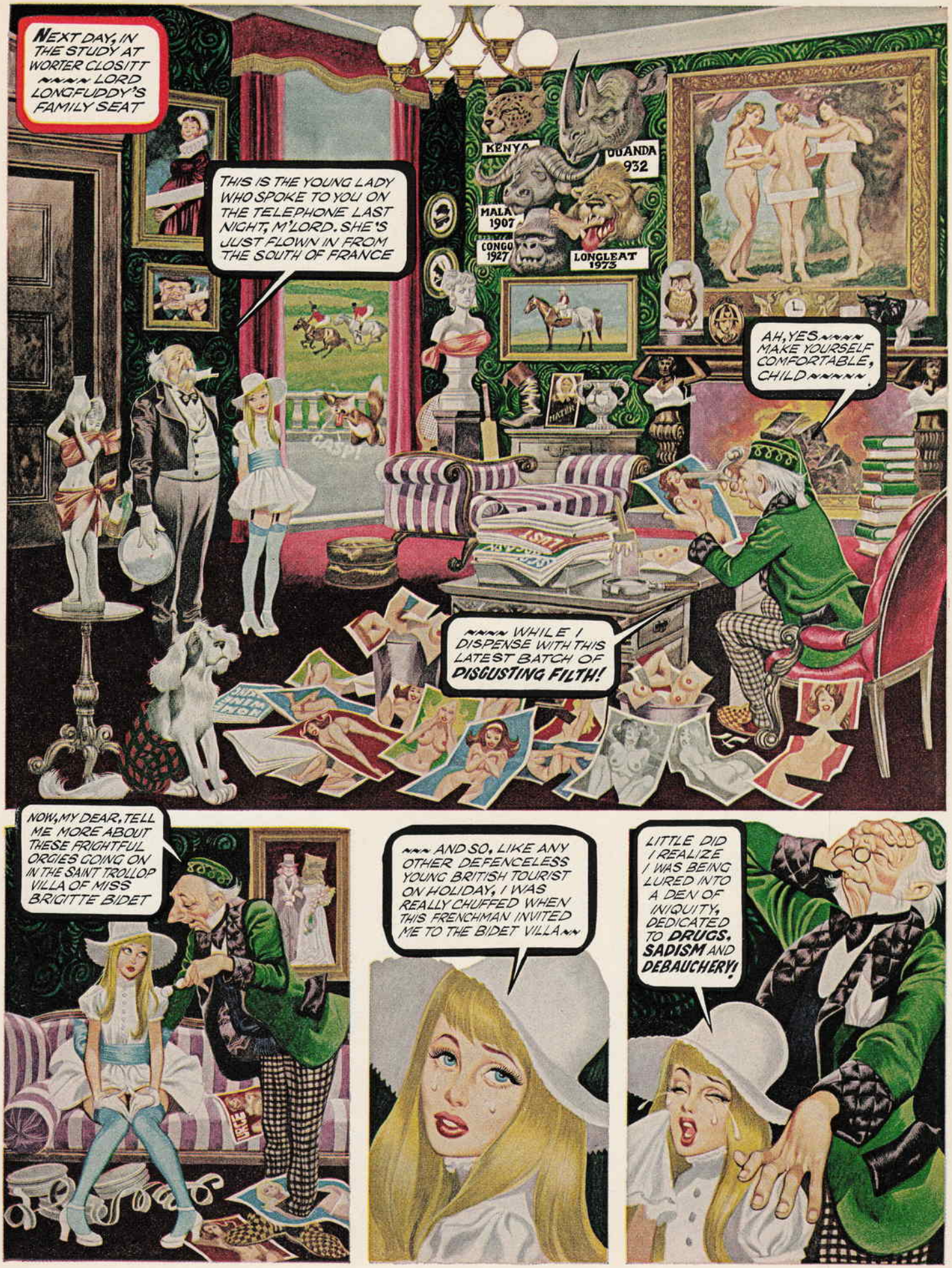
IT'S ALL THERE IN THAT INTERNATIONAL EDITION OF THE HERALD TRIBUNE, CANDYFLOSS ~~ UNDER THE HEADING "LORD LONGFUDDY LICKS BRIGITTE BIDET IN FILM BAR"
SOME SELF-APPOINTED BRITISH PORNOPHOBE, THANKS TO HIS LORDSHIP, BIDET'S LATEST PICTURE, "BLOW ME SENSELESS" HAS BEEN BANNED FROM THE CINEMAS ~~~~~
SO B.B GETS LICKED. SO WHAT ELSE ISN'T NEW? ANYWAY, WHO'S THIS LONGFUDDY CAT?
~~~~ SHE'S HOPPING MAD AT HIM ~~ WHICH IS WHERE WE COME IN!
THAT'S REAL JUICY, BOO'FUL. FILL ME IN SOME MORE!
FKU2
OOOOOM
~~~~

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON


DOUANE
OUR BAGS ARE FOLLOWING BEHIND IN MY ROLLS STATION WAGON. DON'T HOLD IT UP!
RIEN À DÉCLARER, M'SELLE?
ONLY ONE LIL' PUSSY, MAN. YOU WANNA STROKE IT?


DOUANE
YIKE!
TWANG
KAMA SUTRA
ANYWAY, PUSSCAKE, I WANT LONGFUDDY AND BIDET AS THE FIRST EXHIBIT IN MY LIVING MUSEUM OF MISFITS. AND HERE'S THE WAY I'VE PLANNED IT
VROOOOM
KERUNCH


A VILLA AT SAINT TROLLOP ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA, RENTED UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS DOING FOR YOU BUT IT SURE-AS-HELL'S BEGINNING TO TURN ME ON!
STOP DROOLING AND FETCH ME A TELESCOPE
WHAT CAN YOU SEE —A BEACH ORGY?
THAT'S BIDET'S VILLA, JUST ACROSS THE COVE. AND THAT'S... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
...SHE'S ACTUALLY HAVING IT OFF WITH MARLON BLONDO!
O-LAY! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!


NEXT DAY, IN THE STUDY AT WORTER CLOSITT ~~~~ LORD LONGFUDDY'S FAMILY SEAT
THIS IS THE YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE TO YOU ON THE TELEPHONE LAST NIGHT, M'LORD. SHE'S JUST FLOWN IN FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE
KENYA
UGANDA 1932
MALA 1907
CONGO 1927
LONGLEAT 1975
AH, YES~~~~ MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, CHILD~~~~.
~~~~ WHILE I DISPENSE WITH THIS LATEST BATCH OF DISGUSTING FILTH!
NOW, MY DEAR, TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE FRIGHTFUL ORGIES GOING ON IN THE SAINT TROLLOP VILLA OF MISS BRIGITTE BIDET
~~~ AND SO, LIKE ANY OTHER DEFENCELESS YOUNG BRITISH TOURIST ON HOLIDAY, I WAS REALLY CHUFFED WHEN THIS FRENCHMAN INVITED ME TO THE BIDET VILLA~~~
LITTLE DID I REALIZE I WAS BEING LURED INTO A DEN OF INIQUITY, DEDICATED TO DRUGS, SADISM AND DEBAUCHERY!

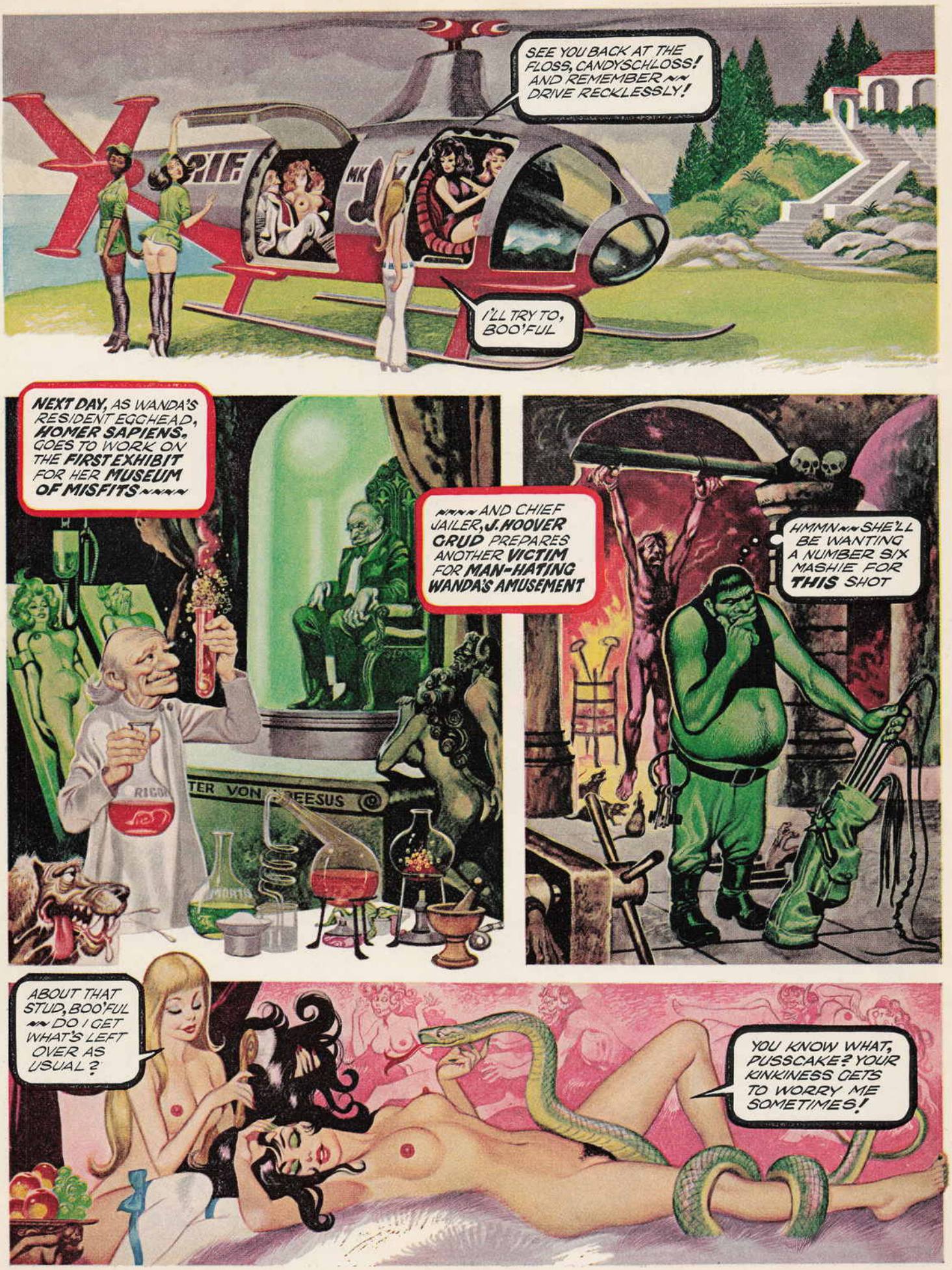
AS CANDYFLOSS, REACHING THE END OF HER PITEOUS TALE, FLINGS HERSELF SOBBING INTO LORD LONGFUDDY'S LAP.....
SOB!
SOB!
SAY NO MORE, MY POOR CHILD.....
.....YOU AND I SHALL FLY OUT IMMEDIATELY AND PUT AN END TO THIS BESTIAL HORROR!
LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY
MEANTIME..... BACK AT SAINT TROLLOP.....
PERFECT! NOW THEY'RE HAVING IT OFF ON A FLOATING LILO! YOU MEN ALL SET TO GO?
YOU LEAD, COMMANDER! WE FOLLOW!

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE STUD, TOO, WHILE WE'RE ABOUT IT. HE'LL MAKE GOOD SPORT FOR ME, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS
COUGH!
GASP!

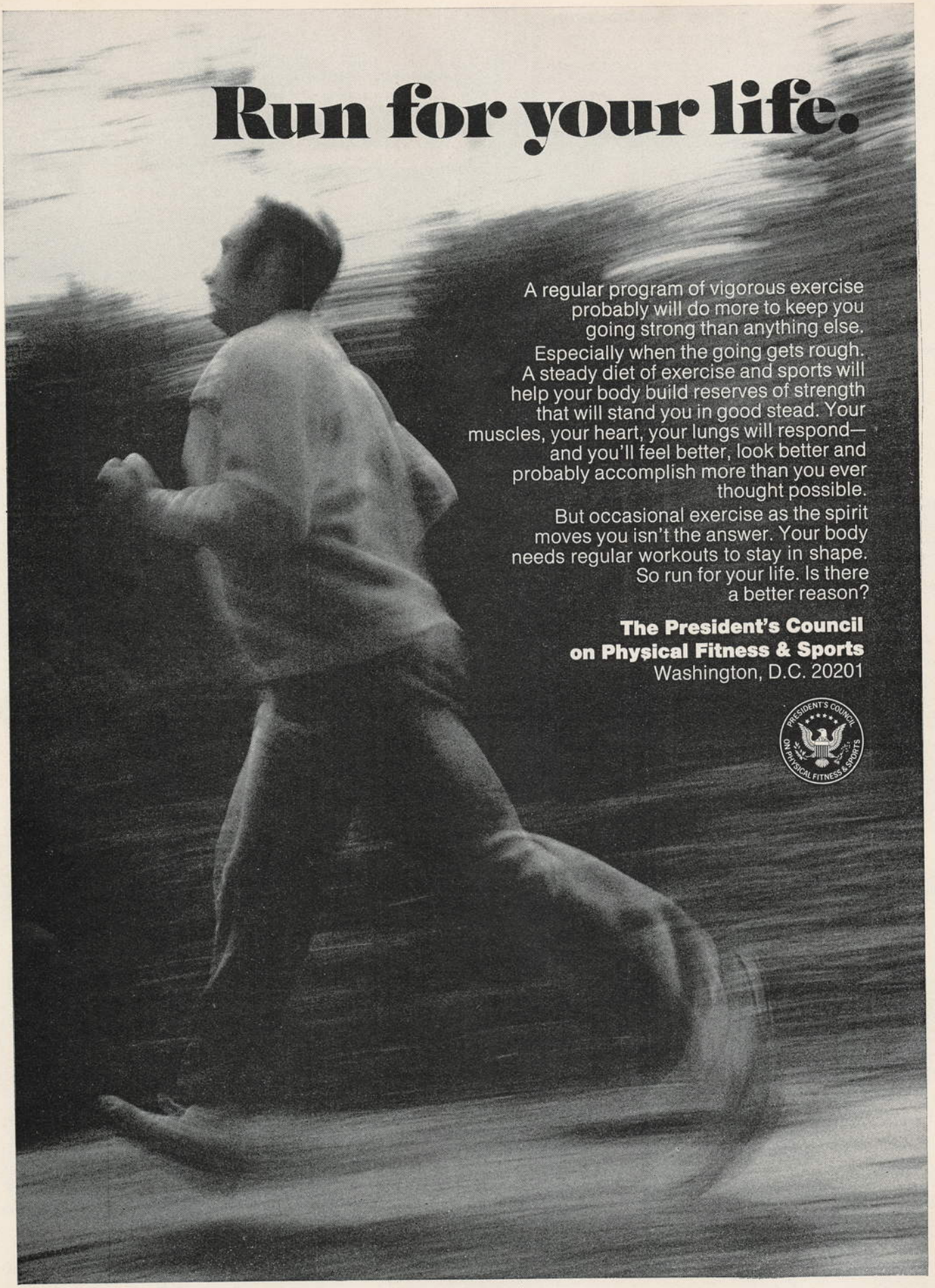
THE VILLA ~~~ LATE THAT NIGHT
SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING, MY LORD, TO THAT INNOCENT YOUNG TOURIST!
LIKE, IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, MAN~~~
WAIT HERE, CHILD! I'M GOING IN!
CHERIE! AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
HELP! THE BRITISH CONSUL WILL BE TOLD ABOUT THIS!
I AM THE BRITISH CONSUL — DAHLING!

DESIST, I SAY! UNHAND THAT POOR CREATURE!

SPLAT


SEE YOU BACK AT THE FLOSS, CANDYSCHLOSS! AND REMEMBER ~~ DRIVE RECKLESSLY!
I'LL TRY TO, BOO'FUL
NEXT DAY, AS WANDA'S RESIDENT EGGHEAD, HOMER SAPIENS, GOES TO WORK ON THE FIRST EXHIBIT FOR HER MUSEUM OF MISFITS ~~~~
~~~~ AND CHIEF JAILER, J. HOOVER CRUD PREPARES ANOTHER VICTIM FOR MAN-HATING WANDA'S AMUSEMENT
HMMN ~~ SHE'LL BE WANTING A NUMBER SIX MASHIE FOR THIS SHOT
ABOUT THAT STUD, BOO'FUL ~~ DO I GET WHAT'S LEFT OVER AS USUAL?
YOU KNOW WHAT, PUSSCAKE? YOUR KINKINESS GETS TO WORRY ME SOMETIMES!
~~~~

HEARD THAT YOU AND BIDET SHARE A SECRET LOVE NEST ON THE CHAMPS ELYSEE ~~ WELL, CONSIDER THIS YOUR LAST TANGLE IN PARIS, MR BLONDO!
A MASTERPIECE, HOMER! HOW LONG WILL THEY STAY FROZEN?
UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO RESUSCITATE THEM. OUGHT TO BE A REAL GIGGLE, HEIN?
THE INJECTIONS WORKED PERFECTLY, MISS WANDA. CARE TO TAKE A LOOK AT OUR FIRST EXHIBIT?
RESERVED
SIGH!
BEHOLD THE COMING OF THE LORD!
A PERFECT ENDING TO A PERFECT DAY, WANDA HONEY~~~
~~ BUT WHAT HORRENDOUS, CRIMINALLY PATHOLOGICAL AND SENSELESSLY DELICIOUS CAPER ARE YOU COOKING UP FOR OUR NEXT BIG NUMBER?
SOMETHING, MY LITTLE FRUITCAKE, THAT MIGHT SURPRISE EVEN YOU~~~~~~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But occasional exercise as the spirit moves you isn't the answer. Your body needs regular workouts to stay in shape.
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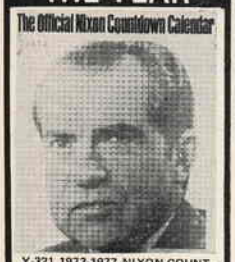
N-20 Cancer Cures Smoking

N-17 Show Nixon the Gate

POSTER OF THE YEAR



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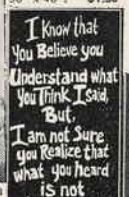
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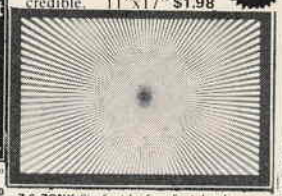

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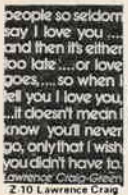
people so seldom say I love you ... and then it's either too late ... or love goes, ... so when I tell you I love you, ...it doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to.
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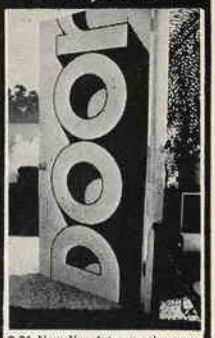

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Y-183	Y-188	Y-189	Y-190	Y-194
Y-197	Y-205	Y-255	Y-261	Y-263
Y-267	Y-271	Y-272	Y-273	Y-277
Y-278	Y-288	Y-291	Y-304	Y-312
Y-316	Y-317	Y-319	Y-320	Y-321
Y-323	Y-324	Y-325	Y-331	Y-334
Y-336	Y-337	Y-340	Y-342	Y-343
Y-344	Y-345	Y-346	Y-500	Y-503
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CHOCOLATE BAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

up and living and going to bed with Swiss delights and temptations out of Hershey, Pennsylvania; or how to chew the dark skin off the exterior of a Clark Bar and keep the caramel and textured interior for special shocks and celebrations; how the soul asked, and the tongue demanded, and the stomach accepted, and the blood danced to the drive of Power House, the promise of Love Nest, the delivery of Butterfinger; but most of all, the voice described the sweet African murmuring of dark chocolate between the teeth, tinting the gums, flavoring the palate so that you muttered and whispered and murmured pure Congo, Zambesi, Chad in your sleep.

. And the more the voice talked, as the days and the weeks passed, and as the old priest listened, the lighter became the burden on the other side of the grille. Father Malley knew, without looking, that the flesh enclosing the voice was raining and falling away. The tread was less heavy. The confessional did not cry out in such huge alarms when the body entered next door. And the smell of chocolate was truly fading and almost gone.

And it was the loveliest summer the old priest had ever known.

Once, years before, when he was a young priest, a thing had happened that was much like this, in its strange, special way.

A girl, no more than sixteen by her voice, had come to whisper each day from the time that school let out to the time in autumn when school renewed.

For all of that long summer he had come as close as a priest might to an alert affection for that whisper and that dear voice. He had heard her through her July attraction, her August madness, and her September disillusion, and when she went away forever in October in tears, he wanted to cry out: Oh, stay! Marry me!

But I am the groom to the brides of Christ, another voice whispered. And he had *not* run forth, that very young priest, into the traffics of the world.

Now, nearing sixty, the young soul within him sighed, stirred, recalled, and compared that old and shopworn memory with this new, somehow funny yet sad encounter with a lost soul whose love was not summer madness for girls in dire swimsuits, but for chocolate unwrapped in secret and devoured in stealth.

"Father," said the voice, late one afternoon. "It has been a fine summer."

"Strange you would say that," said the priest. "I have thought so myself."

"Father, I have something really awful to confess to you."

"I'm beyond shocking, I think."

"Father, I am not from your diocese."

"That's all right."

"And father, forgive me, but, I. . . .

"Go on."

"I'm not even Catholic."

"You're *what!*" cried the old man.

"I'm not even Catholic, father. Isn't that awful?"

"Awful?"

"I mean, I'm sorry, truly I am. I'll join the Church, if you want, father, to make up."

"Join the Church, you idiot?" shouted the old man. "It's too late for that! Do you know what you've done? Do you know the depths of depravity you've plumbed? You've taken my time, bent my ear, driven me wild, asked advice, needed a psychiatrist, argued religion, criticized the Pope, if I remember correctly, and I *do* remember, used up three months, eighty or ninety days, and now, now, *now* you want to join the Church and 'make up'?"

"If you don't mind, father."

"Mind! Mind!" yelled the priest, and he fell into a ten-second apoplexy.

He almost tore the door to run around and seize the culprit out into the light. But then:

"It was not all for nothing, father," said the voice from beyond

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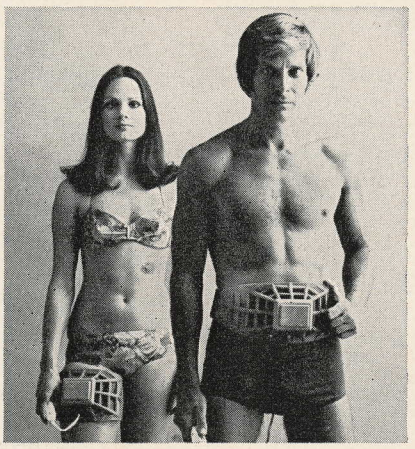

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the confessional grille.

The priest grew quiet.

"For you see, father, God bless you, you have helped me."

The priest grew very quiet.

"Yes, father, oh bless you indeed, you have helped me so very much, and I am beholden," whispered the voice. "You haven't asked, but don't you guess? I have lost weight. You wouldn't believe the weight I have lost. Eighty, eighty-five, ninety pounds. Because of you, father. I gave it up. I gave it up. Take a deep breath. Inhale."

The priest, against his wish, did so.

"What do you smell?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, father, nothing! It's gone. The smell of chocolate and the chocolate with it. Gone. Gone. I'm free."

The old priest sat, not knowing what to say; he felt a peculiar itching in his eyelids.

"You have done Christ's work, father, as you yourself must know. He walked through the world and helped. You walk through the world and help. When I was falling, you put out your hand, father, and saved me."

Then a most peculiar thing happened.

Father Malley felt the tears burst from his eyes. They brimmed over. They streaked along his cheeks. They gathered at his tight lips and untightened them and fell from his chin. He could not stop them. They came, oh Lord, they came like a shower of spring rain after the seven lean years and the drought over—and himself alone, dancing about, thankful, in the downpour.

He heard sounds from the other booth, and though he could not be sure, he somehow felt that the other one was crying, too.

So here they sat, while the sinful world rushed by, here in the sweet incense gloom, two men on opposite sides of some fragile board slattings, on a late afternoon at the end of summer, weeping.

And at last they grew very quiet indeed, and the voice asked anxiously, "Are you all right, father?"

The priest replied at last, eyes shut. "Fine. Thanks."

"Anything I can do, father?"

"You have already done it, my son."

"About . . . my joining the Church. I meant it."

"No matter."

"But it does matter. I'll join. Even though I'm Jewish."

Father Malley snorted half a laugh. "Wha-what?"

"Jewish, father, but an Irish Jew, if that helps."

"Oh, yes!" roared the old priest. "It helps, it helps!"

"What's so funny, father?"

"I don't know but it is, it *is*, funny, funny!"

And here he burst into paroxysms of laughter that made him cry and floodings of tears that made him laugh again, until all mingled in a grand outrush and uproar. The church slammed back echoes of cleansing laughter. In the midst of it all, he knew that when he confessed all this to Father Kelly tomorrow he would be let off easy. A church is washed well and good and fine not only by the tears of sorrow but the clean, fresh-cut meadowbrooms of that self-forgiveness and other-forgiveness which God gave only to man and called laughter.

It took a long while for their mutual shouts to subside, for now the young man had given up weeping and taken on hilarity, too, and the church rocked with the sounds of two men who one minute had done a sad thing and now did a happy one. The sniffle was gone. Joy banged the walls like wild birds flying to be free.

At last the sounds weakened. The two men sat, wiping their faces, unseen to each other.

Then, as if the world knew there must be a shift of mood and scene, a wind blew in the church doors far away. Leaves drifted from trees and fell into the aisles. A smell of autumn filled the dusky air. Summer was truly over.

Father Malley looked beyond to that door and the wind and the leaves moving off and gone, and suddenly, as in spring, wanted to go with them. His blood demanded a way out, but there was no way.

"I'm leaving, father."

The old priest sat up.

"For the time being, you mean."

"No, I'm going away, father. This is my last time with you."

You can't do that! thought the priest, and almost said it.

But instead, he said, as calmly as he could:

"Where are you off to, son?"

"Oh, around the world, father. Many places. I was always afraid, before. I never went anywhere. But now, with my weight gone, I'm heading out. A new job and so many places to be."

"How long will you be gone, lad?"

"A year, five years, ten. Will you be here ten years from now, father?"

"God willing."

"Well, somewhere along the way I'll be in Rome and buy something small but have it blessed by the Pope, and when I come back I'll bring it here and look you up."

"Will you do that?"

"I will. Do you forgive me, father?"

"For what?"

"For everything."

"We have forgiven each other, dear boy, which is the finest thing that men can do."

There was the merest stir of feet from the other side.

"I'm going now, father. Is it true that goodbye means God Be With You?"

"That's what it means."

"Well then, oh truly, goodbye, father."

"And goodbye in all its original meaning to you, lad."

And the booth next to his elbow was suddenly empty.

And the young man gone.

Many years later, when Father Malley was a very old man indeed and full of sleep, a final thing happened to fill out his life. Late one afternoon, dozing in the confessional, listening to the rain fall out beyond the church, he smelled a strange and familiar smell and opened his eyes.

Gently, from the other side of the grille, the faintest odor of chocolate seeped through.

The confessional creaked. On the other side, someone was trying to find words.

The old priest leaned forward, his heart beating quickly, wild with amazement and surprise. "Yes?" he urged.

"Thank you," said a whisper at last.

"Beg pardon . . . ?"

"A long time ago," said the whisper. "You helped. Been long away. In town only for today. Saw the church. Thanks. That's all. Your gift is in the poor box. Thanks."

Feet ran swiftly.

The priest, for the first time in his life, leaped from the booth. "Wait!"

But the man, unseen, was gone. Short or tall, fat or thin, there was no telling. The church was empty.

At the poor box, in the dusk, he hesitated, then reached in. There he found a large 89-cent economy-sized bar of chocolate.

Someday, father, he heard a long-gone voice whisper, *I'll bring you a gift blessed by the Pope.*

This? *This?* The old priest turned the bar in his trembiing hands. But why not? What could be more perfect?

He saw it all. At Castel Gondolfo on a summer noon, with five thousand tourists jammed in a sweating pack below in the dust, and the Pope high up on his balcony waving out the rare blessings, suddenly among all the tumult, in all the sea of arms and hands, one long brave hand held high. . . .

And in that hand a silver-wrapped and glorious candy bar.

The old priest nodded, not surprised.

He locked the chocolate bar in a special drawer in his study and sometimes, behind the altar, years later, when the weather smothered the windows and despair leaked in the doorhinges, he would fetch the chocolate out and take the smallest nibble.

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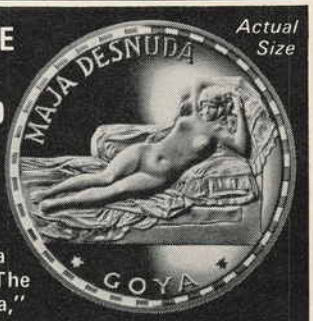
THE NUDE WHO SHOCKED EUROPE



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SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

wore underwear on the set. She often arrived late for filming, preferring to bathe and powder her 39-24-37 body for hours on end—"I like to feel blonde all over," she explained. Her marriages to Jim Dougherty, Joe DiMaggio, and the playwright Arthur Miller all ended in divorce, and she committed suicide in 1962.

mons veneris: Pad of fatty tissue which surmounts a woman's pelvic bone, translated as "mount of Venus." It is most developed during the reproductive years. Around age eleven, pubic hair begins to grow there and is usually well developed by age fourteen. In women, the top of the pubic hair terminates in a straight line, whereas in men it stretches upwards to the navel in an inverted "V"

"Moors Murders," the: A series of brutal child-murders carried out in 1964-65 by Ian Brady and his girl friend Myra Hindley. Called the "Moors Murders," because the murderers buried their victims on the Yorkshire Moors. Brady was the illegitimate son of a waitress, brought up by foster-parents in the Gorbals slum district of Glasgow. By the age of ten, he was already known for his cruelty: he had attacked one boy with a knife and he regularly used to imprison cats and watch them starve to death. Later he was sent to Borstal for stealing. Myra Hindley was apparently more "normal" (though she, too, had been a problem child) and was working as a shorthand-typist when she met Brady. She went to live with him and he introduced her to the works of de Sade: together, in classic *folie à deux* style, they evolved their sadistic scenarios. Their first victims were a twelve-year-old boy and a ten-year-old girl whom they photographed in obscene acts with Brady, and whose screams under torture they tape-recorded and kept. The only other murder for which Brady and Hindley were convicted (though there is little doubt that they also murdered several children whose bodies have never been found) was that of a seventeen-year-old homosexual named Edward Evans. This time Brady's brother-in-law was present, and it was he who finally lost his nerve and went to the police. The trial, in 1965-66, horrified the British public and led to agitation for the restoration of the death penalty. It also provided fuel for the antipornography lobby, who argued that Brady may have been inspired by the many overtly sadistic books in his possession. Yet we know that his sadistic instincts were already fully formed by the age of ten, and it seems more likely that he sought out books which corresponded to his own innate desires.

Mormon patriarch Brigham Young.

Mormons: American religious sect based in Utah and calling itself the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Church was founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith who claimed to have received the Book of Mormon, inscribed on golden plates or leaves, from Moroni, a messenger of God. This, together with the Bible, "so far as it is translated correctly," formed the basis of Mormon teaching. In 1843 Smith announced that he had had a revelation in which God exhorted the Mormons to follow the Biblical precept of Abraham, who had two wives—i.e., to practice polygamy. Smith was assassinated in 1844. Brigham Young then assumed leadership of the Mormons and led them to Utah, where they established a settlement at Salt Lake City. Young married many times. One of his wives, Ann Eliza Webb (who married him when she was twenty-six, and he sixty-eight), decided to write a book about her marriage; she called it *Wife Number 19*, though in fact she was number twenty-seven. When Young died in 1877, he left seventeen surviving wives, fifty-six children, and an estate of $2.5 million. Not surprisingly, the Mormon practice of polygamy—especially between old men and very young women—caused scandal. In 1890 the President of the Church promised Congress that he would use his influence over the "polygs and cohabs" to renounce plural marriage, and some Mormons moved to Mexico to continue polygamy. In 1904 the Church reaffirmed its decision, though polygamous liaisons contracted before the ban were still recognized. Present-day Mormons (who number over three million in the U.S. and comprise 76 percent of the population of Utah) are strictly monogamous.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

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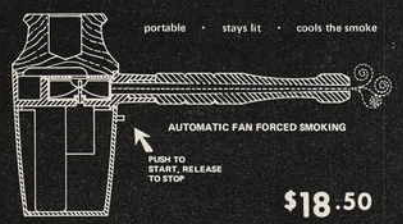

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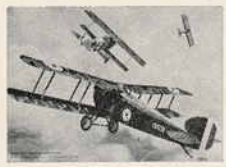

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2733 German Pfalz D XII, British Triplanes

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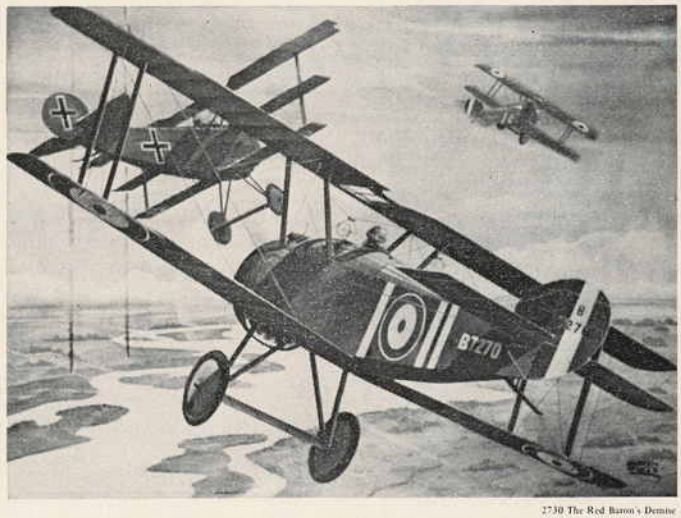

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Son Of The King

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

tables and the largest crystal chandelier I have ever seen.

For the occasion I am wearing my $300 custom-tailored dark brown suit. Joanne wears a plain blue dress. I order a bottle of their most expensive wine and try to determine how she has changed. She seems more relaxed, less nervous. She has put on a little weight, although she is not heavy. Her hair is shorter. But she hasn't lost her appeal, not in the least bit. What made me fall in love with her back then at seventeen is still there. She talks about Kevin and her two kids, I think about how it was before Kevin, when we used to make love at night up under the Whitestone Bridge, about the parties and the dances on Sunday night in the basement of St. Helena's. She talks about their new house; I think about the time I had her on the roof of my building with the pigeons fluttering wildly in the coop behind us, about the senior prom when right here in this room during the last dance, with the lights dim and the blue and red streamers hanging from the chandelier, she whispered that she loved me more than anything else in the world. But I've wised up since then, I'm no dumb-ass kid anymore. I've learned a thing or two about this game. When Kevin showed up back there in 1959 he had everything going for him. Just out of college, a job with IBM, a brand-new Thunderbird, and this really cool way about him. It was no goddamn contest at all. Me, a skinny fucking kid with pimples and round shoulders, my only claim to fame that I could dance better than anyone I knew and at any moment tell you the top forty records in the country, in reverse order. I look across at Joanne. She is talking about the kids in our crowd and who's gotten married and where they all live.

Behind the candles, her eyes are alive with wine. Right now, as if nothing had happened in the last thirteen years, as if she had not thrown me over and married Kevin, as if it was the night of the senior prom again, I want to lean over and run my hands up under her dress. But I don't make a fool of myself twice. After the waiter clears away the remains of the shrimp scampi and the veal scallopini, I lean closer to her.

"Are you happy?" I ask.

"Yes, Johnnie," she says. "I'm happy."

I've got a lot to do. I get out my old clothes from the attic of my mother's house on Gun Hill Road: the cracked black-leather jacket with the silver studs, the pointed-toe boots, the pegged dungarees. I throw away all my faggy flared pants and the bright-colored paisley ties. I begin to put vaseline on my hair again: not a lot, just enough on the sides to pull my hair back a little. With my second week's paycheck I go out and buy a hundred Fifties records to add to my private collection. Some of them are really rare and cost as much as seventy dollars apiece. I figure that these, together with the ones I already have, add up to more than two thousand singles, probably the most complete private collection of Fifties rock in the country. In the living room I have a floor-to-ceiling bookcase built and I use it to stack all my records.

When I get to the studio, the interviewer is already there. He has long, tightly coiled blond hair and wire-rimmed eyes. The photographer is skin-bald with a full black beard. I take off my jacket and shake hands. They're from some new international rock magazine. The photographer asks me to put on my jacket again; he snaps a few pictures.

Wire eyes lights up a joint and flicks on his recorder. "We're particularly interested in knowing why, at a time when there is so much good contemporary rock music around, your show is devoted exclusively to playing the 1950's sound?"

"Very simple," I say. "There wouldn't be any good contemporary rock music if it hadn't been for the music of the Fifties. Chuck Berry and Little Richard and Fats and all the others laid the foundation for all the music that came after. Without them the Beatles or the Stones would never have existed."

He asks me if I think Fifties rock has any other historical or cultural significance. I watch the little box that is recording every word I say, so I try to think carefully what I feel and say it.

"It was different then," I say. "The music was simple and direct, always about loving somebody or losing somebody. You don't get many real love songs anymore. And the music was really innocent, too. Take a line like *go cat go* that comes at the beginning of the guitar solo in 'Blue Suede Shoes.' Or words like:

ooo oo wee
you and me
gonna rock our way
to eternity

It's the way you feel as a kid. When you believe. Nobody'd write lines like that any more."

"On your shows you seem to be greatly influenced by Alan Freed. Do you think he was the greatest American disk jockey?"

For a second I feel sad. "Alan was the first DJ to believe in rock. The first guy who dared to play it on the radio, at a time when people thought it was some kind of disease. He was like a father. When I was in high school I used to listen to him every night while I was doing my homework. It made things easier. My real father liked Cole Porter. I never had very much to say to him...."

Joanne is laughing. Her head is back and her mouth is open, laughing. We are remembering the party I gave when no one came. Dutch Reynolds, the captain of the basketball team, decided to give a party that same

night so everyone went to his house.

"I don't mean to laugh," Joanne says, still laughing. "But you were so depressed. I thought you were never going to recover."

Wincing inside, I remember how I decided to eat all the food and drink all the beer myself. By 9:30 I was smashed. I vomited all over the living room rug.

"It still bothers me," I say.

"Are you serious?" she asks, like she can't believe it.

"Of course," I say.

I take her to the Castle Hill Café where we used to go every Friday night for the first year we dated. It's up at the end of the avenue, right next to the river. You can see the Whitestone Bridge from the lot across the street; on the other side of the river is Long Island.

At this time of the afternoon there's no one inside. The bartender is on a stool at one end of the bar reading the *Daily News*. He doesn't even look up when we come in. The place smells the same as it used to, a combination of Lysol and spilled stale beer. The jukebox still has some of the old songs. I put in a half-dollar and play "A Sunday Kind of Love" by the Harptones six times. At the bar I get two glasses of beer and bring them over to the table.

"What do you do all day?" I ask her. "You must have a lot of time to yourself."

"Well," she says, "in the morning I have to get the kids ready for school. And then there's always washing or cleaning to do. I have to pick the kids up at three o'clock and Kevin's home for dinner by six."

Maybe I don't hear what she says clearly. The beer smells sour and when I taste it it's flat, like I remembered it. Drinking it, with the Harptones singing in the background and Joanne sitting across from me, is like swallowing thirteen years.

"Don't you get bored just doing that?"

"The time goes real quick," she says.

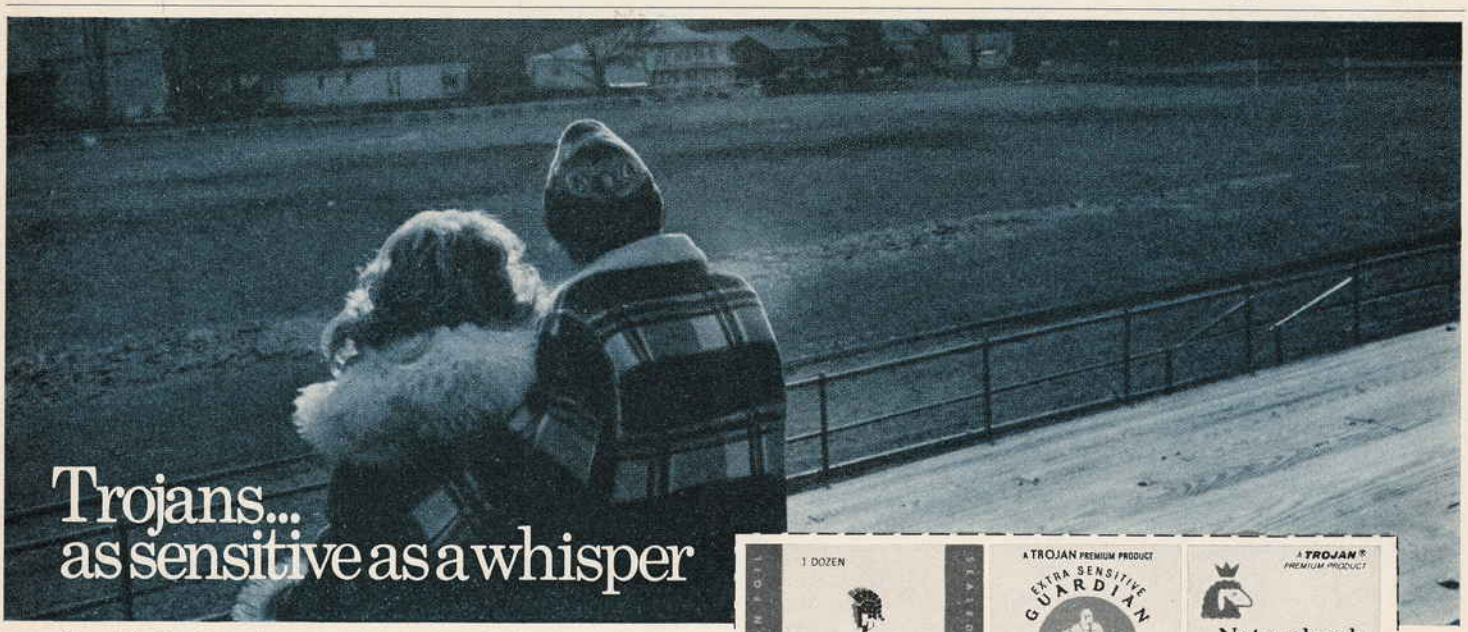
"I'm going to take you back," I say over the air. "I'm going to take you back on the waxen wings of sound to a time and place that exists now only inside yourself. Music can unlock the door, if you let it. Can you remember the June of 1957?"

I play "Teardrops" by Lee Andrews and the Hearts and lean back in my chair in the dark studio and let that June come back to me. It's like looking at old photographs. Those first nights when we went up to Ferry Point to watch the sun go down behind the skyline—and coming back late, making out in the dark basement halls, water dripping from the rusted pipes, the rattle of rats' feet in the other rooms. I want to remember it all, the good *and* the bad, because this time around I've got to be more careful. This time there can't be any mistakes.

With each record comes different memories. Some records bring back feelings that I'd forgotten, others reinforce memories that have never left me. I want to remember every detail, every shade of feeling of those two years when I was happy with Joanne, and I want to recreate Joanne exactly as she was then, before Kevin. That's my ammunition.

When I get home after the show I continue the process. One by one I go through my collection. Sometimes I play the same song five or six times until the memory and feeling is clear. With the lights out and the music on, I look north to the Bronx, where I can just barely make out the loops of green lights on the Whitestone Bridge. It's easier now to remember, during these long slow hours in the hollow of the night, without interruption or distraction, with nothing in the way, each memory opening upon other memories, as I burrow back through the haze of all those wasted years. During these moments in the past, I plot my future. I determine my next move: where I'm going to take her and what I'm going to say or not say, what I'm going to do or not do. You see, I've got to make her see it and feel it like I do. That's my only chance.

I go back to the beginning. To the park where we used to meet during those first days. It is sandwiched between the Lexington Avenue subway and the Cross Bronx Expressway. Gas stations have grown up all around it. But in its own way it is still an escape from the city. I talk about those hot, thick-leaved nights in summer when I would wait for her, looking beyond the trees and benches and pigeons for the first glimpse of her coming down Westchester; and how late at night, after the old men had left, it was an easy place to neck, with



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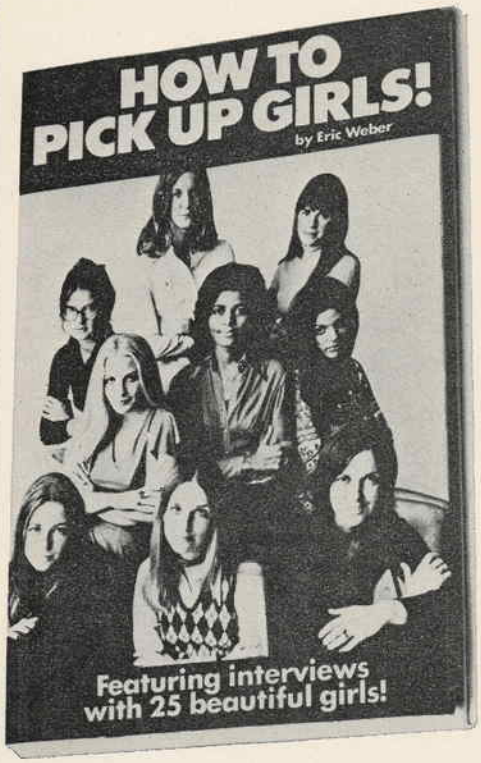

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the subway only going by every fifteen minutes and the red taillights on the Cross Bronx dropping off in the darkness somewhere between Jerome Avenue and the Washington Bridge. We walk up under the El to Sam's to have an egg cream.

"They don't make egg creams in Roanoke," I tell her.

Sam is an old man now. He doesn't remember us. Joanne tells me that his wife died last year. I remember how she never liked us hanging around there because she thought it was bad for business. She was always trying to get Sam to open a restaurant in Westchester.

On a warmer day I take her up to Orchard Beach. Overhead the sky is March gray and the water blowing in from Long Island is the color of slate. The sand flattens out ahead of us all the way to Hunter's Island. I tell her I can remember how nice she looked that summer in her yellow bathing suit with the sun shining on her back.

"You looked nice, too," she says, without looking at me.

"Listen to my show tonight," I tell her before I drop her off.

On my show that night I play the songs from the summer: "Could This Be Magic" by the Dubs, "Over the Mountain" by Johnnie and Joe, "Silhouettes" by the Rays, "That'll Be the Day" by Buddy Holly and the Crickets. For five solid hours I play the songs that came over Joanne's portable radio that summer on the beach, when we lay in the sand amid the squabble of Puerto Rican voices, the clash of other radios, and further away, faint but steady, the lapping of the grayish water of the Sound as it touched the shore.

I take her to the Bronx Zoo and the Botanical Garden, and once we even drive out to the Brooklyn Fox where Alan used to have his Christmas shows. They've torn it down since then. Now there's a municipal building in its place. But apart from things like that, which just can't be helped, everything we do follows the progress of that summer, when I left everything behind but Joanne and the music we listened to and was completely happy for the first time in my life.

Once we drive up to Pelham Bay Park and walk up across the drawbridge to the old New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad station, the windows all boarded up now and weeds growing up between the cracks in the walls. Across the back wall someone wrote TIDBIT IS DEAD in shaky white letters. In front of the station I look down the line of tracks toward Manhattan, the tracks going on and on, flat and straight, until they're gone behind the gray haze of the horizon. I tell Joanne how I remember her, the things she used to say, the way her mouth got when she was angry; I tell her how her body felt the first time I touched her.

That night on the radio the last song I play before midnight is "Don't Say Goodbye" by the Valentines. I am back in the basement of St. Helena's church dancing with her to this, the last record of the night, the end of the dance, knowing that when this song ended the lights would flash on and another Sunday night would come to an end, another week gone by. At the end of that summer, somewhere near the center of the basement, pressed close to Joanne, before the closing bars of this song, I whispered that I loved her, that she was my world. That was the first and last time I ever said that to a girl. With the Valentines in the background, I think about all the girls I've had since Joanne. The high school girls in Roanoke, the girls from the state college in Plattsburgh. Two or three nights and I never called them again. I kept thinking I'd meet someone I liked in the same way I liked Joanne. But walking home after the show across the south edge of the Park, with the lights of the Essex House rising up on one side of me and a cold March wind blowing down 59th Street, I know that

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I blew it; and if I blow it this time, too, there won't be another chance.

I take her to the Castle Hill Café again. This time we drink a lot more. On the jukebox I play the Harptones, the Cadillacs, and a wild record by Screamin' Jay Hawkins called "I Put a Spell on You." When her eyes are soft with the beer I lean closer to her.

"Do you remember all the good times we had here?"

"Yes," she says slowly. "I'd forgotten them, but I can remember now."

"C'mon," I say. "Let's go to church."

"Are you crazy?" she says.

We drive down under the El to St. Helena's. A new Shop-Rite is going up across the street and next to that there are three funeral homes, one right after the other.

"I haven't been to church in years," Joanne says.

"Neither have I."

The church is dark inside, with only a little gray light coming in through the stained glass and up at the altar the red glow of the candles. It smells of must and old ladies.

"It's not the same now," Joanne says.

We go down the back stairs into the basement. In the dim light a single yellow streamer hangs down from one of the rafters.

"This is the same," she says softly.

Her voice sounds hollow in the silence, and as we walk out to the center of the dance floor our feet echo dully against the walls.

"I wonder if they use it anymore."

"They stopped the dances in the Sixties," she says. "Right after Monsignor died."

In the center of the dance floor we just stand there, like we were waiting for the next record to come on. For a second we just look at each other.

"Wait here," I say.

I go upstairs to the balcony where the record room is. The door is stuck and I have to pull hard to get it open. Inside, the shelves where the records were stacked are empty. But the turntable and the amplifier system are still set up in the wall. Up on the top shelf, almost buried in dust, I find one record. I clean it off on my sleeve. It's "The Closer You Are" by the Channels. I set it on the turntable and flick on the amplifier switch. Over the rim of the balcony, I can see Joanne standing alone in the center of the basement. The song comes on loud and scratchy: *the closer you are, the brighter the stars in the sky, my darling I realize, you're the one in my heart.**

In the center of the dance floor, around the yellow streamer, Joanne and I dance in slow, uneven circles. She leans close to me, without restraint, and I feel her again after thirteen years, softly moving in time with me, a part of me. The black voices wail on, off-key, scratchy, deflected off the cold stone walls, so that their sound, our tight bodies, and the lone yellow streamer are all that save us from the squalor of the basement. Before the final notes of the song

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I whisper to her: "I love you, Joanne. You are my world."

For the next few days I'm very nervous. I spend a lot of time hunting around in old record stores for rare records. Twice I drive up to a record shop on Fordham Road in the Bronx. But I'm careful not to call Joanne or even drive by her house. It's up to her now. There's got to be some sign from her before I proceed to the next stage of this flashback. I'm not stupid. I know how to play this game.

On the radio I play all the old songs from the St. Helena's dances. During the last half hour I slow the pace down. The mood is dreamy, almost sad. Every night the dedications for this part of the show number in the hundreds. I've got to read them through in the afternoon and make a selection. Even the dedications are in the style of Fifties radio: *for Barbara M. from Richie, listen to the words of this song; for Elaine and Frankie, going steady three weeks this Friday; to the boy I met in the movies last Saturday night, from Marilyn R.* On Thursday afternoon, as I am reading through the dedications for "The Closer You Are," I find what I've been waiting for: a pink postcard with the dedication *for Johnnie A., thank you for making me remember, Joanne.*

The next chance I get, I take her up to Ferry Point. Along the water's edge the willows are bright gold. The wind that blows in from the river is cool but the sun is almost summer warm. We walk across the flat lawn, the grass coming in green now, toward the bridge. Far down the river, beyond the gas tanks and the sullen red buildings of the Bronx, the Manhattan skyline is sharp against the horizon. I am remembering those first nights of summer, walking here, waiting for the sun to go down so we could go up under the bridge and make love. Joanne is remembering, too. I can tell by the way she is quiet.

We come up under the shadow of the bridge, past the massive steel girders; high above, blown with the wind, is the furious roar of traffic—the endless flow of cars back and forth to Queens. We walk down to the water's edge and stand in front of the last set of steel girders. The blue-black water of the river is in front of us; beyond the pillars, just north of the bridge, are the dumping grounds for the Bronx; seagulls and pigeons circle over them, dropping like bits of white paper in the sunlight.

"Can you remember how it felt the first time?"

She is looking past me, out at the river. "I remember," she says really soft.

"It's never like that again. Not in the same way."

Overhead the cars rush by, vibrating down the steel.

"No," Joanne says.

Now she is looking at me and I know it is the right time. Thirteen years but finally the completion of the circle. I move close to her, she leans against me. I lift up her skirt and I am a boy again, the world opening up before me for the first time.

"Be seventeen again," I whisper to her. "Just for a minute. Just for now."

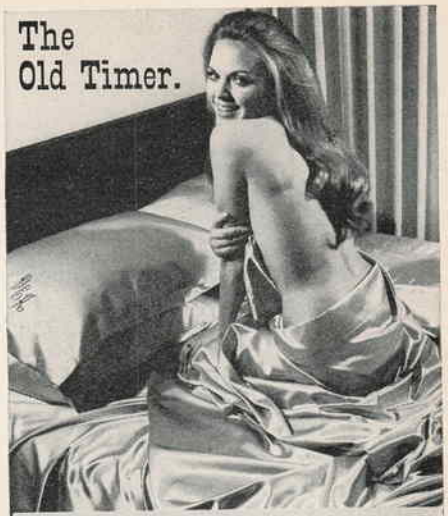
Beneath my fingers I can feel her relax, as if she has managed momentarily to push aside the weight of those years, my fingers kneading her back there slowly, careful not to lose her, not again, not this time. "Oh Johnnie," she says and I know it's going to be all right. I'm nervous and I catch my flesh in the zipper and I have to let go of her for a second so I can unhook myself and I'm saying to myself don't fuck it up now, don't fuck it up now you asshole and then I am inside her, just slightly nicked, and it's all right again and suddenly I'm not seventeen anymore because a different feeling is moving in and taking over, coming with the wind and the furious beating of the cars echoing in the steel pillar against which I have pressed her, this Joanne, this girl of my dreams, then dreams and now dreams, both of them coming together in this moment of fucking, my dungarees sliding down over my ass, her skirt pushed up over her waist for all of Long Island to see, and I don't give a fucking damn; I wish we could do it up on top of the bridge, right in the goddamned center lane, so that not only all of Long Island could see but all of Manhattan and the Bronx, too, and especially all those assholes in the gang that thought it was so goddamned funny when I got thrown over and that son of a bitch Kevin, he wouldn't be so goddamn cocky now, you can bet your sweet ass on that, Thunderbird or no Thunderbird, nobody'd be laughing at me now, I'm not a skinny fucking kid with pimples anymore, I'm no dumb wop who can recite the top forty, I'm not just another shitkicker from the Bronx; and each of her spasms comes like applause, deafening and overwhelming. Then I tighten one last time inside her and explode like fireworks over Ferry Point on the Fourth of July and I know that I'm the son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll and that's everything in the world.

"Did it feel like the first time?" I ask her when we are walking back across the park to the car.

"No," she says, smiling at me like she did that first night under the bridge. "It was better."

Everything is going along according to plan. After that first time we go back to all the old love places and make it again: the dirt road that goes out into the swamp up near Pelham Bay, the patch of woods at the end of Orchard Beach, the basement of my old building. We even go back up to the roof of that building. The pigeons are gone now, but the coop is still there. Afterward we look inside. On the ground there are still a few blue and gray feathers and even the smell of pigeons although it's very faint. Each time we make it, the circle tightens. She never talks about Kevin anymore, or even the kids. Pretty soon, I figure, she'll be ready for the next stage.

By now I've been back in New York six months. Because of the show I've built up this incredible following. Each day there are



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so many dedications that I don't even have time to read them anymore. Instead I just make a random selection. People I don't even remember who knew me when my name was John Allendino and lived on Gun Hill Road write me letters about the old days. Other letters filled with memories of the Fifties come not only from the Bronx but from all over the city and even from Jersey and way out on the Island. During the show I get phone calls from girls who want to meet me; and not only from girls my age but real young ones too, fourteen, fifteen, who tell me they're bored and wish they could have grown up in the Fifties when things were really happening. Once I get a call from a guy who used to sing with the Platters. He tells me that back in the Fifties he was worth a half-million but now he doesn't have a cent to his name. He's a little drunk and I can't follow everything he says, but he wants me to play one of their big records, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." I feel sorry for the guy and the first chance I get that night I play it for him. In the dark studio I think about him while the song is on. It's a sad record, no matter how you look at it.

Another thing is the invitations. I'm always getting asked to emcee dances and, after my name gets around, those rock revival shows. Once at the Garden. Once on television. I'm even asked to give a lecture on "The Music of the Fifties and Its Implications" for a course called The Sociology of Rock at one of the big universities. Alan would have been proud of me. But the best invitation, the one most important to me, comes from my high school principal, Mr. Cravits, to be the guest speaker at the second reunion of the class of 1959.

The first time around I was a nobody, I had to sit and listen to how much money they were all making, what kinds of cars they were driving, how many kids they had. What could I say? I was doing a crummy all-night show in Plattsburgh, making a lousy six thousand a year. But this time I'm sitting right up there on the dais with Mr. Cravits himself and our senior class president, Dutch Reynolds, the former captain of our basketball team, whose party was the same night as mine and who now has grown fat in the belly and lost most of his hair.

First there are cocktails in the lobby of the gym where all the athletic trophies are on display. In one corner of the room Dutch Reynolds is pointing through the glass to the trophies the team won while he was captain. Well, I know a thing or two about victory and you can't live forever on high school basketball trophies. There's always got to be something out in front of you. People keep coming up to me and congratulating me on the show. I act cool, as if it is no big thing, all the while keeping my eye out for Joanne and Kevin. When they come in I push right through the crowd and go up to them.

Joanne says: "Kevin, you remember Johnnie, don't you?"

"Sure I do," Kevin says. He holds out his hand; my grasp is as firm as his. He is tall

AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstanding, effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

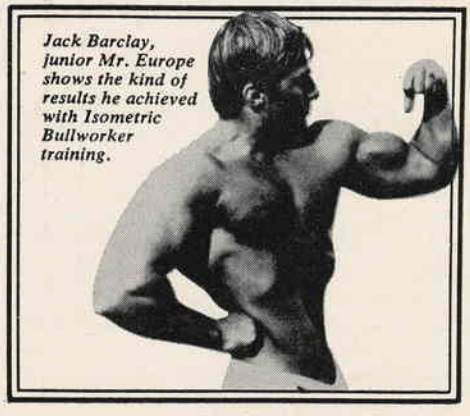
Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day . . . and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

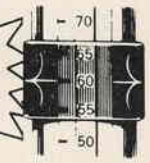


Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps . . . using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually *measure* your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.



Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training . . . it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds,* and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere . . . even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle . . . build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves. . . . And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters . . . every inch a man . . . bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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and well built, as cool as ever. But this time I have an edge.

"I hear big things are happening to you these days," he says.

"Sure are," I say with a grin.

There is a silence and I can tell Joanne is uncomfortable, but I just stand there, without saying anything, grinning.

Next is the dance contest, for which I am the judge. I want to give the award to Joanne but because of Kevin I decide to give it to Marty Feldman and his wife instead. There is general dancing after that, and when the band plays "Earth Angel" I cut in on Kevin and Joanne. He doesn't look too happy but I can see he wants to stay cool, so he lets me finish the dance. The tables are turned now.

"Don't be mean," Joanne says when we are out in the center of the dance floor.

"I'm not mean," I say. "I'm serious."

After the chicken croquettes and peas, Mr. Cravits gets up and introduces me as Christopher Columbus High School's most ambitious and famous graduate. He makes the point that ambition leads to success, which is the school motto. When I come up to the microphone there is loud applause and even cheering. I look out to find Joanne and Kevin. She is clapping hard, but Kevin is looking down, lighting a cigarette.

I talk about the way we were back then in those high school days and about the changes I see in us now. I kid Dutch Reynolds for getting fat. I tell some funny stories about our teachers. I say that although the school has become modernized, it seems to have retained still the character and spirit of the Fifties. I conclude by saying that everyone plans for the future, but that it was a hell of a lot better to plan for the past. Everybody laughs. They think it's a joke.

I need no stars to guide me
I need no sun to shine
Long as you're near I'm happy
I'm happy night and day.
Now that you're here beside me
I know our love won't ever
*fade away**

In the dark studio, the words weave a world. Eyes closed, I float between the lines, memory saturating the melodies. The songs play on and on, linking the fragments of a dream.

The next time I see Joanne after the reunion she comes to my apartment. She's quiet and when we make love on the sheepskin rug she is passive—but I don't think very much about it. Then a few days later she comes to the apartment again. Quiet again and funny. After a while she says, "Johnnie, I have to talk to you."

"Sure," I say, not worried.

"It's about us, Johnnie. I've been thinking a lot about it lately."

"So have I," I say.

"No, Johnny, I'm serious. I think it was the reunion. Seeing you and Kevin together made me realize what I'm doing. I can't go in two directions at the same time."

"Divorce Kevin," I say, just like that.

She is quiet for a second. Then she says

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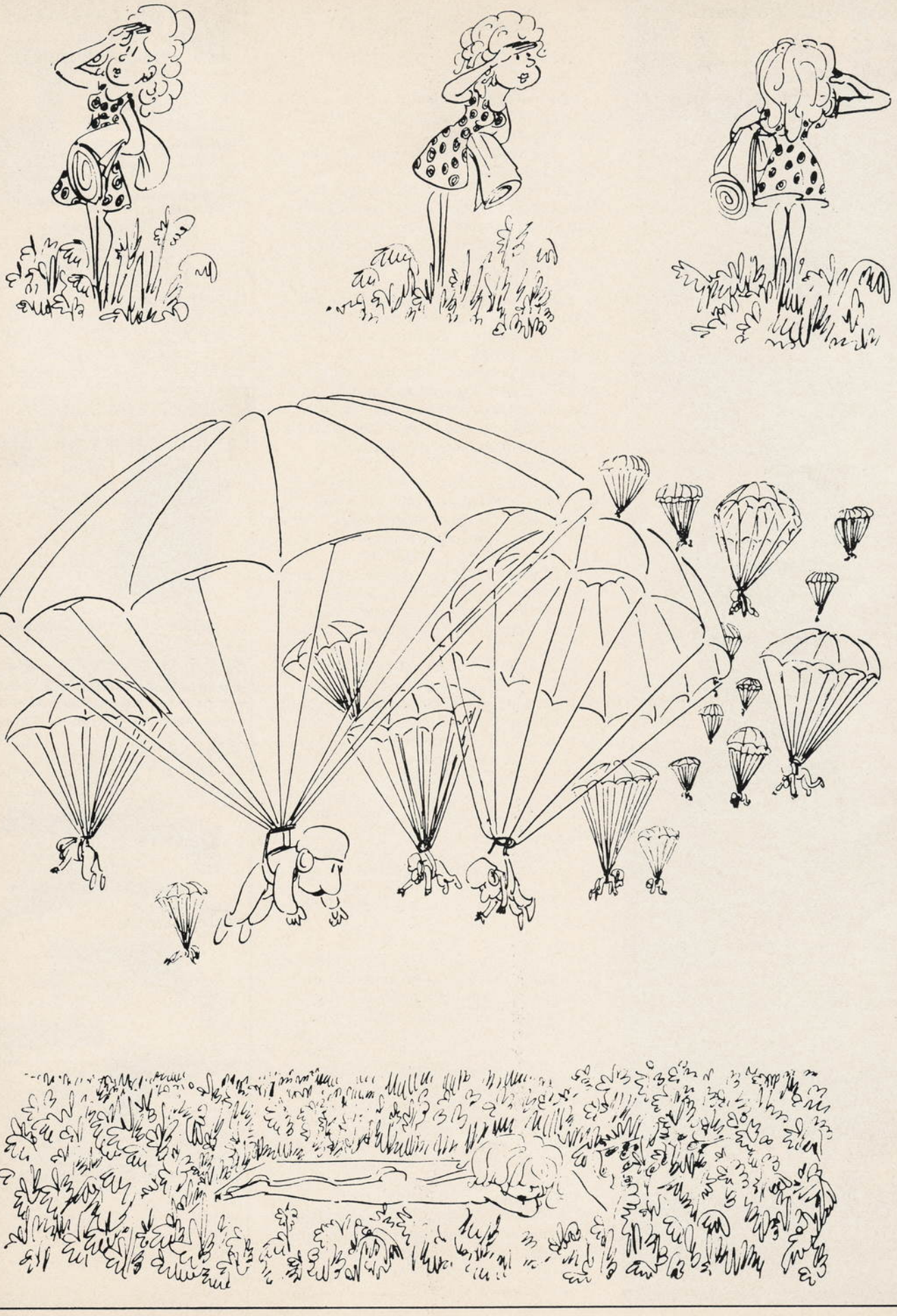

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it softly. "I can't, Johnnie. I can't give up my life with Kevin." Quiet again, then: "That's why we've got to stop seeing each other."

"You must be crazy," I shout at her, finally hearing her. Now, when I least expected it. After I'd been so careful. I pace up and down in front of the glass doors. "You can't give up what we have."

"It's a dream, Johnnie. I don't think it could ever work."

"Sure it could. Leave Kevin and we can start over again. Right where we left off thirteen years ago. Before Kevin came along. It's as simple as that." It's not the right time for this, the final stage, but what choice do I have? I'm talking very fast now, trying to be sane and logical, knowing that time is running out. "I know you'll be happier with me. Much happier. And you know it, too. Don't you? DON'T YOU?"

She is staring past me, out through the glass doors, at the rooftops and the river. "Maybe, Johnnie. Maybe I would have been happier with you. But I can't leave Kevin. I can't just throw away thirteen years."

"Sure you can. . . ."

I come over close to her. I forget what I'm doing and kneel down in front of her. "Just think of the good times," I say. "Think of all the good times we've had since I came back. Can you throw away that?"

She takes my hands in hers, eyes sad. "You've made me feel things I haven't felt in a long time," she says, "and I love you for that. But we're not seventeen anymore, Johnnie."

"What the hell's that got to do with anything?" I jump up and begin to pace up and down in front of the couch. I shove my hands deep into my pockets. I feel hunched over, almost round-shouldered. "Listen," I say, my last-ditch attempt. "Don't make a rash decision. Don't decide right now. Think about it some more. Think about the good times. Think about the fun. Think about the way you feel when we make love. . . ."

I stop and look at her. Joanne sits there on *my* sofa in *my* apartment, staring at the floor.

"All right, Johnnie. I'll think about it some more."

Only once before in my life was I this nervous. Back when I was seventeen and Joanne first started going out with Kevin. I was standing off on the sidelines, in the shadow of his Thunderbird, wondering what to do, everybody laughing at me. Now I pace around my apartment all day. I go through every record in my collection. I listen closely to each one, searching for a memory or feeling that I might have missed, something trapped in the melody or the voices that I could still use. On the radio I say that love is not bound by time, that it survives despite all the arbitrary reasons people create to destroy it, that all you have to do is want it. Then I play "Lovers Never Say Good-bye" by the Flamingos. The next morning I get a call from Joanne.

"Can you meet me at Ferry Point this afternoon at 3:30?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

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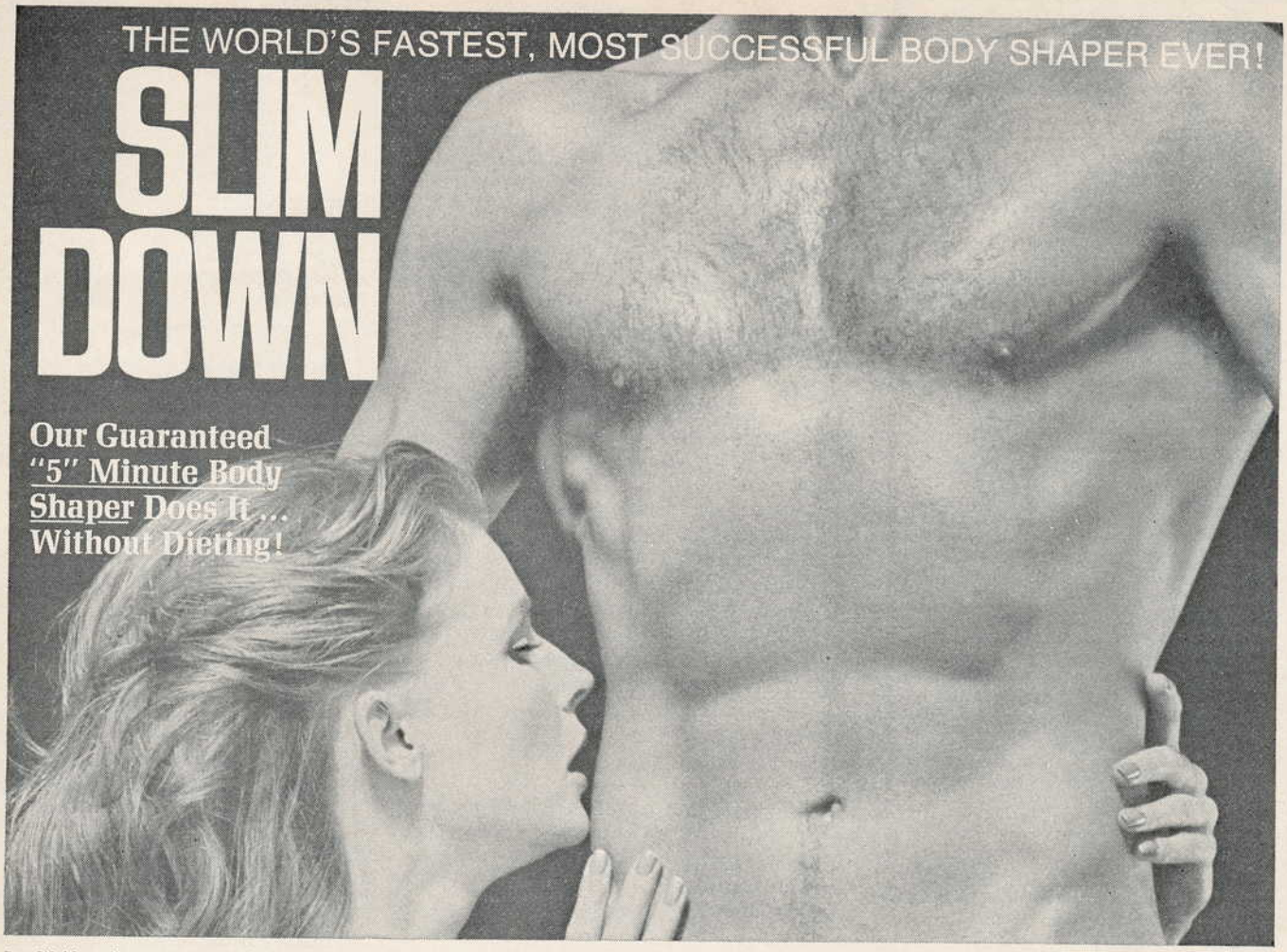

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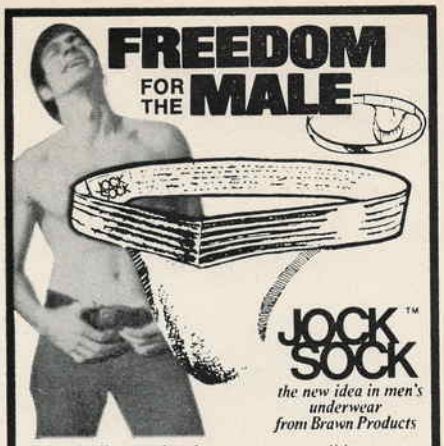

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"Sure," I say, as casual as I can. "Do you want me to pick you up?"

"No. I'll come in my car," Joanne says.

I am standing up on the hill near the bridge when I see her car pull into the parking lot. The grass slopes down the hill away from me and flattens out all the way to the river. Along the river the willows are full and June-green, drooped away from me in the wind. Joanne gets out of the car. With her are her two children. She starts up the hill toward me, her kids running along behind her. When she comes to the top of the hill, she turns and waits for them to catch up.

"Eric and Sandy, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Johnnie Allen."

"Hello," they say together, like a chorus in a song.

"Hello," I say, looking at Joanne.

"Go on back down the hill and play now," she says to them. For a second she watches them run off. When she turns back to me the wind has her hair and it's making her eyes tear. "I love you, Johnnie. But I've got to make a choice. Your dreams are going to destroy what I already have."

"Not only my dreams," I say. "They're yours too—"

"Good-bye, Johnnie."

That night on the show I don't read any dedications. The only records I play are the ones without memories, songs that don't matter. I don't sing along with the groups; I don't talk about the old times. For my last record I play a stupid song by Sheb Wooley called "The Purple People Eater." For the next few days I keep expecting something to happen. I read through every dedication that comes in, looking for her handwriting. I even try calling her a couple of times, but she doesn't answer the phone. Once I get Kevin. By Sunday night I've given up.

When I get home after the show I stare for a long time through the glass doors at the lights of the Whitestone Bridge. Then, when it is very late, when there is only an occasional taxi going up the avenue and nothing else moving across the world except the lights of a jet blinking out of the black sky and lowering across the river toward LaGuardia, I go over to my record shelves. I stack the records in neat piles on the floor. On the turntable I put "Don't Say Good-bye" and set the knob for automatic replay. With the Valentines singing into the sheepskinned silence I take each record out of its jacket, hold it up in front of me with two hands, read the title and the group out loud, and break it in half.

I go through every record. Two thousand three hundred and six of them. When they are lying all over the floor in one formless broken pile, I get up and walk across them to the turntable, the wax crunching against the rug. I let the Valentines sing their song one more time. Then I take the record off and hold it up in front of me. For a second I just hold it, bending it a little, feeling how fragile it is, almost feeling sorry for it. And then I break that one, too.

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SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

multiple births: Though births of up to thirteen children are recorded in ancient texts, the modern record seems to be seven. The incidence of multiple births varies enormously between races the British twin rate, for instance, is one in ninety births, whereas among the Yoruba of Western Nigeria it is one in twenty-two births. In the U.S., the incidence of triplets for whites is eighty-five per million births, for blacks, it is 141 per million Recently, multiple births have become far more common as a result of administering a drug called FSH to infertile mothers (see *infertility*). Between 1964-65, the drug was responsible for three sets of quints, one of sextuplets, and two of septuplets.

Mutunus Tutunus: Ancient Roman fertility god associated with weddings. A statue of the god with erect phallus was placed in the bridal chamber, and the bride would sit down on it before joining her husband in bed. The object was to rupture the hymen and neutralize the superstitious fear of defloration.

"Nasamonian custom": A primitive marriage custom in which all the wedding guests copulate with the bride. Derives its name from the first recorded account by the Greek historian Herodotus in the 5th century B.C.. "When a Nasamonian first marries, it is the custom for the bride on the first night to lie with all the guests in turn, and each, when he has intercourse with her, gives her some present which he has brought from home." It was also practiced by another Libyan people, the Augilae, and in later classical times by the Balearic Islanders, with the refinement that

Midwives delivering quintuplets (1719).

guests went to the bride in order of their seniority. A 19th-century French anthropologist reports a reverse-order version current among the Marquesans in Polynesia. "On a signal from the husband all the men present join together to form a file singing and dancing, and each in turn copulates with the bride, who is lying in a corner on a platform of stones with her head between her husband's knees. The procession which had begun with the oldest, and the least noble, finishes with the great chiefs, and last of all the husband." Various forms of this custom are also practiced by some Peruvian Indians, by some East African tribes, and by the Caribs of the West Indies and the Massim of New Guinea. The object seems to be communal responsibility for the defloration which, for psychological and religious reasons, is considered dangerous.

necrophilia: The morbid love of corpses; specifically, the act of intercourse with a dead body. This rare sexual deviation is often explained by psychologists as a desperate attempt to dominate someone—even a corpse. The classic case is that of "Sergeant Bertrand" quoted by Hirschfeld and others. Born in 1822, Bertrand exhibited destructive and sadistic urges while still young. At the age of twenty-five he began making regular visits to the local graveyard to disinter and smash up corpses. He later confessed that he masturbated while doing this, and in November 1847 he found the corpse of a sixteen-year-old girl—to which, in his own words, "I did everything . . . that a passionate lover does to a mistress. Having enjoyed the body for about a quarter of an hour, I cut it up and, as in the cases of other victims, tore out her intestines." From then on he regularly practiced necrophilia, on one occasion digging up fifteen graves before he found a "suitable" female. After intercourse, he mutilated the bodies: "I wanted to annihilate them completely," he said. He was finally caught in a booby trap set up by the local villagers and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Bertrand's necrophilia seems to have been an extension of his violent destructive urges; but in other cases it may arise from sexual inadequacy. Necrophilia is considered the most deviant of all sexual aberrations.

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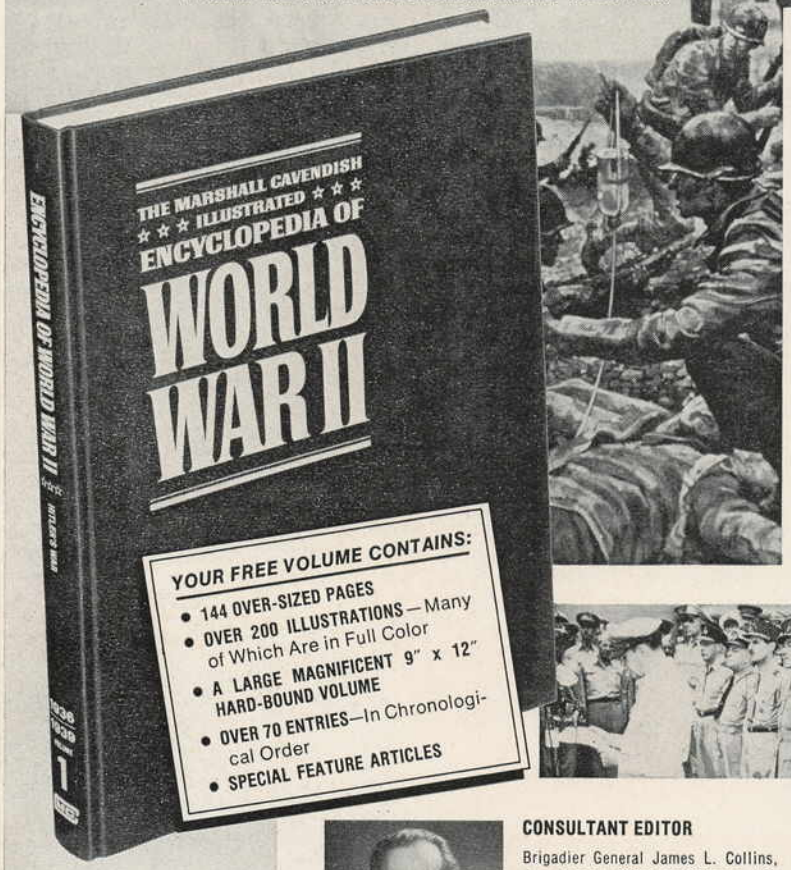

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- B. B. King
- 5th Dimension
- David Cassidy
- 3 Dog Night
- Neil Diamond
- Loretta Lynn
- Merle Haggard
- Engelbert Humperdinck
- Mantovani
- Glen Campbell
- Sammi Smith
- Elton John
- Dionne Warwicke
- Grand Funk
- The Carpenters
- Aretha Franklin
- The Partridge Family
- Sonny & Cher
- Enoch Light
- Conway Twitty
- Flip Wilson
- and many more!

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- Paramount
- Parrot
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